

T H E
L I F E
A N D
A C T S

Of the most Famous and Valiant
Champion,

SIR

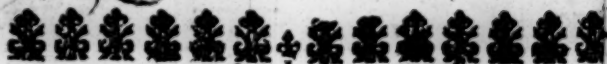
William Wallace,
Knight of *Ellerslie*.

Maintainer of the Liberty of SCOTLAND.

*With a Preface containing a short sum of the
History of that time.*

G L A S G O W,
Printed by Robert Sanders, One
of His Majesties Printers, 1699.

John m.



Gulielmi wallace

EPITAPHIUM

guilielmi wallace

Gulielmi Wallace.

INvidia Mors tristi *Gulielmum* funere *Vallan*
Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.

Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus urna est

Frigusque pro lorica obit,

Ille quidem terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit,

At fata factis supprimens,

Parte sui meliore solum, Cœlumque pererrat

Hoc, spiritu, illud gloria.

At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto

Fuisset, hostis prodi

Artibus *Angle* tuis, in pœnas parcior illes:

Nec oppidatim spargeres

Membra viri sœranda adytis. Sed scin quid in ist

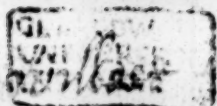
Inmanitate viceris?

Ut vallæ in cunctas oras spargantur & horas

Laudes; tuumque dedecus.



J. Wallace
William Wallace

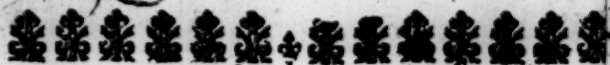


THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

THis History of Sir William Wallace, with the other of the valiant King Robert Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it (the former written in Latine by Master John Blair, Chaplain to Wallace, and turned into Scots meeter by one called Blind Harry, in the dayes of King James the fourth: the other written by Master John Barber Archdean of Aberdeen, a learned man in the dayes of King David Bruce, and Robert Stewart) contain the relation of the most famous war that ever fell out in the Isle of Britain, foughten most valiantly for the space of many years, betwixt the two Realms of Scotland and England, the one unjustly pursuing the other, constantly defending the Liberties of this Countrey. During which broiles, there happened great alterations, both in the general state of this Kingdom, and in the overthrow and advancement of particular Families, the one for betraying the other, for maintaining their Countries freedom and welfare.

That the whole History may be the more clear, we have thought good in a short Preface, to set down the causes, occasions, & the most memorable passages of this war. In the year 1285. Alexander the third King of Scotland, being pitifully taken away by a fall off his horse at Kieghorn, without any issue of his body, & in the whole posterity of his father Alexander the second, & grand-father William the Lyon being extinct the right of the Crown fell to the Heirs of David Earl of Huntingtown and Garioch, youngest brother of William the Lyon. He had left three daughters, the eldest Margaret, married to Alan Lord of Gallo- way:

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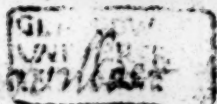
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way: the second Iſobell. to Robert Bruce (ſurnamed the Noble) Lord of Annandale and Cleycland the youngest Ada married Henry Haſtings an Engliſhman; who having no juſt title to the Crown, the contention reſted betwixt the poſterity of the two eldeſt daughters: For Alan Lord of Galloway, leaving no ſons by his wife Margaret; his eldeſt daughter Dornagilla of Galloway married John Baliol, a man of great power and lands both in Scotland, England and France, and bare to him John Baliol; afterwards King Robert Bruce by his Wife Iſobell of Huntingtown had Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick (by marriage of Martha hereix thereof) who contended with John Baliol, and dyed in the time of Wallace wars, his eldeſt ſon Robert Bruce ſucceeded King of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the Crown as heir to Margaret eldeſt daughter to Prince David Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, albeit ſon to Iſobella the ſecond daughter, yet contended that in ſeudal ſucceſſion, the firſt Male ought to ſucceed before a woman ſtanding in the ſame degree, as a ſon exclude his ſiſter from ſucceſſion although ſhe be elder: and therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway ſtanding in the ſecond degree from Prince David, he ought to be preferred before her: as for her ſon John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was by degree further off from Prince David. The like practice had fallen forth ſome ten years before in Hew the fourth Duke of Burgundie, whoſe eldeſt ſon Hew (dying before his Father) left a daughter Iolande and Counteſs of Nevers, who claimed to ſucceed her Grand-father Hew the fourth, notwithstanding

Robert

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Robert second son to the same Hew the fourth, was preferred to her, and succeeded Duke of Burgundie : If then the second son in feodal inheritance succeed before the eldest sons daughter, far more ought the Nevy to succeed before the Nice. The right of succession being thus made doubtfull, the Competitours were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the Kingdom in two equal Factions ; so that it seemed impossible to settle the controversie at home, without running into a most pernicious civil war.

The States of Scotland to prevent this mischief, thought it fittest to submit the arbitrement of the plea unto Edward the first, surnamed Long-shanks, King of England, & that upon divers weighty reasons; for he & his father King Henry the third being joined by many alliances of bands & friendship to the two last Kings of Scotland, had lived in great amity & concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two Competitours also Bruce & Baliol, had as great lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (& he only) was able to make them his stand to reason. Finally, the States of Scotland, not being able to determine the plea, there was no Prince beside more powerful, and in appearance more like to recompense the controversie without great blood-shed.

This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by King Edward, hoping in so troublesome water to find a gainful fishing, either by drawing the Kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage, as Lord Paramount and superiour ; considering the difficulty to determine the question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties, beginning (for a great part of their Estates) his vassals

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and subjects; his great power also, having (beside
Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion,
on, and the low Countries his assured confederates,
gave him great encouragement; neither wanted he
great friendship in Scotland, having at that time
many of the greatest Noble-men in Scotland Vassals
and Feudaries to himself for many lands which they
held in England, partly for great services done to
himself and his Father, partly lying within North-
umberland, and the border Shyres then holden by the
Scots in fee of England; partly also by interchange of
Marriages and successions betwixt the two Nations, **E**
which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as
if it had been one Kingdom. And to make the contro-
versie more fearful, he stirred up eight other competi-
tors, beside Bruce and Baliol, **A**lurence Earl of
Holland (descended of Ada, sister to William the
Lyon) Patrick Dumbar Earl of March, sir VValter
Ross, sir Nicolas Soules, sir Roger Moudevile, **B**
sir John Cumine of Badenach (these five were de-
scended of younger daughters of Alan Lord of Galloway)
sir William Vescie, begotten upon King Alex-
ander the second his bastard daughter, but yet intended
to be reabed, and John Hastings Lord Abergeveny,
descended of Ada youngest daughter to Prince David
of Huntingtown.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to Bar-
wick, and met with the States of Scotland, to whom
he promised to decide the controversie according to
equity; which that it might seem more likely, he had
brought from France sundry of the most famous Law-
yers of that age: He choised also out of the States of
Scotland, assembled twelve of the wisest and most
honourable

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immovable, to whom he joyned the like number of English, as Asssurs to him in this arbitrement. At this meeting, by the doubtful answer of the Lawyers, and number of new pretendents, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new convention at Norham in the borders the year following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the E. of Holland having on foot a great army to take the Crown of Scotland by force (which their own stories affirm to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted some strengths) At the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt secretly, and by fit Agents with the States of Scotland, for eschewing of imminent mischiefs, to become his subjects: he being descended of King David's sister, and so but two degrees further from the Crown of Scotland, than Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook himself to his other design. And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce, promising to decern in his favour, if he would take the Crown of Scotland holden of him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subject a free Nation to any over-Lord: whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol, who knowing that he was not so much favoured of the States of Scotland, readily condescended to King Edwards desire: and being by him declared King of Scotland, the States desirous of peace, conveyed him to Scoon, where he was crowned, anno, 1291. and all, except Bruce, swore to him obedience; shortly thereafter Duncan Mackdoff Earl of Fyfe, was killed by the Lord Abernethy (a man of great power in those times, allyed both with the Cumins and Baliol:) the Earls brother finding not the King partial in administration of Justice, summon-

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ed him to compear before the King of England in Parliament: where he being present, and sitting beside King Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a Procurator; but he was forced to rise, and stand at the Bar. This indignity grieving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, King Edward sent Ambassadors to the Parliament of Scotland, to send ayde to him, as now being their over-Lord. There came also other Ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient League to be renewed. The King and States of Scotland renewed the League with France, which had remained unviolably kept for the space of five hundred years before. The King of Englands sute was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privatly, without consent of the Parliament. A marriage also was concluded betwixt Prince Edward Baliol, and a daughter of Charles Earl of Valois, brother to the French King Philip. Edwards having for-seen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and diverse noble-men of Scotland, who held lands of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the French war; but wickal taking truce with the French for some months, he suddenly turned his forces, destinate against France, toward Scotland. His Navy was vanquished at Barwick, and eighteen of his ships taken. Yet his land-boast by the means of the Brucian faction, and the Englized-Scots Noble-men, took the town of Barwick with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter

Dumbarton

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in Dumbbar, Edinburgh, & Sterling. In and about these
be Castles, he had killed or taken captives the greatest
part of the Scots Noblemen: so that crossing Forth,
the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for
the resistance. Baliol rendered himself to King Edward at
Montrose, and was sent by sea into England, where
he remained Captive, till such time as by intercession
of the Pape he was set at liberty, swearing and giving
hostages never to return into Scotland. King Edward
came to Scoon, and took upon him the Crown of Scot-
land, as forfeited by the rebellion of his Homager Ba-
liol. He sent for the Nobles of Scotland who remain-
ed, that they with such as were his captives, might
swear homage to him, as to their Liege Lord and
King, these who refused, were detained prisoners.

King Edward thinking that now all was sure for
him in Scotland, left John Plantagenet (some call
him Warran) Earl of Surry, and sir Hew Cres-
dingham Treasurer, and returned to prosecute the
French war, taking such of the Nobility of Scotland
as he feared, along with him, with their followers.
The great men of Scotland being in this manner either
imprisoned by King Edward, or sworn to his obedi-
ence, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden
of the Crown of England, the rest either fled into the
barres and High-lands, or thought it sufficient to de-
pend their own while better times.

But while men of power neglected the publick cause
of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace, a youth
of his honorable birth, being son to Malcome Wallace of
Inverliskie, but of mean power, having first in private
killed many Englishmen of the Garrisons as he could
overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged,
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being a man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withall very wise and circumspect, that he gathered his friends and neighbors, and by jeopardies and stratagems, diverse times cut off great numbers of the enemies. The report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and welfare of their Country, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely the Earl Malcome Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive at the winning of Barwick, whereof he was Captain, and sent home upon assurance) Sir John Graham, Sir Neil Campbell, Sir Christopher Seton, Sir John Ramsay, Sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Hew Hay, Robert Boyd, John Johnston, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Reinold Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Fraser, James Crawford, Robert Lawder, Scrimger, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Kerr, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Haliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Jordan Burde, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Hew Dundas, John Scott, Steven Ireland, Master John Blair, Master Thomas Gray, and other Gentlemen, with their friends and servants; who (after some valiant exploits happily achieved, and an army of ten thousand men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, to assist the Earl of Warren, defeat by Wallace at Bigger) holding an Assembly at the Forest Kirk, choosed Wallace to be Warden of Scotland, and Viceroy in Baliols absence. In which Office he so valiantly behaved himself, that

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in a short space he recovered all the strengths on the borders, and brought the South parts of Scotland to good quyet.

The English fearing the loss of all, subtilly took truce with VVallace for one year, beginning in February. In June following, they proclaimed a Justice-Air to be holden at Glasgow and Airc, the eighteenth of that moneth, thinking to entrap VVallace, and all his friends, and under colour of Law to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed men, according to the custom assembling to this Courts, the Englishmen condemned them of felony, and hanged them presently: amongst the rest sir Reinald Crawford Sheriff of Airc, Uncle to VVallace, sir Brice Blair, sir Neil Montgomerie, and many of the Barons of Kyle, Cunningham, Carrick, and Cliddisdale. These that escaped by flight advertised VVallace, who chanced to come later nor the rest. He assembling such of the Countrey, as detesting so horrible a fact, extreemly hated the authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entred into Airc, set fire into the place, where the Englishmen after that fact were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The Garison of the Castle ishing forth to quench the fire, an Ambush laid for the Purpose, entered the house, and made it sure. The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the Lora Henry Perrie had retired from Airc the day before, whom he expelled thence with great slaughter. This victory he so hotly persued, that immediatly thereafter he took the Castle of Striviling, recovered Argyle and Lorn, with the town of Saint Johnstoun, and the Countrey about; thence he travailed through Angus & Merns, taking

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taking in all the strengths until he came to Aberdeen, which he found forsaken of the English, who had fled by sea, with the Lord Henry Bewmound an English Lord, who had married one of the heirs retriex of the Earldome of Buchan, named Cumine. Thus all the North Countrey was reduced to the obedience of Wallace, except the Castle of Dundie. While Wallace lay at the sledge bereof, news came of the approach of the English army, led by John Earl of Warren and Surry, and sir Hew Cressingham, with a great number of Northumberland men, and such of the Scots as held with England to the number of thirty thousand. Wallace having with him ten thousand men hardned in arms, met them beside Striviling on the North side of Forth which having no foords at that place, was passible only by a wooden bridge. This Wallace of purpose had caused to be weakned, so that the one half of the Host being past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their baggage. They who were come over, Wallace charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part of them in pieces with their Leader Cressingham: the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earl of Warren with those who scaped, was assailed by Earl Malcome Lennox, Captain of Striviling Castle, and being hotely persued by Wallace, hard escaped himself. flying into Dumbar, a Castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this battle foughten the 13. of September 1297. there perished 20 Scots men of remark but Andrew Murray & Borthwel. The English garisons hearing of this discomforture, fled from all places, so that before the la

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berf September, all the strengths of Scotland was
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After these victories, Wallace held a Parliament
at Saint Johnstoun, as Warden of Scotland, and set-
tled the whole Countrey, causing the Nobility to swear
to be faithfull to the State, till such time as they
might condescend who should be King: Earl Patrick
and Cumbar refusing to acknowledge the authority of this
Parliament, was chased out of Scotland: and because
the years by past the ground had not been manured,
and great famine threatned the Land, Wallace as-
sembled a great Host and entred in England, where
he remained all the winter, and the spring following,
moving upon the enemies, and enriching his souldiers
with their spoil: During which time the English durst
not encounter him in open field: onely at his first
post, King Edward with a great army of raw sould-
iers came against him in the plain of Stanmure:
but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of
the Wallace Host, before they came nearer then half a
myle, drew back his army, and retired; Wallace
of fear of ambush, keepe his souldiers in order, and
pursued them not. Thus King Edward left his Coun-
try to the mercy of a provoked enemy, and notwith-
standing that he promised battel, yet keepe himself
off, till a peace was concluded for five years, Bar-
wick and Roxburgh being rendred to the Scots.

Scotland thus enjoying perfit liberty, Wallace be-
earnestly requested by the French King, to the end
that his special Captains might be kept in military
exercise during the peace, sailed over into France,
with fifty valiant men in his company. He was encoun-
tered on the way by Thomas of Charters (common-
ly

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ly called Thomas of Longoveil) who with sixte sail infested the Seas : but boording Wallace sh he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and King Robert Bruce, for the liberty of Scotland. Wallace after his Landing in France, was imployed in war against the English who at that time possessed the Dutchie of Guyen and Bourdeaux ; then he defeat in sundry skirmishes. But in few days he was called home by his friends in Scotland : for King Edward understanding Wallace's absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace of Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick and his friends, and with such Noblemen of Scotland as held lands in England, or envied Wallace glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean Gentle-man, to rule Scotland, while any of the blood Royal did remain ; so promising assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucian Faction and Englished Noblemen, he easily obtained the great strengths of Scotland. Wallace returned the next summer, secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his back-coming, and suddenly surprised Saint Johnstoun by a stratagem : and pursuing his victory hotly, chased the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers came from their lurking-holes, by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The Lord William Dowglas took the Castle of Sanguhair by a stratagem, and finding the English Captains of the nearest garisons to come to besiege him, he sent secretly to Wallace, who coming with his power, not only raised the siege, but chased also the whole English Garrison.

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Garifons out of those quarters. From thence he came to the North parts, which he recovered with small difficulty, except the Strong Castle of Dundie, to which he laid a siege.

The King of England grieved at this fortunate success of VVallace, and understanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cumines (the greatest surname then in Scotland) and divers ancient Noblemen (to whose honour VVallace renowned seemed to derogate) he stirred up Robert Bruce elder, and his faction, perswading them that VVallace was Bruces only Competitor for the Crown. Having made a strong party for himself in Scotland, the next spring he came with an army of forty thousand men Scots and English to the Faw Kirk, six myles beneath Triviling. The Scots army was very great, being thirty thousand strong, if they had been all of one mind. For John Cumine Lord of Cumbernald, who had an eye to the Crown) had perswaded the Lord John Stewart of Bute, being tutor and Grandfather by the mother to the Children of the Lord James Stewart of Ransfrew, lately deceased, to contend with VVallace for the leading of the vanguard, alledging he same belonged to the Lord Stewarts house by ancient priviledge. VVallace refusing this, they parted one from another in an high chaff, there remaining with VVallace no more but ten thousand of his old soldiers. Cumine with ten thousand of his followers, after a small show of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Stewart inclosed by two battels of the English, by whom (after he had foughten valiantly for a long time) he was cut off with all his followers. VVallace with his battel defended themselves

* * 2

valiantly,

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valiantly, untill they were safely retired beyond the river of Carron, losing (beside some others) the Noble sir John Graham, the most valiant worth of Scotland next unto Wallace. Bruce whom the King of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recovery of his right from the Usurper Wallace, perceiving Wallace on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him; to whom he upbraided so for his an usurpation of the Kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a faction at home, assisted by so mighty King abroad. I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland: but finding my native Country abandoned by you and Baliol, who have the right to the Crown, have set myself to defend my friends and neighbours from the unjust tyranny and usurpation of the King of England, who setteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the bowels of your mother with your own hands. After diverse speeches to this purpose, the Bruce perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous dealing of King Edward, returned to the Host. The next morning Wallace understanding that the English army weakly entrenched, and in great security, amissing with his own army such as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning before they could be arrayed, and killed many; so that the English King returned at that time without any further exploit. Bruce remembering what he heard of Wallace, desired King Edward, according to his former promises to put him in possession of so much of the Kingdom of Scotland as then was under his power: to whom he answered in the French tongue: Have we no more ado but conquer Kingdoms for you? By this speed.

speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great grief and anger, that within few dayes he departed this life without seeing his eldest son Robert Bruce, afterwards King, being kept for assurance of his Fathers obedience, in Calais Castle in France.

After this unhappy battel, Wallace striving to recover such Castles and strengths as King Edward had intercepted, found such opposition and backwardness by his envious emulators, that he returned to Saint Johnstoun, and in an assembly of the States, resigned his charge of Warden, and with eighteen men passed again into France, according to a promise at his last return therefrom. This fell out in the end, of the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire, choosed John Cumine Governour; the rather because King Edward had promised to assist him to the Crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after seven moneths truce, obtained by means of the French King, Edward sent sir Ralph Gonfray with a great army to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the war, which they expected should be easie, Walla being now out of the way. John Cumine jayning with the Lord Simon Fraser, making some eight or nine thousand men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the Countrey as far as Rosling, about five myles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance, divided themselves into three battels, that they might spoile farther in the Countrey. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first battel, and easily discomfite them: the second also, albeit stronger by the jayning of those who had fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battel coming to the

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revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being sore wounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battels, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm their baggage men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the enemies to flight. This was the 24 of March 1302.

King Edward sore incensed by this evil success, sent for Robert Bruce younger, out of Calais, whom he perswaded that he had for a long time against Wallace defended his fathers right to the Crown of Scotland: that having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cumins as great enemies: notwithstanding he intended yet once more to put that enemy out of the way, and so settle him in his Kingdom. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers of Scotland to joyn with him; and entring the borders, spoyled the Country, and took divers Castles as far as Dowglas. Some report that the Lady Dowglas, named Ferras, an English woman, betrayed that Castle to the Bruce, who took the Lord William Dowglas captive, with all his children and goods. The Lord himself was kept prisoner in Barwick, and thereafter in York, while he dyed. Meantime King Edward had prepared a mighty army both by Land and sea with which he entred Scotland, and subdued all before him, while he came to Striviling, which was kept then by sir William Oliphant: who after a long siege, knowing of no relief, yeelded the Castle upon condition that himself, and all that were with him

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him, should pass with their lives safe: notwithstanding King Edward kepted still all the Noble-men. together with the Captain, sir William Oliphant: and such as would not swear homage to him (pretending to be protector of Robert Bruces right) he sent prisoners to London. Having in this Castle intercepted diverse of John Cumins friends, he procured them to draw him to a parly with him: in which he so blinded him with hopes of the Kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joynd himself and his friends to the English; who by this accession, easily passed forward with the course of victory, as far as the outmost bounds of Ross: And in his back-coming carried away with him into England, all Books, Registers, Histories, Laws, and Monuments of the Kingdom; and amongst others, the fatal Marble Chair, whereupon the former Scots Kings used to be crowned at Scoon; on which was ingraven a Prophecie, bearing, That where ever this Chair should be transported, the Scots should command there. He carried also with him all the learned men and Professors of Scotland, amongst others, the famous subtil Doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus; thinking hereby so to discourage and effeminate the minds of the Scots, that they should cast off all care of recovering their liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in oblivion. At his return into England he left his cousin sir Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembrok Viceroy, having fortified all Castles with strong garisons.

The Scots who stood for the liberty of the Country, being forsaken by John Cumine, sent earnest letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then mak-

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making war upon the English in Guyen. But hearing the mischiefs of his Country, obtained leave of the French King to return: and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old friends, recovered divers Castles and towns in the North; and having greatly increased his army, besiedged Saint Johnstoun, till it was rendred. But as he proceeded in the course of his victories, he was betrayed by his familiar friend sir John Menteith, to the Lord Aymer Valence, who sent him into England, where by King Edwards command he was put to death, and his body quartered, and sent into the principal Cities of Scotland, to be set up for a terrour to others.

No withstanding this cruelty prevailed little for the assuring of King Edwards conquest. New enemies arising whence he least expected: for as he returned from his last journey into Scotland, John Cumine and Robert Bruce meeting together, after long conference of the state of their Countrey, perceived that notwithstanding he had promised to each of them a part, his help to obtain the Crown of Scotland, yet his intencion was only to use their assistance to conquer and assure to himself, as he well declared, by spoiling the Countrey of all Monuments publick and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumine should quite all his right to the Crown in favour of Bruce and that Bruce should give him all his lands for his assistance. This contract written and sealed by both parties, Bruce returned into England with the host waiting for a fit time to escape from King Edward in the mean time Wallace returning, and recovering many places in Scotland, sent privily for Bruce to come home and take the Crown, and to his brother
Edwar

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Edward Bruce, a most valiant youth; who coming out of Ireland, took sundry strengths in Annandail and Galloway. Cumine who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the Crown, revealed the Contrail betwixt him and Bruce to King Edward: who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, til such time as he might get the rest of his brethren in his hands. Bruce advertised of his danger by the Earl of Glocesther (some call him the Earl of Montgomerie) his old friend, who had lent him a pair of sharp spurs, and some crowns of gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this propine, caused by night shoe thres horse backward, and posted away from the Court with two in his Company, and on the fifth day (the way being deep in winter) arrived at his own Castle of Lochmabane, where he found his brother Edward with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kirkpatrick, and Thomas of Charteris, who told him how Wallace was betrayed by sir John Menteith and the Cumins faction, a few dayes before. Immediately thereafter they intercepted a messenger with letters from Cumine to King Edward, desiring that Bruce should be dispatched in haste, lest (being a Nobleman much favoured by the commons) he should raise greater sturs. The treachery of John Cumine before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that riding to Dumfries, and finding Cumine at the Mass in the Gray-friers, after he had shown him his letters, in impatience he stabbed him with his dagger: the other who were about him doing the like, and not only dispatching him, but also his cousin sir
Edward

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Edward Cumine, and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out the ninth of February, in the beginning of the year 1306. As we now account.

The Bruce thus rid of one enemy, found a great number as it were arising out of his ashes. even the whole puissant name of Cumine, with their allies, the Earl of March, the Lord of Lorn, the Lord Abernethie, the Lord of Brechin, the Lord Soules. The most part of the North, and all Galloway, followed the Cumines: The Lord of Lorn was of great power in the High-lands: The Earl of March and Lord William Soules, commanded the Mers, with Barwick and the borders: all which they yielded to king Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce. At the same time his two brethren Thomas and Alexander Bruce, with Reinald Crawford younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncan Mackdugal, a great man in Galloway, and sent to King Edward, who caused them all three to be hanged. On the other side, assembled to him besides these above named, the young Lord James Dowglas (who hearing of his Fathers death, had returned from France, where he was at schooles, and stayed a time with his Kinsman William Lambert Bishop of saint Andrews) Earl Malcome Lennox, Earl John of Arthole (although of y Cumins blood, yet being Father in law to Edward Bruce) sir Neil Campbel, sir Gilbert Hay, sir Christopher Seton, sir Thomas Randal, sir Hew Hay, John Somervale, David Barclay Alexander and Simon Fraser, sir Robert Boyd, sir William Holiburton, with sundry who had stood with Wallace before. With this company he past to Scoon, and took upon him the Crown

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of Scotland in April 1306. After this he gathered an army, minding to besiege Saint Johnstoun : but finding his power too weak, he retired to Methwen, where he was unexpectedly assaulted, and discomfited by sir Aymar de Valence, but with smal loss of men, except some who were taken, as Randal, Barclay, Fraler, Inchmartine, Somervale, and sir Hew Hav, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The commons discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new King, who had a few company of Gentlemen about him, with whom he travelled towards Argyle meaning to lurk for a time with his brother in law sir Neil Campbell. But he was encountred by the way by John of Lora, cousin to John Cumine, and constrained to flee albeit with smal slaughter of his own folks. After this second discomfiture, he sent his Queen (being daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar) with his brother sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athole, to the Castle of Kildrinnie in Mar. The King of England sent his son Prince Edward with a mighty host to besiege this Castle. The Queen hearing this fled to the Girth of Tane in Rols, but the Earl of Rols took her and her daughter; and sent them Captives into England. The Castle of Kildrinnie was traiterously burnt by one of the garison : all that were within it taken and hanged at the command of the English King.

King Robert seeing winter approach, and finding no retreat in the main land, retired with his most entire friends to his old friend Angus, Lord of the isles; with whom he stayed a short time in Kintire, and thereafter sailed over into the ile of Raughrine, where

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where he lurked all the winter; every man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring he landed quyerly in Carrick, & on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of Turnberry, the Lord Perrie flying home out of it, into his own Countrey. Sir James Dowglas departing thence secretly, came into Dowglas dale, and by means of Thomas Dicklon, an old servant of his father, he recovered his own Castle of Dowglas, and cast it down once and again: therefore he returned to King Robert to Cunnock showing him that Aymer de Valence, and John of Lorn, with an army were coming against him. The King with five hundred valiant men kepted themselves in a strong place, ay waiting while sir Aymer should invade: but took no heed to John of Lorn, who fetching a compass, set upon his back with eight hundred Highland-men, and had well nigh enclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his men in three; and appointing where they should meet at night, fled three sundry wayes John of Lorn having a slouth-bound, pursued still after the King: who parting away all that were in his company, save one man, fled into the next wood, and with great difficulty escaped the slouth-bound. Sir Aymer disappointed of this enterprise, shortly thereafter with fifteen hundred chosen men very nigh surprised the King in Glentrole wood: but the King with his men taking courage so resolutely defended the place, being very strong, and killed divers of the first who assaulted them, that the rest fled back. Thereafter with more courage he went into the fields, and reduced Kile and Cunningham to his obedience. Sir James Dowglas also with three hundred men lying in an ambush at a strait place in Cunningham

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Cunningham, called the Netherfoord, where sir Philip Moubray was passing with a thousand men against the King, being then in Kyle, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. On the tenth of May following, sir Aymer with three thousand men came against the King, then lying at Gaston in Kyle: King Robert hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not six hundred men, came forth against him at a place under Lowdon-hill, which he so fortified on either hand with dykes and fousies, that the enemies could not enclose him on the sides: and so, by the stout and resolute valour of so few, sir Aymer was put to flight, which he took so sore to heart, that he retired into England, and gave over his Office of Wardan, or Viceroy; John of Britain Earl of Richmond, being sent into Scotland in his place.

King Robert after this past into the North, leaving sir James Dowglas on the borders, who taking his own Castle of Dowglas by a Stratagem, razed it to the ground, and in few dayes chased all the English out of Dowglas-dale, Atrick-forrest, and Jedburgh forrest, and took sir Thomas Randal, the King's sister son (who had followed the English ever since his captivity) and sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkle. Sir Alexander & Simon Fraser meeting King Robert in the North, showed him how John Cumine Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brechin, sir John Moubray, and the rest of the Cuminian Faction, were gathering an Army against him. Mean while by the assistance of his friends in these quarters, on a sudden he surprized the Castle of Inverness; the same of which Victory caused many other Strengths to yield, all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number

of

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of his friends. In his returning, taking sickness at Innerbury, Cummie set upon him. The King, after his friends had for a time defended him, convalescing somewhat, went out to the field, and so hardly assaulted his enemy at old Meldrom, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took the flight. With the like success he set upon the King in Glenesk in Angus, where being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England with sir John Moubray, and dyed there shortly. Lord David Brechin fortified his own Castle, but David Earl of Athole, forced him to yield it, and himself, to the King. Meantime Philip Fraser took the Castle of Forfar: And the King pursuing this Victory, reduced all the North to his Obedience: and joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the South with his two Captives, he took Saint Johnstoun by surprisal: from thence he passed into Lorn, the Lord whereof had embushed two thousand men on the side of an high steep hill, where the King behoved to enter through a narrow passage: But sir James Douglas, with sir Alexander Fraser, and sir Andrew Gray, climbing the hill, came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by Sea: his Father Lord Alexander Macdugal yielded himself, and the Castle of Duallainge to the King,

By this means all on the North side of Forth was reduced to obedience: sir Edward his brother in the mean time, with long and hard fighting, had conquered Galloway. James Douglas by a stratagem surpris'd the strong Castle of Roxburgh on the Fasten even, while all the garison (after the custome of that time) were feasting and playing the vior. The report where

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... reſſo whetted the courage of the valiant Thomas Randal, newly reſtored to his Uncles favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having beſieged the Caſtle of Edinburgh for ſome months, he ſet himſelf by all means to carry the ſame, which he obtained by a narrow paſſage up through the rock diſcovered to him: by which he and ſundry ſtout Gentle-men, ſecretly paſſ'd up, and ſcaling the wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themſelves maſters of the place. The garriſons of Rugline, Lanerick, Dumfreis, Aire, Dundie and Bute, hearing this, yeelded up theſe Caſtles, which were all razed. The Ile of Man alſo returned to the obedience of the Crown of Scotland. Sir Edward Bruce having beſieged Striviling Caſtle three moneths, agreed with the Captain ſir Philip Moubray, that if the King of England did not reſcue him within twelve moneths thereafter, the Caſtle ſhould be yeelded to King Robert. Albeit this ſeemed a raſh provocation of ſo mighty a King Edward the ſecond (who ſome ſeven years before, had ſucceeded his Father Edward Longſhanks, but ſoon degenerat from his valour) having not only England and Ireland, and many Englized Scots, with the Duchie of Guyen, Burdeous, and other parts of France ſubject unto him, but alſo the Low-countries ſtrictly confederat with him: Yet King Robert prepared himſelf to encounter him in the fields, and gathered ſome five and thirty thouſand men, few but valiant. The King of England had above an hundred thouſand foot, and ten thouſand horſe: with which multitude, intending to deſtroy the inhabitants of Scotland, and to divide the land to his followers, he came to Bannock-burn (ſome two myles beneath Striviling)

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Striviling) where on the twenty-one of June 1314, he was encountred by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great army put to rout: himself with a smal company fleeing into Dumbbar, was sent by the Earl into England in a fishe boat, leaving two hundreth Noble-men and Gentle-men killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the com-mans slain and taken, was incredible. Of Scots was slain two Gentle-men of note, sir William Wepont, and sir Walter Ross, with four thousand common souldiers.

After this victory, Striviling being yeilded, and Dumbartan gotten by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Soules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cumins allies, were reconciled to the King; who passed into the Isles, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who dyed in prison in Lochlevin. Thus Scotland was freed of the bondage of England, except Barwick, which was recovered four years thereafter 1318. and the Scots making divers incursions into England, under the leading of Earl Thomas Rindal, and James Lord Dowglas, requited the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with spoile.

As for the Authority of these two Histories, although they possibly erre in some circumstance of time, place, and number, or names of men, yet generally they write the truth of the story of these times, both at greater length, and upon more certain information, then those who have written our Chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous Reader) I wish you profit thereby, and all happiness from God. Fare-well. T H

THE ACTS AND DEEDS OF
the most Famous and Valiant Champion,
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
Knight of Ellerslie.

The First Book.

C H A P. I.

O Ur Antecessours of whom we should oft read,
And hold in mind their fame and worthy deed:
We let over-side through very slothfulness,
And cast us ever to other business.
On vain gaming is set our whole intent,
Which hath been seen into these times by went:
Our next neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They often-times to Scots wisht little good:
Though now of late God turn'd their mind & will
That greet kindness they have shewn us until.
The hearts of people, the Lord hath in his hand,
He may them rule, and guide at his command:
And though all leids would have this land in thral,
Oppon his power, God can against them all:
As we have seen in our forebears before;
But of these parables as now I speak no more.
We read of one right famous in renown,
Of worthy blood, that reigned in this Region:
And henceforth now, I will my purpose hold,
Of William Wallace, as ye have heard it told.
His fore-fathers who like to understand,
Of old linage, and true blood of Scotland:
Sir Rannald Craufurd, right Sheriff of Airc,

So in his time, he had a daughter fair,
 To young Sir Rannald, Sheriff of that town,
 Was sister fair, of good fame and renown :
 Walcome Wallace her got in marriage,
 That Ellerslie then had in heritage.
 Auchinbothie, and many other place,
 The second Dy he was to good Wallace :
 The which Wallace full hardily had wrought,
 When Walter, heir of Wallace to him sought.
 Who likes to hear more knowlege in that part,
 Go read the line of the first Stewart.

Now Walcom Wallace got with his lady bright
 Walcome Wallace, a good and gentle Knight,
 And William too, as Chronicles bears on hand
 Who after was rescuer of Scotland.
 When it was lost with treason and fallensels :
 Over-set with foes, it freed through Gods grace.
 Alexander our worthy King forlorne.
 By adventure his life lost at Kinghorn.
 Three years still the Realm stood desolate,
 Where through there rose a full grievous debate
 Our Prince David, Earl of Huntingetown,
 Three daughters had, of great fame and renown
 Of the which three came Bruce, Balliol, & Gailling
 Two of these three desired to be King :
 The Balliol claimed of the first gree lineally,
 And Bruce the first male of the gree by gree.
 To Edward soon into England they send,
 Of this great strife, they thought he should make end
 Folly it was (indeed it happened so)
 Succour to seek of their old mortal fo.
 Edward Lang-shanks had now begun his war
 Upon Gascoign, into an awful fear :
 The lands which he claimed stood in such case,
 He thought full soon, to make a whole conquest
 To Norham Kirk he came withoutten mair,
 The Council then of Scotland met him there :

Full subtilly he charged them in handow,
 As their over-Lord, to hold of him the Crown.
 Bishop Robert in this time right worthy,
 Of Glasgow Lord, said, That we do deny,
 Any over-Lord, but the great God above.
 The King was wroth, and home he did remove.
 Yet John Balliol followed on him so fast,
 To hold of him, he granted at the last:
 And contrarie right, a King he made him there,
 Where through Scotland repented it full sair.
 To the Balliol our Lords would not consent,
 Edward forthwith set down a Parliament:
 He called Balliol to answer for Scotland:
 The wise Lords soon caused him break that band:
 An abbot, and gave over his allegiance.
 King Edward then took it in great grievance.
 His host he rais'd, and came to warke on Ebor:
 But for to fight, as then he had great dread.
 To Cospatrick of Dumbar soon he send,
 His counsel askt, for he the countrey kend:
 Where he was brought in presence of the King,
 By subtil hand they pocked up this thing.

CHAP. II.

The Battel of Berwick.

Earl Patrick then to Berwick can persue,
 Received he was, and trusted very true:
 The King followed with his men of renown,
 After midnight at rest was all the town.
 Cospatrick rose, the eyes well he knew,
 Let bridges down, and portculises they drew:
 Edward entred, and caus'd slay hastily,
 Of men and women, eight thousand and fifty:
 And children too, by this false adventure,
 Of true Scots escaped no creature.
 A Captain there this false King hath made,
 Toward Dumbar, without resting they made.

C H A P. III.

The Battel of Dumbar.

Where gathered was great power of Scotland,
 Against Edward, in battel for to stand :
 The three Earls was entred in that place,
 Of Mar, Monteth, and Arhol upon case.
 In the Castle the Earl gart hold them in,
 That to their men without they could not win :
 Nor yet to them supplying for no mo :
 The Battels then together fast they go,
 And many slain there was without mercy,
 Of true Scots, over set with subtilty.
 Earl Patrick then, when the fighting was fellest,
 To our so turned, and harming did us maist.
 Is none in world that skaithes may do maire,
 Then well trusted a born familiare.
 Our men are slain without redemption,
 Throughe these deeds whole, tyme was this Region.

C H A P. IV.

How King Edward and Corspatrick came to Secon,
 and deposed John Balioll, and had with them
 the Heirs of Scotland.

King Edward past, and Corspatrick to Secon,
 And there he got the homage of Scotland soon :
 For none was left the Realm for to defend,
 For John Balioll then to Montrose they send,
 And him deprived for ay of his Kingrike :
 Then Edward himself was called a Royal Rike.
 The Crown he took upon the self same stane,
 That Oathelins sent with his son from Spain,
 When Iher Scot first into Scotland came :
 That Kenneth King, the second of that name,
 Brought it to Secon, and gart it stable thair,
 Where Kings were crown'd eight hundred years
 Before the time that King Edward it fand, (mair,
 These jewels he gart turle into England :

In London set in witnes of that thing,
 By conquest then of Scotland made him King.
 Where that stone stands, Scotland should master be,
 God choole the time, for Margarets heirs to see.
 Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
 All heirs with them, and Bruce out of Scotland.
 That office then he keeped but thort time.
 I may not now put all the deeds in rime:
 On Chronicles, why should I tarry lang?
 To Wallace again now briefly will I gang.
 Scotland was lost when he was but a child,
 All overlet with our enemies wild:
 His father Balcom in the Lennox fled,
 His eldest son thither with him he led.
 His mother fled with him from Ellerslie,
 To Golzie past, and dwelt in Killspindie.
 The Knight his father thither bath him sent,
 Unto his Uncle with a great intent.
 In Golzie dwelt and had their living thair,
 An aged man, which received them fair:
 Then to Dundie Wallace to school they send,
 While he of wit-full worthily was kend:
 Thus he continued in his tender age,
 In arms then did many vassalage,
 When saxon blood in this region could reign,
 Marking the will of that unrighteous King.
 Many great wrongs they wrought in this Region,
 Destroy'd our Lords, and brake our buildings down.
 Both wives and widows they took at their own will,
 Sons and maidens whom they liked to spill:
 King Herods part they play'd here in Scotland,
 Of young children that they before them fand.
 The Bishopricks that was greatest of vail,
 They took in hand of their Archbishops hail:
 Not for the Pope, they would no Kirk forbear,
 But gripped all through violence of wear.
 Glasgou they gave, as at their vaille was kend,

The First Book

To Diotie of Durham to a commend:
 Small benefices they would not pursue:
 But for this thing full many other they slew,
 Hanged Barons, and brought full meikle care.
 It was well known tothin the barne of Aire:
 There eighteen score was put to sellon dead;
 But God above hath sent us some remead.
 It is remembered farther in the tale,
 I will follow upon my purpose hails:
 William Wallace ere he was man of arms,
 Great pity thought Scotland that took such harms.
 Weikle wolour it did him in his mind:
 For he was wise, right worthy, to right, and kind,
 In Gomer dwelt still with this worthy man:
 As he increast, and with a bondan than,
 Into his heart he had full meikle care,
 He saw the Sutheron multiply mair and mair,
 And to himselfe else would he make his moan,
 Of his good kin they had slaw many one.
 Yet he was then seemly, strong, and bold,
 Ere he of age was sevenseven winters old.
 All weapons he bare, either good sword, or knife;
 For he with them hapnes full oft to strife.
 Where he found one out of others presence,
 After to Scots they did no more offence.
 To cut his throat, or stick him suddenly,
 He car'd not, found he them anery.
 Sunday was he, but none knew by what way,
 For as to him there could no man ought say:
 A little of speech was courteous and benign,
 And of countenance, he was both bold and ying.

C H A P. V.

How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Con-
 stables son of Dundie.

Upon a day to Dundie he was send
 Of cruelneis full little he was kend: The

The Constable was a felloe man of wear,
 And unto Scots he did full meikel deare.
 Selbie he beght, dispiteous in outrage.
 A son he had near twenty years of age :
 Into the towner he used every day,
 Three men or four thereto with him to play.
 An hie ly shrew, wanton in his intent,
 Wallace he saw, and toward him he went :
 Seemly he was, right big, and well beset,
 Into a weed of goodly gairing green.
 He called on him, and said, Thou Scot, abide,
 What devil (said he) thet graithed in so good weed :
 An horse mantle it was thy kind to wear,
 A Scots whistle under thy belt to bear.
 Rough Rulzions upon thine harlots feet :
 Give me thy knife, whas doth thy gear so meat :
 To him he went his knife to take him fra,
 Fast by the collar Wallace can him ta :
 Under his hand his knife he braided out,
 For all his men that sembled him about :
 But help himself he knew of no remead,
 Withouth releue he stiked him to dead.
 The Squyer fell, of him there was no more,
 His men followed on Wallace wonder sore.
 The preais was thick, and cummered them full fast.
 Wallace was speedy, and greatly als agast ;
 The bloody knife was draton in his hand,
 He spared none that he before him fand.
 The horse he knew his Emie had lodged in,
 Thither he fled, farther he might not win.
 The good wufe there within the close saw he,
 And help he cryed, for him that dyed on tree :
 The young Captain hath fallen with me at strife.
 In at the door he went with this good-wife.
 A russet goton of her own she him gave,
 Above his weed which covered all the lave.
 A suden curch over head and neck let fall,
 A worn tobie hat she brealed on withall,

For

For they should not long carry at that Inn :
 Gave him a rock, and then late down to spinne.
 The Sutheron sought where Wallace was but deed,
 They wote not well at what gate he in yeed :
 In that same house they sought him busily,
 But he late still and span right cunningly,
 As of his time he had not learned lang.
 They left him so, and forth their gates can gang,
 With heavy chear, and sorrowful in thought ;
 No wit of him as then get could they nought.
 The Englishmen all then in barret boton,
 Bade fire all Scots that were into the towne,
 Yet this good-wife held Wallace until night,
 Made him good chear, and put him out of sight.
 Through a dark gate she guided him full fast,
 In covert went, syn by the water past :
 Forbure the gate, for watches that was there :
 His mother was into a great dispare :
 When she him saw, she thanken heavens King,
 And said, Dear son, so long where hast thou been :
 He told his mother of that sudden case,
 Then weeped she, and said full oft, alace :
 Ere that thou cease, thou wilt be slain withall.
 Mother, he said, God ruler is of all :
 Unsufferable are the people of England,
 Part of their yre me thinks we should gainstand.
 His time he knew that he the Squer lieto,
 For dread thereof in great langour he dieto.
 This passed over, while divers dayes were gane,
 The god-man dread that Wallace should be cane.
 The Sutheron are full lubrile every man.
 A great ditty for Scots ordain'd they than,
 By the late days in Dundie set an aire,
 Then Wallace would no longer sojourn there.
 His mother graithed her in a Pilgrims weed,
 Himself dilaguised, syn gladly with her yeed.
 A short sword under his weed bare he,
 In all the land full many foes had he,

Both on their foot, with them more took they nought.
 Who spied, She said, To S. Margret they sought.
 Who served her, full great friendship they fand,
 With Southeron folks, for she was of England.
 Besides Lundones the ferrie over they past,
 Then through the Delhel sped they wonder fast:
 Into Dumferling they lodged all that night:
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,
 With gentle-women hapened them to passe,
 Of England born, in Linlithgow twinning was:
 The Captains wife in Pilgrimage had been:
 When she them met, and had good Wallace seen.
 Good chear they made, for he was wonder fair,
 Not large of tongue, well taught, and debonair.
 Forth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
 While south over Forth, with her son she him brocht.
 Into Linlithgow they would not tarry lang.
 Their leave they took, to Dunipace they gang:
 There dwelt his Cme, a man of great riches,
 A mighty Parson, height to name Wallace:
 Made them good chear, and was a full good-mann,
 Welcomed them fair, and to them told he than;
 Did him to wit, the land was all on fleir,
 Created them well, and said, My son so dear,
 Thy mother and thou, right here with me shal bide,
 While better be thy chance, what may betide.
 Wallace answered, Weffermore we will;
 Our kin is slain, and that me liketh ill,
 And other many worthy in that art:
 Live I, will God, we shall us break on part.
 The Parson sighed, and said, My son so free,
 I cannot know how that redress may be.
 What should I speak of frustrate at this tide,
 For gift of good he would not with him bide.
 His mother and he, to Ellerslie they went,
 Upon the morn she for her brother sent:
 In Corsbie dwelt, and was Sheriff of Aire,

His father was dead, that lived long time there,
 Her best Son that meikle was of main,
 Her Husband als at Lochmabane was slain :
 Sir Walcom Wallace his name was but lies,
 His hogh line as were cutted in that priesle :
 On anes he fought, feil Englishmen he slew,
 To him then fought more fighters then aneu :
 On either side with spears they bare him down.
 There flicked they that good Knight of renown.
 Unco my tale I leit at Ellerslie,
 Sir Rannald came unto his sister free :
 Welcomed them, and asked of their intent.
 She pray'd that he to Lord Perne would went.
 She irked of war, she would no farther fite,
 To purchase peace, in rest that she might be.
 Sir Rannald had the Perne's protection,
 As for all part to take comission :
 Then he caus'd write to his sister that tide,
 In that respite Wallace would not abide.
 His mother he leet, she weeped with heart full sair,
 His lands he took, then from his Cume can fare :
 Young he was, and to Dutheron right savage,
 Great room they had, despite, and eke outrage.
 Sir Rannald durst not then hold Wallace there,
 For great perill he knew appearing weret :
 For they had whole the strengths of this land ;
 That they would so durst none against them stand.
 Sheriff he was, and wroth them among,
 Full sore he dreid, that Wallace should take wrong,
 For he and they could never well accord ;
 He got a hound, though he was Lad of Lord,
 That profured him any lightness :
 But they repared our meikle to that place,
 As English Clerks in prophesie it fand,
 How one Wallace should put them from Scotland,
 Sir Rannald knew well a more quist sted,
 Where William might be better from their feed :
 And

With his Uncle Wallace of Richertoun,
 Sir Richard bought that good knight of renown.
 These lands to him then was his heritage.
 But blind he was, so happened through courage,
 By Englishmen that did him murder dear :
 In his rising, he worthy was in wear.
 Through hurt of being, and mingling of blood,
 Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good.
 In Februar Wallace was to him send,
 Into April he bidden from him to wend.
 But good service he did him with pleasure,
 As in that space was worthy to advance.

C H A P. VI.

How Wallace past to the water of Irwin, to
 take fish.

Soon a time he desired to play,
 Into April the three and twenty day :
 To Irwin water, fish to take he went,
 Such fantasy fell into his intent :
 To lead his net, a child with him there yeed ;
 But he ere noon, was in a felon dread :
 His sword he left, so did he never again,
 It did him good, although he suffered pain.
 Of that labour as then he was not ill,
 Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
 Ere of the day ten hours could over-pass,
 Riding there came, near by where Wallace was,
 The Lord Perth, that was Captain of Aire,
 From him he turned, and could to Glasgow fare.
 Part of the Court had Wallace labour seen,
 To him they rode not clad in garment green.
 Saint Martins fish, said Scot, now we would have.
 Wallace again them meekly answer gave,
 It were reason, me think, ye should have part.
 What should be dealt in all place with free heart.
 He bade his boy give them of his treaching.
 The Sutheron said, As now of thy dealing

wote will not take, thou wouldst gibe us over smal
 He lighted down, and from his boy took all.
 Wallace said then, Gentle-men, if ye be,
 Leave us some part we pray, for charitie :
 An aged Knight serves our Lady this day :
 Good friend, leave part, and take not all away.
 Thou shalt have leave to fish, and take thee mair,
 All these surely shall in our sitting fare.
 We serve a Lord, these fish shall to him gang.
 Wallace answering said, Thou art in the wrong,
 Whom thoust thou, Scot? in faith thou servst a blaw.
 To him he ran, and out a sword can draw.
 Wallace was wo, he had no weapons there,
 But a pauls-staff, which in his hand he bare :
 Wallace twich it fast on the cheek him took,
 With so good will, while off his feet him hook.
 The sword flew from him a foot broad on the land :
 Wallace was glad, and caught it soon in hand,
 And with the sword an actward stroke him gave
 Under the head, his craig in sunder drave.
 By that the rest lighted about Wallace,
 He had no help, but only on Gods grace :
 On either side full fast on him they dang :
 Great peril was, if they had lasted lang.
 Upon the head in great yre he strook one.
 The bearing sword cut to the collar bone ;
 Another he hit on the arm hastily,
 While hand and sword both on the land can ly.
 The other two fled to their hoyle again.
 He stiked him that last was on the plain.
 Three flew he there, two fled with all their might
 After their Lord, but he was out of sight,
 Taking the Ware, ere he and they could twin :
 To him they rode anone, ere they could blin,
 And cry'd, Abide, your men are martyred down,
 Right cruelly into this false Region :
 Five of your men here at the water bade,
 Fish you to bring, though it no profit made,

were are esca ped, but in field slain are thre.
 The Lord asked, How many may there be ?
 were saw but one that hath overcome us all.
 Then leugh the Lord, and said, Shame on you fall :
 Since one you all hath put to confusion ;
 who mones it most the devil of hell him drown.
 This day for me, in faith, he's not be sought.
 when Wallace thus the worthy work had wrought
 Their horse he took, and gear that was left there ;
 Gave over the craft, and went to fish no mare.
 went to his Cme, and told him of the deed :
 And he for two near swelt out of his weed,
 And said, son, these tydings sits me sore,
 If they be known, thou may get skaith therefore.
 Uncle, he said, no longer will I bide,
 These Sutherons horse, let see if I can ride :
 Then but a child in service for to make,
 His Cmes son with him he would not take.
 This good knight said, dear Cousin, I pray thee,
 when thou wants good, come fetch enough from me :
 Silver and gold he caus'd one to him give ;
 Wallace then kneeled, and lowly took his leave.

The end of the first Book.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace slew the Churl with his own
staff in Aire.

Young Wallace then fulfilled of his courage,
 In prize of arms, desirous of vassalage.
 Thy vassalage may never be forlorn,
 Thy deed is known, though all the world had sworn:
 For thy whole mind, labour and business,
 Was set in war, and very righteousness :
 And full great loss of thy dear worthy kin,

The

The rancour more remains thy mind within:
 It was his life, and most part of his food,
 To see them shed the burning Sutherland blood.
 To Debreer house withouten more he robe,
 And but short time in peace there he above.
 There was one Wallace that welcomed him well,
 Though Englishmen thereof had little feel:
 Both meat and drink at his will had he there,
 In Aglan wood when that he made repair.
 The gentleman full oft was his reser,
 Much stuff of house full oft he can him bet:
 So he retir'd the town of Ayr to see,
 His child with him, and then no more took he.
 By next the wood Wallace caus'd leave his host,
 Then on his foot went to the market Cross:
 The Perrie was in the Castle of Ayr,
 With Englishmen great number and repair,
 And all the town ruling on their olon wile,
 To many Scots they did full great supple:
 All but abasing Wallace among them yed,
 The rage of youth made him to have no dread.
 A Churl they had that great burdens did bear,
 Exceedingly he would lift meikel mair.
 Then any thre that they among them fand,
 And als by this one sport he took in hand.
 He bare a ring into a bulleous pole,
 On his broad back, of any would it thole,
 But for a great, as fast as he might drave.
 When Wallace heard speak of that merry saw,
 Then he desired at that market to be:
 For one stroak he bade him groats thre.
 The Churl grantu, of that proffer was faine,
 To pay that silver Wallace was full hane.
 Wallace that ring took up into his hand,
 Full sturdily be ore him could he stand:
 Wallace with that upon the back him gabe,
 While his rig-bone all into sunder brabe.

The Thiel was dead, o him I speak na mair,
 The Englishmen assembled on Wallace there,
 Fell on the field of folks fighting fast :
 He unabashed, and not greatly agast,
 Upon the head onz with the sling hit he,
 While bone and brain he made in pieces flee.
 Another he stroak on the bassinet of steile,
 The tree then rave and crush'd every beale.
 The tree was lost, the Englishman was dead,
 For his craig-bone was broken in that stead.
 He drew a sword that helped him in need.
 Throug hout the thickess of the press he yerd,
 And at his hoyle full fain he woult have been.
 Two griev'd him most that cruel toers and keen.
 Wallace returned as man of mirkile main,
 And at one streak the former hach he slain :
 A full fore streak the other got that tide,
 With his good sword, he made him there abide :
 In at the copplet brimly he him bare,
 The grounden stood out through his body share.
 Five flew he there, ere he past from the town,
 He got his horse, to Langlane made him bowen :
 And keeped three child, and let him not abide,
 Escaped thus, he can to Langlane ride.
 Some followed him on horse, some upon foot,
 To take Wallace, as then it was no boot :
 The trees were thick that keeped him full well,
 But there to hope, he could never a deal.
 Good ordinance that effeird for his estate,
 His custome was at all times ere and late :
 The Squire Wallace in Ochterhouse that was,
 Both bed and meat for him they made to pass.
 As for that time that he remained there,
 But sore he longed to see the town of Ayr.
 Thither he past upon a market day.
 Would God as then that he had bidden away.
 His Cmes servant for to buy firy he sent.

Sir Reynald Cratofurd the Sherifff then was kent,

C H A P. I I.

How Wallace slew Lord Persies Stewart, and
was prisoned in Air.

When he had tane such good as he had bought,
the Persies Stewart right sadly to him soght,
And said, thou Scot, to whom buys thou this thing?
To the Sherifff, he said, by Heavens King,
My Lord shall have it, syn go fetch thee mair.
Wallace by chance, was near by going there,
He went to him, and said, Friend, I pray thee,
The Sherifffs servant that thou would let him be.
A lordly man the Stewart was of blood,
And thought Wallace him charged in terms rude:
So hence thou Scot, the meekle devil thee speed,
At thy Sherifffs use thou weens us for to lead.
An hunting staff into his hand he bare,
Therewith he smote on William Wallace there.
But with his tree little swazie he made,
Fast by the choller him caught withoutten bade,
A full great knife fast to his heart stroak he,
Then from him dead, shot him right suddenly.
Cater sensyn I trow he was no mair.
The Englishmen assembled Wallace there.
Fourscore were set in armour birnest bolon,
On markett day, for Scots to keep the tolon.
Wallace boldly he drew a sword of weir,
Into the brime the foremost couth he bear,
Out through the body sticket him to the dead,
And sundry mo, ere he past from that dead.
An ackward stroak another took he there
Upon the knee, the bone in sunder share.
The third he stroak on a peasant of mallzie,
His craig in two, no weeds might availzie:
Thus Wallace fared as wood as a Lyon.
The Englishmen that were on bargane bolon,

They

They kept the gate with spears rude and lang,
For dint of sword might no man to him gang.
Wallace was harness on his body well,
At him they fought with sharp swords of steel,
And from his strength environed him about:
Out through the preale on a side he brake out,
Unto a wall that stood by the sea side,
For well or two there must he needs abide.
Part of their spears in pieces there he shave,
Then from the Castle, other help came maire:
Out over the dyke they glaid on every side,
Brake down the wall, no succour was that tyde:
Then Wallace knew of no tveen, but to die:
To win his dearch amongst them thus went he.
Other part in great preheving fast,
His bierness brand it bursted at the last,
Brake in the huts away the blade it flew,
He wilt no tveen, but forth his knife he drew:
The first he slew to which him in hand hath hint,
And other two he stuck with his dint.
The remnant to him with spears hath sought,
Bare him to ground, no further might he nought.
The Lords bade, that they should not him sla,
To pine him more they charged him to ta,
Into their Tunes, although that he had swoon,
Out of the gate by force they have him boyn.
Thus good Wallace with Englishmen was tane,
In fault of help, for he was his alane.
He could not cease, his courage so him bare,
Fisvle fortune hath brought him in the snare.
The false gods full of unrighteousness,
And false Juno full of deceitfulness.
These feigned gods, Wallace never yet knew,
Great righteousness him ay to mercy drew.
His kin might not get him for no kind of thing,
Nicht they have payed the ransome of a King.
The more they bade, the more it was in vain,

Of their best men that day seven hath he slain.
 They coul'd set him into a prison fell,
 Of his torments great pity was to tell.
 Evil meat and drink they coul'd unto him gibe,
 Great marvel was it he might long there live.
 And eke thereto he was in prison law,
 While they thought time on him to hold the Law,
 Leave I him thus into this painful stead,
 While God above do send him some remead.
 The plain complaint, and pitrous lamenting,
 The wail weeping that was for his taking,
 The tormenting of everie creature :
 Alas ! they said : How shall our life endure ?
 The flower of youth into his tender age,
 Fortune of arms hath left them in thielage.
 Living this day a Christian have we none,
 Durst take in hand, but young Wallace alone :
 The land is lost, he is caught in the snare ;
 The R-per-se of Scotland is in great care.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace was imprisoned in Aire, and escaped.

Barrels herring and water they him gave,
 Where he was set into that ugly cave.
 Such food for him was feeble to commend,
 Then said he thus : Good God me now receive,
 My piteous spirit, and soul over all the lave :
 My careful life, I may not now defend,
 Over felo Sutheron unto the death I brew,
 And that I rue indeed, and very true.
 For soon I will out of this world wend,
 If I should now in prison make an end.

Eternal God, why should I thus wayes die,
 Since my belief all whole remains on thee ?
 And thine own hand full worthily have wrought :
 But thou remead, no life they ordain me :
 Mine only Saviour that died on the tree,

From

From hell's prison with thy blood hath me bought,
 Why wilt thou give thine handy-work for nought?
 And many other in great pain that I see,
 For of my life nothing else I rought.

O warried sword, of temper never true,
 Thy frushing blade in prison soon me thretho,
 And Englishmen ever little harms hath cane,
 Of us they have undone more then aneto:
 My faithful father despitedully they sletho,
 My brother als, and good men many one,
 This is the date shall us overcome each one.
 Of this Kingrick, dear God, when shalt thou rue,
 Since my power thus suddenly is gone.

All worthy Scots, Almighty God you lead,
 Since I no more in worship may you speid:
 In prison here me woorthes to mischeive:
 How silly Scotland, that of help hath great need,
 Thy Nation standis into a fellon deid.
 Of worldliness right thus I take my leave.
 Of other pains, God let you never prave:
 Though I for two out of twits should wend,
 None other gift I may now to you give.

Alas Wallace, sometime was strong and stur,
 Thou must of need in prison long endure,
 Thy worthy kin may not thee save for gold:
 Labits weep, that were both mild and mure,
 In furious pains, the mother that thee bare:
 For thou to her was dearer then the gold:
 Her most desire was to thee under mould.
 In worldliness, why should any assure?
 For thou wert formed forcy on the fild.

Complain ye poor, thus as your secret tells:
 Complain to heaven with words that never failen:
 Complain your voice to the great God above:
 Complain for him that sits in syteful cells:
 Complain his pain that thus in dolour dwells:
 In languor lyes, for losing of their love,
 His furious pain was fellest for to prove.

cont.

Complain also ye birds, as blyth as bells,
Some happy chance may fall for your behove.

Complain ye Lords. complain ye Ladies bright;
Complain for him that worthy was and might,
Of Saxons sons that suffered meikel dear;
Complain for him that is in prison dight,
And for no cause Scotland, but for thy right.
Complain also ye worthy men of wear:
Complain for him who was your asper spear.
Few Englishmen yet to the death he dight.
Complain for him your triumph had to bear.

Cællinus his master Jaylour was now:
In Englishmen, alace, why should we trow?
Our worthy Kin are pynd on this wise:
Such rule but right, is little to allow.
He thinks we should in barret make them bow
At our power, and so we do sell lye,
From their danger, God make us for to rise.
That well hath wrought before these times now,
For they mark ay to wait us with suppress.
What would I more of Wallace torments tell,
The flux he took into that prison fell:
Near to the death likely he was to dwell:
They charged the Jaylour there he should not dwell:
But bring him forth soon out that ugly cell,
In Judgement, where that he should chole the Law.
This man went down, and suddenly he saw,
As to his sight, Death had him snapped well snell.
Then said to him, He hath pay'd that he aw.

When they presumed he should be very dead,
They caus'd servants withouten longer plead.
With short advise unto the wall him bare,
They Cast him over out of that bailful stead:
Of him they trowed there should be no remeao.
In a draff-midding, where he remained there.
His first Purle of the new town of Aire,
To him he came, which was full well of read,
And purchase leave, away with him to fare, In

Into great yre they granted her to go,
 She took him up withoutten words mo,
 And on a cart unecmly they him cast :
 Out over the water they led him with great wo,
 To her own house withoutten any ho.
 See warmed water, and als her servants fast,
 His body washt, while tith of him was past.
 His heart was wight, and flightered to and fro,
 And his two eyes at last cast up also.

His Foster-mother him loved attour the lave,
 Got milk to warm, his life if she might save.
 With all her cure, great kindness could him kyth :
 Her daughter had of twelve weeks a knave,
 Her child's paps in Wallace mouth it gave :
 The womans milk comforted him full swyth,
 Then in a bed they brought him for to lyth.
 And coverly they kept him in that cave,
 Him for to save, well secretly they might.

In their chamber they keeped him that tyde :
 She can'd grath ap a buird in the house tyde,
 With tapestry cloths honoured with great sight,
 And that the voyce on every land should light.
 That he were dead, throughout the land so wyde,
 In presence as she weeped under sight ;
 But goodly meats she graiched either night :
 And so beset into that self same tyde,
 While furthermore that Wallace worthed wight.

Thomas Rymer withoutten fail was than,
 With the Minister, which was a worthy man :
 He used oft to that religious place.

The people deemed of meikel wit he can ;
 And so he did, although they bleis or ban :
 Which happened soth in many diverse place,
 I cannot say, by wrong or righteouness :
 In rule of war, whether he tint or wan,
 It may be deem'd by division of grace.

His man that day at the Market had been,
 Of Wallace knew this careful case so keen. His

His Master asked, what tydings that he saw:
 His man answered, Of little heare, I mean.
 The Minister said, That hath been seldom seen,
 Where Scots and English assembled on a row,
 Tillas never yet so far, as I could know.
 But either a Scot would do a Sutheron teen,
 Or he to him, as adventure might saw.

Wallace ye know, was tane into that stead,
 Out over the wall I saw them cast him dead,
 Out of their prison, famisht for want of food.
 The Minister said, with heart heavy as lead,
 Such deed to them, me think should foster fear;
 For he was twicht, and come of gentle blood.
 Thomas answered, These tydings are not good:
 If that be sooth, my self shall never eat bread;
 For all my wit, here shortly I conclude.

A woman then of the new town of Ayr,
 To him she went when he was lying there.
 And on her knees right lowly them besought,
 To purchase leave, she might hence with him fare:
 In lightness they granted to her there,
 And over the water into her house him brought,
 To bury him as goodly as she mought.
 Then Thomas said, Yet shall I live na mair,
 If that be true, by God that all hath wrought.

The Minister heard what Thomas said in plain,
 He charged his man to speed him fast again,
 To see the house, and warily to espy,
 What words he heard amongst them busily.
 The man went out, at bidding was all bairn,
 To the new town to pass, he did his pain,
 To that ilk house, and went in suddenly:
 About he blinked unto the boord him by.
 The woman rose, in heart she was not fain.
 Wholyes here? he did demand in plain.
 Wallace, she said, full worthy that hath been.
 Then weeped she, that pise was to seen.

The man thereto great credence gave he nought,
 Toward the boord he boluned as he best thought.
 On knees she fell and cryed, For Iesus theen,
 Let slander be, and from your thought it fleem.
 The man answered, By him that all hath wrought,
 I would his welfare, and call into his thought:
 Might I on life once see him with mine een.
 He should be safe, though England would him fleem.
 She led him up to Wallace by the grees:
 He spake with him then fast again can please,
 With glad bodward, their mirthes to amend,
 And came again, and told them whole to end.
 He told to them, the first tydings was lies.
 When Thomas said, Forsooth ere he deceise,
 Many thousand on field shall take an end.
 From this Region he shall the Sutheron send,
 And Scotland thice he shall bring to a place.
 Into this Region great God shall send him grace.
 All worthy men that have good wit to weal,
 Beware that ye do not misdeem my teal.
 Perchance ye say, to Bruce was none such like,
 He was as good where deens were to assaile,
 As of his hands, and bolder of Battel:
 But Bruce was known right heir of his Kingrick,
 For he had right, we call no man him like,
 But Wallace thice this Kingrick conquer hail,
 In England far fought battel on that Rike.

C H A P. I V.

The Battel of Lowdown-hill.

I will return to my purpose again,
 When Wallace was relieved of his pain,
 The Countrey deem'd all whole that he was dead,
 His dearest kin knew not of his remead:
 While whole he was, likely to go and ride,
 Into that place he would no longer bide,
 His true keeper he sent to Ellersly,
 After him there he durst not let her be.

Her

The Second Book

Her daughter als, her servants, and her childe,
 He made them passe unto his mother milde.
 When they were gone, no weapons there he saw,
 To help him with, what aventure might saw:
 A rousy sword in a nook he saw stand,
 Withouthen belt, holt, buckler, or yet brand:
 Long time before it had been in that stead,
 An aged man it left when he was dead.
 He drew the blade, and found it would well byte,
 Though it was foul, he took it with him tyte:
 God help his man, for thou shalt go with me,
 While better come, will God soon may that be.
 To Sir Ronald as then he would not fare,
 Into that passage, for Sutheron made repair:
 At Richerton full fain he would have been,
 To get him horse, and part of armour shien.
 Then afterward as he boloned to fare,
 Thre Englishmen he met ryding to Aire,
 At their voyage in Glasgowe forth had been:
 One Long-castle, that cruel was and keen,
 A bold Squyer, with him good yeomen two:
 Wallace drew up and would have let them go,
 To him they ride, and said despitefully,
 Thou Scot abide, I trow thou be a spy,
 Or else a thief, from presence would thee hide.
 Then Wallace said, with sober words that tide:
 Sir, I am sick, for Gods love let me go.
 Long-castle said, forsooth it bees not so:
 A felon creik thou seemest in thy fare:
 While men thee know thou shalt with me to Aire.
 Hilt out his sword that was of noble hew,
 Wallace with that at his lighting him threwo.
 Upon the craig with his sword hath him tane,
 Through brain and lyre, in sunder brake the bane:
 By he was fallen, the two were lighced down,
 To venge his death, on Wallace made them bowen.
 The one of them upon the head he gave,
 The rousy blade unto the craig him clabe: The

The other fled, and durst no longer byd,
 With a rude stepe Wallace could after glyd,
 Out throughe the ribs a sicker stoak gave he,
 While liver and lungs men might at once see.
 The horse he took, both weapons and armour,
 Then thanked God with glad heart in that hour.
 Silver they had, all with him hath he tane,
 Him to support, for spending had he nane :
 Into great haste he rode to Richartoton,
 A glad sembly was at his lighting down.
 When Wallace met with sir Richart that Knight,
 For him had mourned, while feeble was his sight.
 His two sons of Wallace was full faine.
 They had him lost, yet God him saved again,
 His Uncle Sir Rannald to Richartoton came fast :
 The woman told, by Corsby as she past.
 How Wallace escaped, then on their way yeed :
 Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dread.
 While he him saw, in heart he thought full long,
 Then suddenly in arms he him throng :
 He might not speak, but kissed him tenderly,
 His troubled spirit was in an extasie :
 The glad tears brast from his eyes two,
 Ere that he spake, a long time held him so :
 And at the last, right friendly then said he,
 Welcome, Nevy, welcome, Dear son, to me :
 Thanked be he that all the world hath wrought,
 That fairly thee out of prison hath brought.
 His mother came, and other friends auno,
 With full glad will to see these tydings true.
 Good Robert Boyd that worthy was and might,
 Would not them trole, while he him saw with sight.
 From sundry parts they came to Richartoton,
 Full worthy folks that were of great renown.
 Thus leave I them in mirth, gladness, & pleasure,
 Thanking great God of this so happy chance.
 The end of the Second Book.

How Wallace revenged the slaughter of his Fa-
ther, and of his Brother, on
Lowdown hill.

In joyous July, when the flowers are sweet,
Digestable, engendring with the heat,
Both flower and fruit, bushes and boughs braid,
Abundantly in every flock and flaid.
All bestial their right courie to endure,
Well helped are by working of Nature :
On foot ascending to the Heavens hight,
Conserved well by the Maker of might.
Fish in the flood re. oreteth really,
To mans food, the world to occupy.
But Scots and so was wasted many a day,
Through war, such skaith, that labour was a way.
Uitail grew skant ere August could appear,
Through all the Land the food happened full dear.
But Englishmen that riches wanted none,
By carriage brought their vitail in good want,
Stuffed houses with wine and good vernage,
Enjoy'd this Land as their own heritage :
This Kingrick whole they ruled at their will.
Messengers then such tydings told them till,
And told the Perile that Wallace living was,
And from their prison in Aire escaped he.
They crow'd it well, that Wallace past that stead,
For Long-castle and his two men were dead.
They worried the chance that Wallace was to pass,
In every part they were full greatly agast,
Through prophesie that they had heard before.
Lord Berlie said, what need words more :
But he be fast, he shall do great marvel :
It were the best for King Edwards avail,
Might he him get to be his steward man,
For gold or land, his conquest might stand than.
We think by force he may not gotten be

Wise men forsooth by his escape may see.
 Thus deem they him in many diuerse case.
 And leave them thus, and speak of good Wallace.
 In Richartown he would no longer bide,
 For friends counsel, or ought that might betide.
 And when they saw that it availed nought,
 His purpose was to venge him if he mought,
 On Sucherson blood, that had his elders slain :
 They let him work his own will into plain.
 Sir Richart had three sons, as I you told,
 Adam, Richart, and Simon, that were bold :
 Adam eldest, was grown into courage,
 Forward, right fair, and eighteen years of age :
 Large of person, right hardy, wise and wight,
 Good King Robert in his time made him Knight :
 Long came after in Bruce's wars abaid,
 On Englishmen many good journey made.
 This good Squyer with Wallace bowed to ride,
 And Robert Boyd which would no longer bide,
 Under thirlage of niges of England :
 To the false King he never had made hand.
 Cleland was there, near Cousin to Wallace,
 Then bode with him in many perillous place.
 And Edward little his sisters son so dear,
 Full well graithed into their armour clear :
 With their servants to Richartown they rode,
 To Hachlin Bure, and short time there abode :
 For friends them told was bounden in thirlage,
 That Fenwick sent was for the carriage :
 Within short time he will bring it to Acre,
 Out of Carleil they had received it there.
 That pleased Wallace in heart right greatly,
 Glad ye they were a goodly company,
 Toward Holborn they bowed them to ride,
 And in a shaw, a little there beside,
 They lodged them, for it was near the night,
 To watch the way as goodly as they might,
 A good true Scot which Hostler-house held there.

Under London, mine Author can declare,
 He saw them come, he went to them on hye.
 Both meat and drink he brought them privily,
 And to them told the carriage men in plain,
 Their fore-rider to Aire was past again.
 Left them to come with power of great avail,
 They crowen by then they were in Anandail.
 Wallace then said, we will not sojourn here,
 Nor change no weed, but our each days gear.
 At Cossington the way was spilt that tide,
 For that same way behoved they to ride.
 And from the time that he off prison fare,
 Good Summer weed daily on him he bare:
 Good light harness from that time used he ever,
 For sudden strife, from it he would not sever:
 An habergion under his gown he bare:
 A good steel cap in his bonnet but mair:
 Two gloves of plate, with cloth was covered well,
 In his doublet a close collar of steel.
 His face he kepted, for it was ever bare,
 With his two hands, the which full worthy were,
 Into his toes, if he came in a thrang,
 Was no man then on foot might with him gang.
 So grown of strength, of power strong and sure,
 His terrible vints were fearful to endure.
 They trusted more of Wallace him alans,
 Then an hundredth of England might be tane.
 These worthy Scots made there no carrying,
 To London-hill past, in the day dawning,
 Deviled the place, and put their horse away,
 And thought to win, or never home to ga.
 Two scurriours sent to visit well the plain,
 But they right soon returned in again:
 To Wallace said, that they were coming fast:
 Then to the ground all kneeling at the last,
 With humble hearts, praying with all their might,
 To God above, to help them in their right.
 They graithed them in harness hastily,

There sonzied nane good of that compauy :
Then Wallace said, here was my father slain,
And my brother, which doth me meikle pain,
So shall my self, or venged be but dread,
The traytor is here, the causer of the deed :
Then heght they all to bide with hearty will.
By that the power was taking London-hill,
The Knight Fentwick convoyed the carriage.
He had on Scots made many shrewd voyage.
The sun was risen, leiming ower lands light,
The Englishmen saw that they came to the height.
Near him they rode and soon the Scots saw,
He told his men, and said to them on rath :
Ponder is Wallace that escaped our prison,
He shall again be draton through the town.
His head I know might better please the King,
Then gold, or land, or any earthly thing :
He made his servants bide with the carriage still,
Thought to remain the Scots at their own will.
Ninety he led in harness bierneft bright,
And fifty were with Wallace in the right.
Unrebuted the Sutheron were in wear.
And fast they came, full awful in effeir,
A manner of dyke of stones they had made,
Barrodd the dyke where through the thickest rade.
The Scots on foot took the gate them before,
The Sutheron saw their courage was the more :
In pridefull yre they thought over them to ride,
But otherwise it happened in that tide.
On either side, together fast they glade,
The Scots on foot, great room about them made,
With prunzing spears, through plates of fine steel.
The Englishmen that thought to venge them well,
On harness horse about them rudely rade,
That with unease upon their feet they bade.
Wallace the foremost in the birn he bare,
The grounden spear throughout his body share.
The shaft he thook it off the frushing tree,
Divided it soon, since no better might be : Drest

Drest swords then, both heavy, sharp and lang,
 On either side full cruelly they dang.
 Fighting at once into that felloe doubt,
 The Englishmen environed them about. (ride
 Through force they thought out through them for to
 The Scots on foot that boldly could abide,
 With swords hars through halfe and habrick good,
 Upon the fields shot out the Sutheron blood.
 From horse and man, through harness birst becn.
 A fore assaizis forsooth there might be seen :
 They trusted no life, but to the latter end,
 Of so few folk, great noblenes might be kend :
 Together hadd defending them so fast,
 Durst none discover, while that the prease be pass.
 The Englishmen that were right wise in war,
 By force ordained in sunder them to bear.
 Their chief Captain, as fierce as any Bear,
 Through maralent, and very proper care,
 On a great horse into his glistering gear,
 Out over casts a felloe alper spear.
 The Knight Jfenwick that cruel was and keen,
 Of Wallace father he at the death had been,
 And of his brother that boughty was and dear.
 With Wallace saw that false Knight was so near,
 His courage grew in pre as a Lyon,
 To him he ran, and strikes field bare down.
 As he rode by, and ackward stroak he ta,
 Both thigh and arson in sunder made him ga.
 From the courser he fell on the far side.
 With a sharp sword he stroke him in that tyde :
 Ere he was dead, a great prease came so fast,
 Over him to ground they bare Boys at the last.
 Wallace was near, and turned in again,
 Him to rescue, while he rose off the plain,
 Awighly did him wear while he a sword have tant,
 Throughtout the floure these two in fear are gant :
 The remnant upon them followed fast,
 In their passage fell Sutheron made agast.
 Adam Wallace, the heir of Richartoun, strake

Strake one Blomount, a Squyer of renoun,
 On the peasant, with his sword burnit bare,
 The burnit blade his halle in sunder share.
 The Englishmen saw their Chiftein was slain,
 Boldly abode, as men of meikle main.
 Rich horis ramping rushed frieks under feet,
 The Scots on foot made many lose the sweet.
 Dought men lighted themselves for to defend,
 Where Wallace came, their deid was little kend.
 The Sutheron part sore frithed were that tyme,
 That in that flour they might no longer byde.
 Wallace indeed he wrought right worthily,
 The Squyer Boyd, and all their Chevalry.
 The Englishmen took plain part for to fle:
 Little and Cleland made of their enemies die.
 On horse some part to strength can them bound,
 To succor them with many working wound.
 An hundred dead in field was leaved there,
 And three yemen of Wallace dead, but mare.
 Two was of Kyle, and one of Cunningham,
 With Robert Boyd to Wallace came from hame,
 Fourcore escaped from field on Sutheron side,
 The Scots in place that boldly could abide,
 Spoiling the field of gold and other gear,
 Harness and horse, which they needed in wear.
 The English knaves they made the carriage lead,
 To Clyus forrest, while they were out of bread,
 And band them fast with widdis sad and sair.
 On boling trees, then hanged they them there.
 He spared none that able was for wear,
 But women and Priests he made them ay forbear.
 When thus was done, to dinner soon they went,
 Of stuff and wine, that God had to them lent.
 Ten score of horse they loan that carriage bare.
 With victual & wines as meikle as they might fare,
 And other stuff, that they of Carleil led.
 The Sutheron part out of the field they fled,
 With sorrow sought to the Castle of Ayr,
 Before the Lord, and told him of that care,

What

The Third Book

What good they left, and who in field were slain,
Through twicht Wallace that was of meikle main:
And how he has made all his servants hang.
The Perthie said, If that Squerer last lang,
Out of this land he shall crye us cleane.
So despisful in World was never seen.
In our prison, here last when that he was,
Over mouthfully our Keeper let him pass.
Then this our hold I find well may not be:
We must make oung our vidual by the sea.
But los our men, it helpeth us right nought:
Our kin may ban that ever for hither sought,
Leave I them now blaming their sorie chance,
And more to speak of Scots mens governance.

When Wallace had well vanquishit into plain
That false Tyrant that had his father slain,
His brother als, which was a doughty Knight,
Other good men before to death had right:
We can't provide, and parted their vidual,
Which stuff and hoyle, that was of great avail.
To friends about right prively they send,
The remnant full gladly there they spend:
In Clyds wood they sojourned there three dayes,
No Southeron was that durst pursue those wayes,
But he choles death that came in their danger:
The word of Wallace walked far and near.

Wallace was known on life living again,
Though Englishmen thereof had meikle pain.
The Lord Perthie to Glasgowe could he fare,
With wise Lords, and held a counsel there.
When they were met mo then ten thousand,
No Chistain was that time durst take in hand
To lead a range on Wallace to assail:
Asked about, What was their best counsel?
Sir Rimer Wallange, that false traitor and strong,
In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among:
He said, My Lords, my counsel will I give,
But do ye not, from skaith ye may not live:
We must take peace withowten tarrying,

As for a time, we must send to the King.
The Berke said, Of our trews he will none,
An ateful Christian truly he is one.
He will do more in faith ere that he blin,
Sutheron to slay, he thinks it is no sin.
Sir Aimer said, Trews it behoves you take,
Whyle afterward for him proviſion make :
I know he will do meikle for his Kin,
Gentrice and truth ay reſteth him within.

C H A P. I I.

How the Englishmen took peace with Wallace.

His Uncle Sir Rannald may take the hand,
If he will not, recognoiſe all his land,
Unto the time that he the work have wrought.
Sir Rannald was ſoon to their counſel brought :
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
Or he ſhould paſs to London ere he ceaſe,
To King Edward, and bide in his priſon,
Whyle they ask to have peace for his ranſome.
Sir Rannald ſaid, Lords, ye know right well,
At my counſel he will not do a deal :
His worthy Kin deſpitefully ye ſlew,
In priſon then near to the death him drew :
He is at large, and will not do for me,
Though ye therefore ſhould now make me to die.
Sir Aimer ſaid, Theſe Lords counſel to ſend
We to the King, to make a final end
Of his conqueſt, forſooth he will it have,
Wallace nor thou may not this Countrey ſave :
Wight Edward King get him for gold or land,
To be his man, than might he keep Scotland.
The Lord have ceaſe, thou ſaiſteſt to that Knight.
Far more in truth then it is any right :
The wrong conqueſt our King deſireth ay,
Of him and us, it ſhall be ſeen one day.
Wallace hath right, both force, and fair fortune,
Ye heard how he eſcaped our priſon.

Thus said the Lord, and pray'd Sir Rannald fair,
To make this peace, thou Sheriff art of Airc,
As for a time we may advised be,

Under my seal I shall be bound to thee :
The Englishmen, that they shall do him nought,
Nor to no Scots, but it be on them sought.

Sir Rannald knew he might not them gainstand,
Of Lord Perth he had received that band:

Perth was true, and ay of great avail,
Sober in peace, and cruel in battel.

Sir Rannald him bowened on the morn but bade,
Wallace to seek in Clydes Forrell he rade,
So he him fand bowening to his dinner. :

When they have seen this good knight coming near
Well he them knew, and told them what he was,

Marvel he had what made him hither pass,
Made him good chear of meats good and fine,

King Edwards self could not get better wine

Then they had there, vernage and venison,
Of bestial into great fusion.

Then after meat he shew'd them of his deed :
Whom he had been into so meikle deed :

Then he said, took part of my counsel,
Take peace a while, and for the more avail :

But thou do so, forsooth thou hast great sin,
For they are set to undo all thy kin.

Then Wallace said to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this felson doubt,

But if it please better to you then me.

The Squire Boyd him answered soberlie,
I give my counsel, ere this good knight be slaine,
Take peace a while, although it do us pain.

So said Adam, the heir of Richartown,
And Cleland aye to their opinion.

Which their consent Wallace this peace hath tant,
As his Cme wrought while ten moneths were gant,

Christeave they took toth (as comfort in plain,
Fand God to blyss, they should meet whole again.

Boyd and Cleland pass to their places hame, A

Of Sir William Wallace.

Adam Wallace to Richartown by name :
 Forth to Sir Rannald can William Wallace ride
 In his household in Corbie for to bide.
 This peate was cry'd in August moneth mild,
 These gods of battel, furious and wild,
 Mars and Juno ever doth their business,
 Causers of war, ay workers of wickedness :
 And Venus als, which goddels is of love :
 And old Saturn his course for to approve,
 These four shew of diverse complexion,
 Battel, Debate, Envy, and Destruction.
 I cannot deem of their melancholy,
 But Wallace could not well in Corbie ly.
 Him had rather in travel for to be,
 Right soe he longed the Toton of Air to see.

CHAP. III.

How Wallace slew y Buckler-player in y town of Air
 Sir Rannald past from home upon a day,
 Fifteen he took, and to the town went they :
 Covered his face that no man might him knaw,
 Nothing he cared how few enemies him saw.
 In sober weed, disguised well were they,
 An Englishman on the gate saw he play,
 At the Scrimmage, a buckler on his hand :
 Wallace near by in fellowship could stand :
 Lightly he said, Scot, darest thou not prieve ?
 Wallace said, Yea, so thou dare give me lieve.
 Smiler on he said, I desie thy Nation.
 Wallace therewith hath tane him on the croon,
 Through buckler, brand, and through the harns also,
 Unto the shoulder the sharp sword made he go.
 Lightly returned to his own men again.
 The woman cry'd, Our Buckler-player is slain.
 The man is dead, what needs words more ?
 Feil men of arms about him sembled there.
 Eight scope at once upon fifteen they set,
 But Wallace soon with the foremost hath met,

With yre and will on the head hath him tane,
 Through the bryght helm in sunder burst the bane :
 Another breathy on the breast him bare,
 His bryght blade throughout his body share.
 Great rossi he made, his men were fighting fast,
 And many a groom they made full sore agast:
 For they were twight, and well used in wear.
 Of Englishmen right holdy down they bear :
 On their enemies great martyrdom they made,
 Their harby Chifrain so well among them gade.
 What Englishmen that bade into his gate.
 Contrarie to Scotland, made never more debate.
 Feil freiks on fold tosse felled under feet,
 Of Sutheron blood lay stiked on the street :
 New power came from the Castle that tide,
 Then Wallace fled, and drow toward aside.
 With right good will he would elcheis supprise,
 For he in war was worthy, twight and wise.
 Horns and heads in sunder bewd he fast,
 By force out through the thickest prease he past.
 Wallace returned behynd his men again,
 At the rescue feil Sutheron hath he slain.
 His men all then he out of perill brought
 From their enemies, with all the power he mought,
 Into their horse they went but more abose,
 For danger then to Laglane wood they rode.
 Twentie and nine they lest into that stead;
 Of Sutheron men, that brittened were to dead.
 The permanent again turned that tide;
 For in this wood they used not him abide :
 Toward the town they drow toith all their main,
 Seeking the place they took before in plain.
 The Lord Perth in heart was greatly grieved,
 His men suppressed again to him relieved,
 And feil were read into their armour clear,
 Thies of his kin that were to him full dear.
 Which he heard tell of this their great grievance,
 Their self was cause of this mischivous chance,

Downing

Of Sir William Wallace.

Mourning he made, though few Scots it kend.
 An Herald then to Sir Rannald he send,
 And to him tolde of their full sudden case,
 And charged him to take soverance of Wallace:
 He should him hold from market, town, and fair,
 Where he might best be out of their repair.
 The Sutheron knew that it was wight Wallace,
 That them overset into that sudden case:
 Their treis for this they would not break a deal.
 When Wallace had this chance eschewed well,
 Upon a night from Laglane home he rade,
 In chamber soon their residence they made:
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,
 With Wallace south went sir Rannald the knight,
 Shew him the writ that Lord Persie had sent,
 Dear son, he said, This is my tohole intent,
 That thou would graunt while that this treis were
 No skaith to do to any in England born. (worn,
 But where I pass dayly thou vider with me.
 Wallace answered, good sir, that may not be:
 Right loath I were, dear Uncle, you to grieve:
 I shall do nought, while time I take my leave.
 And warn you als, ere that I from you pass.
 His Cme and he on this accorded was,
 Wallace with him made this continuance,
 His wight was blych for to do him plesance.
 In Cobble he relies them among,
 There sixteen days, suppose he though it long.
 Though they him pleasd as a Pymate of King.
 Into his mind remained another thing.
 He saw his enemies Wallers in this Region,
 Might not him please, thogh he were king to crown.
 Thus leave I him with his dear friends still,
 Of Englishmen now speak some part I will.

Then end of the Third Book.

THE

CHAP. I.

How Wallace wan the Peele of Gargunnoke.

In September that humble Moneth sweet,
 When by past was of the Summer the heat,
 Metail and fruit are ryped in abundance,
 As God ordained to mans sustenance;
 Sagittarius with his asper bow,
 By each sign the verity to know,
 The changing course which makes great difference,
 And leaves had lost their colour of pleasure:
 All worldly thing hath nought but a season,
 Both herb & fruit must from the hight come down,
 In this ilk time a great counsel was let,
 In Glasgowe town, where many Masters met,
 Of English Lords, to statute this Countrie,
 And charged they all Sheriffs there to be.
 Sir Rannald Craufurd behoved that time be there,
 For he through right was born Sheriff of Aire:
 His dear Nephew with him that time he took,
 William Wallace, as witness bears the book:
 For he no time should far be from his sight,
 He loved him with heart and all his might.
 They gratched them without longer abode,
 Wallace some part before the Court our rode,
 Overtok the child, Sir Rannalds sum should lead,
 With him two men that worthy were indeed:
 Softly they rode while they the Court should know,
 So suddenly that time himself he saw
 The Perles sum, in which great riches was:
 The horse was tyed, and might no further pass:
 Five men were charged to keep it well that tide,
 Two were on foot, and three on horse can ride,
 The master-man at their servant can spear,
 Who aw the sum? the truth to me you lear
 The man answered withouten words mair,
 My Lord, he said, it is the Sheriff of Ayr.

Since

Since his it is, this horse shall with me gang,
To serve our Lord, or else I think great wrang.
Though a subject indeed would pass his Lord,
It is not leilome by no righteous record,
They cutted the brace, and let the harness fall;
Wallace was near when he such robbery saw,
He spake to them with manly countenance,
In fair form, he said, but variance:
Ye do us wrong, and it is time of peace.
Of such robbery it were good time to cease.
The Sutheron shrew in yre answer'd him so,
It shall be wrought as thou mayst see us do.
Thou gets no mends, what needs words more?
Sadly advised, Wallace remembred there
Of the promise he made his Cme before,
Reason him ruled, as then he did no more,
But past alway to meet his Cme again
Seeing this reast, was moved with great pain:
The horse yet took they, for adventure might fall,
Bound on the sum, then forth the way can call.
There tyed summer they left there on the plain.
Wallace returned toward the Court again.
On the Mure side soon with his Cme he met,
And told how they the way had for him set:
And were not I was bound in my leadgeance,
We parted not thus for all the gold in France.
The horse they rest which should your harness bear.
Sir Rannald said, That is but little dear:
We may get horse, and ocher things in plain,
If men be lost, we get them never again.
Wallace then said as wisely, God me save,
Of this great miss amends shal I have:
And neither let for peace, nor yet pleasance,
With witness here, I give up my leadgeance,
For cowardly you are like to lose the right,
Soon after then your own death will be night:
In wrath therewith suddenly from him he went,
Sir Rannald was wile, and call in his intent,
And said, I will bide at the Peirns all night, So

So Englishmen of us shall deem no unright :
 If any be dead before us upon case,
 Then we in law may bide the righteousnes,
 His lodging took, at the Weirns still he had,
 Full great mourning for his Depoy he made,
 But all for nought, what might it him avail,
 As into war he wrought nor his counsel.
 Wallace rode forth, with his two yemen past,
 The summer-man he followed wonder fast :
 By Cathcart he over-hyed them again,
 Then knew they well that it was he in plain,
 By horse and word had argued them before,
 And then to them returned withoutten more.
 Wallace to ground from his Courser can glyde,
 A birnisch brand he braided out that tyde :
 The master-man with so good will strake he,
 Both hat and head in sunder made he flee :
 Another fast upon the face he gave,
 To dead on ground but mercy soon him drave :
 The third he hit with great yre in that stead,
 Fey on the field, he hath him left for dead :
 Wallace slew three, by that his yemen twicht,
 The other two verily to death had dight :
 Then spoiled they the harness ere they went,
 Of silver and gold they got enough to spend.
 Jewels they took the best were cholen there,
 Good horse and gear, then on their way can fare.
 Then Wallace said, at some strength toould I be.
 Over Clyde that time was a good bridge of tre,
 Thither they past in all their goodly might,
 The day was gone, and coming was the night,
 They durst not well near still by Glasgowe byr,
 In the Lennox he took purpose to ryde.
 And so he did, then lodged there that night,
 As they best might, while that the day was light :
 To an Hostillarie he went, and sojourn'd there,
 With true Scots that his near friends were.
 The Counsel met right gladly on the morn,

But

But fell tydings were brought to Berke be'orn:
 His men were slain, his treasure all was rest,
 With fell Scots, and them no jewels left,
 They deemed about of that verie donbtfull case.
 The Sutheron laid, forsooth it is Wallace.
 The Sheriffs Court was coming to the town,
 And he was one for Scot of most renown.
 They gart seek Sir Rannald in that rage,
 But he was still then at his herbarage.
 Some wile men said, thereof nothing he kend,
 The men were slain here at the townes end.
 Sir Rannald came by nine hours of the day,
 Before the Berke, and his men brought were they.
 They followed him of felony that was wrought,
 The assyle to him of ths could say right nought.
 They deemed about thereof that felon case,
 Before the Judge there he denyed Wallace:
 And so he might, he wist not where he was,
 From this Councel my purpose is to pass.

Of Wallace to speak in wilfulness to wide,
 The Lord God be his governour and guide:
 Still at that place four dayes he sojourned hail,
 When tydings came to him from that Councel,
 Then statute they in each heau of the West,
 In these bounds Wallace should have no rest.
 His dear Uncle a great oath made him swear,
 That he but leave, no friendship should him bear,
 And many other full wo was that day,
 And Robert Boyd stole off the town away:
 And Cleland als, before with him had been,
 They had far rather see him with their een,
 Living on life, as they knew him before,
 Than of pure gold a million and more.
 Boyd weeped sore, and said, our Lord is gone,
 Amongst his foes is set all him alone.
 Then Cleland said, false Fortune changes fast,
 Great God since we with him had ever past.
 Edward Little to Annandale is went.

And

And swift right nought of this new iudgement;
 Adam Wallace bode still in Rihartown,
 So fell it thus with Wallace of renown;
 He with his power parted marvellously,
 By fortune of chance over-turns doubly.
 Their piteous mean as then could not be bet,
 They wist no whit where that they should him get.
 He left the place where he in lodging lay;
 To Earl Malcolm he went upon a day;
 The Lennox whole he held into his hand,
 To King Edward then had he not made band:
 The land was strait and masterful to win,
 Good men of arms that time was it within;
 The Lord was trait, the men sicker and true,
 With weak power they durst him not perue;
 Right glad he was of Wallace company,
 Welcomed him fair with worship reverently;
 At his own will desired if he would,
 To bide there still, Master of his household,
 Of all his men he should whole Chifstain be.
 Wallace answered, It were enough for me,
 I cannot bide, my mind is set on plain,
 Marocken to be, or else to die in pain.
 Our west Countrey, their state is so strang,
 Into the North my purpose is to gang.
 Steven of Ireland into the Lennox was,
 And twicht Wallace ordained him to pass,
 And others als that boyn was of Argyle.
 Wallace still there made residence a while,
 While men it wist, and sembled soon him till;
 He charged none, but at their own good will.
 Though they were strangers he could not them dread,
 But received them all in his wars to lead.
 Some part of them was then in Ireland boyn;
 That Macfadzean had cryed out beforen;
 King Edwards man he was sworn of Ireland,
 Of right loto birth, suppose he took in hand.
 To Wallace there came one that heght Fatodon,
 Of melancholy, and evil of complexion, Heave

Herby of stature, and howr. Countenance,
 Soprotosul was ay, in dread without pleasure,
 Wallace receivd what men would come him till,
 The heully oath they made him with good will,
 Before the Earl, all in one concord,
 And him receivd as their Captain and Lord.
 His special men that came with him from hame,
 The one heght Gray, the other Keirly by name:
 In his service came first in all their main,
 To London-hill, where that Ikenwich was slain:
 He them commanded ay next him to pursue;
 For he them kend right hardy, wise and true.
 His leave he took right on a fair manner,
 The good Earl then he bade him gifts fair:
 Wallace would none, but gave of his feil selfe,
 To poor and rich on a goodly leise.
 Humble he was, hardy, loue and free,
 And of riches he held no proprietie.
 Of honor and worship he was a mirroure kend,
 As he of gold had abundantly to spend,
 Upon his foes he wan it worthily.
 Thus Wallace past, and his good Chevalry.
 Sixtie he had of likeli men at wage,
 Through the Lennox he led them with courage,
 About Lekkie he lodged them in a baile,
 A strength there was which they thought to assaile
 On Gargunnok there bigged was a Dail,
 That stuffed was with men, and victual well,
 Within a dyke, close chamber, and a hall,
 Captain thereof to name heght Thirlwall.
 They led Wallace where that this bigged was,
 Thought to assay, further ere he would pass.
 Two spyes he sent to visit all the land,
 Right loath he was the thing to take in hand,
 The which by force shoud go him again.
 Rather he had through adventure be slain:
 Their men went forth when it was large mid-night,
 About the house they spyed all at right.

The

The Fourth Book

The watch-men heavy were, and fallen asleep,
 The bridge was drawn, that they entry should keep,
 The labourers late recklessly went in,
 These men returned withoutten noise or din.
 To their Wailer, and told what they had seen:
 Then graiched he soon these men of arms keen.
 Sadly on foot unto the house they sought,
 And entered in, for letting had they nought.
 Aight men essayed with all their bulle cure,
 A locked bar was drawn ahoit the door,
 But they might not it break out of the wa.
 Wallace was grieved when such carry he saw:
 Some part annoyed wraithly to it he went,
 By force of hand it railed out of the sprent,
 Three ells of breadth als of the wall pulled out,
 Then marvelled all his men that were about,
 How he did more then twenty of them might,
 Then with his foot the gate he strake up right,
 While brace and hands he bursted all at anes:
 Frayedly they rose that were within thole wanes.
 A watch-man had a felloe staff of steel,
 At Wallace strake, but he kept him right well:
 Rudeily from him he rest it in the thiang,
 Dang out his brains, then in they dyke him slang,
 The remnant by that were on their feet,
 Thus Wallace soon can with the Captain meet,
 The staff he had heavy, and forged new,
 With that Wallace upon the head him drew.
 While bone and brain all into under yeed.
 His men entered, that worthy were indeed,
 In hands hint, and flicked all the lave:
 Wallace commanded they should no wearmen save:
 Twenty and two they flicked in that stead.
 Colomen and bairns, when that the men were dead,
 He caul'd be tane, and kept in close full well,
 That they thereout might have theretof no feil.
 The dead bodie they put soon out of sight,
 Took up the bridges ere that the day was light,

In that place bode four dayes ere he would pass,
With none therout how that the manner was,
Spoiled that stead, and took them gaining gear,
Jewels and gold away with them they bear.
When he thought time, they ised in the night,
To the next wood they went with all their might.
The Captains wife, women, and children three,
Past where they would, for Wallace left them free.
In that Forrest he liked not to bide,
They bound them over Forth for to ride :
The Dols was strong, to ride it was no boot.
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foot :
Few horse they had, little thereof they sought,
To save their lifes, feil strengths oft they sought,
Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,
Toward Rinkardin, syn rested there at right.
In that Forrest which was both long and wide,
Which from the Dols grew to the water side :
After the Sun, Wallace walked about
Upon Ceth side, where he saw many a rout
Of wild beasts wabering in wood and plain :
Soon at a shot a great Hart hath he slain.
Flew fire of flint, and graithed thereat right,
Suddenly their fresh Genilon they dight :
Aiquial they had, both bread and wine so clear,
With other stuff enough at their dinner.
The staff of seil he gave Keirly to keep,
Then past they over the water of Ceth so deep.
Into Strathern they entred suddenly,
In covert past ere Sutherland could them spy:
Whom that they found of Scotlands adversurs,
Without respect was come their fatal hours.
Whom ever they met was at the English say,
They slew all down, withoutten more delay.
They spared none that was of English blood,
To death he yerd, though he were never so good.
This was the grace that Wallace to them gave :
They saved none, knight, squire, nor yet knave,
But walled all by worthiness of war,

The Fourth Book

Of that party that might bear boim or spear,
 Some part by might, some part by force they slew,
 But Wallace thought they wasted never anew.
 Silver they took, and also gold as they found,
 Other good gear full lightly red from hand.
 Cutted throats, syn in Beir pots them cast.
 Put out of sight, for that they thought was best.
 At the Black-curd as they would then pass over,
 A Squyer came, and with him beirns four:
 To Down should ride, and toind that they had been
 All Englishmen, that he before had seen;
 Tydings to spear, he hewed them among:
 Wallace therewith a good sword out he swong,
 Upon his head he strake with so great yre,
 Through bone and brain in tunder strake the yre.
 The other four in hands soon were hant,
 Dersly to death stiked ere they would sint.
 The horse they took, and what they liked best,
 Spoiled them bare, syn in a bog them kest.
 Of this matter no more tarry they made,
 But forth their way passed without abade,
 These warlike Scots all with one content.
 So North over Erne out through the land they went
 In Methwin wood, their lodging took that night:
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,
 Wallace rose up, and went to the Forrest side,
 Where that he saw some wilde beasts abide.
 Of wilde and tame walking abundantlie:
 Then Wallace said, this Countrey liketh me,
 Weir men may do with food that they should have,
 But want they meat, they reck not for the lave.
 Of dainty fair Wallace could never keep,
 But as it came, welcome was meat and sleep.
 Sometime he had great sufficiencye within,
 Now want, now have, now loss, now sometime win.
 Now light, now sad, now blyth, and now in haile:
 In haile, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile.
 Now waile, and weil, now cold weather, now heat:
Now

Now meik, now drouth & wavering wind, now wele,
 So fares with him for Scotlands right full even,
 In fell debate, seven years and moneths seven.
 When he wan peace, and left Scotland in plain,
 Then Englishmen made new conquest again.
 In frustrate terms I will not tarry lang.
 Wallace again unto his men can gang.
 And said, Here is a land of great abundance,
 Thanked be God of his hie purveyance,
 Seven of you feires, graith soon, and go with me,
 Right sope I lang Saint Johnstoun for to see.

C H A P. I I.

How Wallace past to Saint Johnstoun, and slew the
 Captain, and wan Kinclevin.

Seven of Ireland, as God of heaven thee save,
 Water and leader I make thee of the leave:
 Keep well my men, let none out of thy sight,
 While I gang hither, and come with all my might,
 Bide we seven days into this Forrest strong,
 We may get food, suppose I dwell so long.
 Some part ye have, and God will send you mair:
 Thus turned he, and to the town can fare:
 The Wair kepted the port of the village,
 Wallace knew well, and sent him his message.
 The Wair was brought, saw him a goodly man,
 Right reverentlie he hath received him than.
 At him he asked, All Scots if that ye be?
 Wallace said, Yea, and it is peace trow me.
 I grant, he said, that likes us wonder well,
 True men of peace must ay some friendship feel.
 What is your name? pray you tell me it,
 William Walcome, he said, since ye would wit:
 In Errick Forrest hath my winning been,
 There was I born among the Thawes threen.
 Now I desire this Northland for to see,
 Where I might find better dwelling for me.
 The Wair said, Sir, I ask it for none ill,

But

But feil tydings oft times is brought us till,
 Of one Wallace, that born was in the west,
 Our Kings men he holds at great unrest :
 Martyrs them down, great pity is to see,
 Out of the trees forsooth I trow he be,
 Wallace said then, we hear speak of that man,
 Tydings to you of him tell nought I can.
 For him he gart an Innes well graithed be,
 Where none should come, but his own men and he.
 The Stewart Keirly brought then in fussion,
 Good things enough, the best was in the town.
 As Englishmen to drinking would them call,
 And commonly he dealt not therewithall.
 In their presence he spended reasonably,
 Yet for himself he payed abundantly :
 On Scots men he spended meikle goode,
 None with his will upon the Sutheron blood.
 Soon he conceived in his wit privily,
 Into that town to go was of most party.
 Sir James Butler, an aged cruel Knight,
 Keperd Kinclevin, a Castle wonder tight.
 His son Sir John, that dwelt into that town.
 Under Captain to sir Gerard Heroun.
 The women als he visit at the last.
 And so on ope his eyes began to cast,
 In the South-gate a fellow ferlie faire :
 Wallace to her made privately repaire.
 So fell it thus from the town ere he past,
 At an accord they happened at the last.
 Wallace with her in secret made him glad :
 Sutheron wist not that he such pleasure had.
 Oit on the night he would say to him self,
 This is far worse then any pain of Hell,
 That thus with wyong these devils brook our land,
 And I with force may not against them stand :
 To take this town, my power is too small,
 Great peril als of my life may befall :
 Set it on fire, it will undo my self,
 O! lose my men, there is no more to tell.

The gates are closed, the dykes are deep withhall,
 Though I would swim, forsooth they cannot all.
 This matter here, therefore I will let slide,
 For at this time I may no longer bide.
 All men him told the Captain was to pass
 Home to Kinclevin, whereof right glad he was.
 His leave he took at heirs of the town,
 To Methwin wood right gladly made them boun.
 His horn he hint, and blythly boubned to blaw:
 His men him heard, and there soon can they drav.
 Right blyth he was, for they were hail and feire,
 Many at him of tydings would not spre.
 He them commanded for to make ready fast,
 In good array out of the Wood they pass,
 Toward Kinclevin they botoned them that tide,
 Then in the Hail that near was them beside,
 Fast upon Tay his bushment can he drav,
 In a dern Wood he steiled them on raw.
 Set Scurrious out the Countrey to espy,
 But soon ere noon there came fore-riders by.
 The Watch turned to see what was his Will.
 He them commanded in covert hold them still:
 And we shall forþ, the house will knowledge have,
 And that may soon be warning to the lave.
 All force in war doth nought but grievance.
 Wallace was feto, but happy was his chance:
 Made him feil fyle his aduerlours to win.
 By that the Court of Englishmen came in:
 Fourcose and ten well graithed in their gear,
 Harness on horse, as likely men of war.
 Wallace saw well that number was na ma.
 He thanked God, and then the field can ta,
 The English marvel greatly what they should be:
 But fra they saw, they made them for mellie:
 In rest they call sharp spears in that tide,
 In over they thought out over the Scots to ride.
 Wallace and his went over them again,
 At the first ruth feil Sutheron over slain:

Wallace strake on with his good spear of steel,
 Throughout the coast that shaft crushed ilk deal.
 A birnigh brand in haste then hint he out,
 Thrice upon foot he throng through all the rout.
 Stern horse they stiked, should men of arms bear,
 Fey under foot was foyled men of wear.
 Butler lighted himself for to defend.
 With men of arms, which were full worthy kend.
 On either side feil frieks were fighting fast,
 The Captain bade, though he was sore agast:
 Part of the Scots through worthiness they slew,
 Wallace was too, and toward him he drew:
 His men then died, the Butler bold and keen,
 On him he sought with yre and proper teen,
 Upon the head he strake in malalent,
 The birneth blade thorough his balnet went,
 Both bone and brain he bursted through hisween:
 Thus Wallace hand delivered them of that deen.
 Yet feil on fold was fighting felonie,
 Steven of Ireland, and all the Chevalry,
 Into that flour did worthily and well,
 And Kairly als with his good staff of steel.
 The Englishmen fra their Chifcain was slain,
 They left the field, and in all their main.
 Threescore were slain ere they wouid leave the stead,
 The steand folk they wist of no remead;
 But take the house, they fled in all their might.
 The Scots followed, that worthy were and wight,
 Few men of fence was left that place to keep.
 Women and Priests upon the wall can weep,
 For well they wined the fears was their Lord,
 To take them in, they made them ready foid:
 Let down the bridge, cast up the gates wide,
 The frayed folk entered, that durit not bide:
 Good Wallace ever followed them so fast,
 While in the house he entered at the last.
 The gate he wore, while coming was the rout,
 Of English and Scots he held no man thereout.
 The Englishmen that winned in that stead, with

Withouten grace they briddened them to dead.
The Captains wife, women, and Priests thoo,
And young children, forsooth they saved no mo.
Held them in close after this sudden case,
Erre Sutheron men should siege them in that place.
Took up the bridge, and gates closed fast,
The dead bodies out of sight they caus'd cast,
Within the house and without that were dead:
Five of his own to bury he caus'd lead.
In that caitie seven days still bode he,
In every night they spoiled busily:
To Shortwood shaws led wines and victual twight,
And household gear, both gold and silver bright.
Women, and they whom to he granted grace,
When he thought time, they put out of the place.
When they had tane what liked them to have,
Strake down the gate, and set on fire the lave.
Out of the windowes the stanchours all they drew,
Full great yron work into the water threw.
Burden doors and locks in their yre,
All work of tree they burnt into the fire.
Spit what they might, brake brig & bulwark down,
To Shortwood shaws in hast they made them boun.
Chooles a strength, where they their lodging made.
In good effeir a while still there he bade,
Pet in the town of this no wit had they.
The Countrey folk, when it was light of day,
Great smoak saw rise, and to Kinclevin they sought,
But walls & stone, more good there found they nought.
The Captains wife S. Johalloun toun the yerd,
And to Sir Gerrard told this felleon deed,
Als to his son what happened was by case:
Then deemed they all that it was twight Wallace,
Before tyme there he spyed had the town:
Then charged they all should be ready boun,
Harnest on hoyle into their armour clear,
To seek Wallace, they went all forth in fear:
A thousand men well garnisht for the weir,
Toward the wood, right awful in effeir. They

The Short-wood Shaw, and set it all about,
 With five stailles, that stalwart were and stout.
 The first they made a felloe range to lead,
 Where Wallace was full worthy as indeed.
 The strength they took, and bade them hold it still,
 On every side, assail ye who so will.
 Sir John Butler into that Forrest went,
 With two hundred, sore moved in his intent,
 His fathers death to venge him, if he mought,
 To Wallace soon with men of arms he sought :
 A cleugh there was, wherof a strength they made,
 With thortow trees, and boldly there abade :
 From the one side they might is to the plain,
 Then through the wood to the strength pass again.
 Twenty he had that noble Archers were,
 Against seven score of English bow-men faire.
 Threescore of spears near hand them bode full right,
 If Scots issued to help them at their might :
 On Wallace set a bicker bold and keen :
 A bow he bare, was big and well beeen :
 And arrows als, both long and sharp withale,
 No man there was that Wallace bow could draw :
 Right strong he was, and in full sobet gear,
 Boldly he shot among those men of wear.
 An angle head into the hooks he drew,
 Then at one shot, the foremost soon he flew.
 English Archers that hardy were and might,
 Against the Scots bickered with all their might,
 Their atfull shot was felloe for to bide :
 Of Wallace men they wounded fell that tide.
 Few of them was sicker of Archery :
 Better they were, and they got even party,
 In field to bide, either with sword or spear.
 Wallace perceived his men took meikle dear :
 He gart them charge, and stand not in that lea,
 He call alwayes to save them from the dead.
 Full great cravel upon himself took he,

Of Sutheron Archers feil men gart he die.
Of Longcastle thire bow-men were in that place,
A sope Archer ay waited on Wallace:
At an open where he used to repair,
At him he drew a sicker shot and sair,
Under the chin through a collar of steel,
On the left side, and hurt his halle some deal:
Altonied he was, but not greatly agast,
Wallace him saw, and followed him full fast,
And in the turning with good will hath him tane
Upon the craig, in sunder broke the bane.
Then feil of them no friendship with him fand,
Fifteen that day he shot dead with his hand,
By that his arrows wasted were and gone,
The English Archers forsooth they wanted none:
Out-with they wore their povver to renew,
On every side they could so them persew.
William Logan came with his bonifrons sail,
Out of Gornie on Wallace to assail:
Rebop he was, as it was knownn plain,
To the Butler before that they had slain:
To venge his Cme, he came with all his might,
Three hundreth led o men in arms bryght,
To lead the range, on foot he made him ford.
Wallace to God his confidence couth remord,
Then comfort them with manly countenance:
Pe see, he said, Good firs, their Ordinance:
Here is no choicr, but either do or die,
We have the right, the happier may it be,
That we shall scape by grace out of this Land.
Logan by that was ready at his hand:
By this it was afternoon of the day:
Feil men of wit to counsel soon yeed they.
The Sutheron cast sharply on every side,
He saw the wood was neither long nor wide.
Lighely they said, We should it hold so lang,
Five hundreth made on foot through it to gang.
Sad men of arms, that eager were of will,
About the Scots with many shout full shill, with

With bow and spear, and swords stiff of steel,
 On either side no friendship could they feel.
 Wallace in yea a brailly brand can drate,
 Where fell Sutheron were leabled on a rato,
 To send his men with his dear worthy hand :
 The folk were sey that he before them rand :
 Throughe the thicket of the great preate he past,
 Upon his enemies he went wonder fast,
 Against his duns no weeds might avail.
 Whom so he hit was dead withouten fail.
 Of the fiercest full brailly dang he don,
 Before the Scots that were of great renown.
 To hold the strength they preat to all their might
 Then Englishmen that worthy were and might,
 Sir John Butler relieved in again,
 Sundered the Scots, and did them meikle pain,
 The Loran als that cruel was and keen,
 A fore essay forsooth there might be seen.
 Then at the strength they might no longer bide,
 The range so strong came up on either side.
 In the thickest wood they made their fell defence,
 Against their foes so full of violence.
 Right fell Sutheron there left their life in toed.
 To a new strength Wallace and his men fled :
 On his adversaries they made full fell debate,
 To help themselves, none other succour they wate,
 The Sutheron als were sundred them in twain,
 But they again together soon can win :
 Full subtilly their Ordinance they made,
 The range again they botoned but more abade.
 The Scots were hurt, and part of them wert slain.
 Then Wallace said, we labor all in vain :
 To slay commons, it helps us right nought,
 But their Chistains that have them hither brought :
 Might we work so, that one of them were slain,
 So fore essay they could not get again.
 By this the host approaching was full near,
 Thus they them held full manly upon fear,

Then

Then Wallace saw the Sutheron were at hand,
 Him thought no time longer for to stand.
 Right manfully he graithed bath his gear,
 Sadly he went against these men of wear,
 Throughout the stour full fast fighting he fought,
 With Gods grace to venge him if he mought.
 Upon the Butler awfully strake he,
 Safeguard he got under a bowing tree,
 The branch in two he strake above his head,
 Als to the ground he felled him in that stead.
 The whole power upon them came so fast,
 That they by force rescued him at the last.
 Lozan was wo, and hither fast can drave,
 Wallace returned so suddenly he him saw,
 Out at a side full fast to him he yeed,
 He got no girth for all his birnisht weed:
 With yre h m strake on his gorget of steel,
 The trenching blade it pierced every deal:
 Though plate and stuff might not against it stand,
 Drest to death he left him on the land.
 Him have they lost, though Sutheron had it swoon,
 For his craig-bone was all in sumner thorn.
 The worthy Scots did nobly that day,
 About Wallace while he was won away.
 He took the strength against their foes will,
 Abundantly in bargain bade them still.
 The cry soon roie the bold Lozan was dead,
 Sir Gerrard Heroun tranoynted to that stead.
 And all the hoast assembled him about:
 At the North side then Wallace issued out
 With his good men, and bowened them to go,
 Thanking great God that they were parted so.
 Seven of his men that day to death were dight:
 To Gargil wood they went that self same night,
 In the field left of the Sutheron lix score.
 And Lozan als that mourning was the more.
 The raitge in haste they raised soon again:
 But when they saw their cravel was in vain.

When it was past, full meikle moan was made,
 To ride the wood, both vail, stonk, and flaid :
 For Butlers gold, Wallace took care before,
 But they found nought, would they seek evermore.
 His horse they got, but nought else of his gear :
 With doleful moan return'd these men of war,
 To Saint Johnstoun, with sorrow and great care.
 Of Wallace forch, int' lines to speak no mair.
 The Second night the Scots cou'd them spaw,
 Right privately again to Short-wood shaw,
 Took up their good which was put out of sight.
 Clothing and stuff, both gold and silver bright.
 Upon their feat, for horse was tane them fra,
 Yet the Sun rose, to Perthwin wood can ga.
 The two dayes over their logging still they made.
 On the third night they mov'd but more abaid.

C H A P. I V.

How Wallace was sold to f Englishmen by his Lemm.

TO Elchok park suddenly they went,
 There in that strength to hide was his intent.
 Then Wallace said, He would go to the town,
 Arrayed him well into a British gown.
 Into Saint Johnstoun disguised can he fare,
 To this Woman, the which he spake of airc :
 Of his presence she right rejoiced was,
 And ay in dread how he alway should pass.
 He sojourn'd there from noon was of the day.
 While near the night, ere that he went his way,
 He tryssed her when he should come again,
 On the third day, then was she wonder fain :
 Yet he was seen with enemies as he peed ;
 To Sir Gerrard they told of all his deed :
 And to the Butler that would have broken been.
 Then they caus'd take that woman fair and sheen,
 Accus'd her sore of raser into that place.
 Full oft she swore, that she knew not Wallace.
 Then Butler said, We wot well it was he,
 And but thou tell, in bail are thou shalt die.

If thou wilt help to bring yon rebald down,
 We shall thee make a Lady of renown,
 They gave to her both gold and silver bright:
 And said, she should be wedded to a Knight,
 Whom she desired, that was but marriage,
 Thus tempted they her through counsel & great wage.
 That she them told what night he should be there.
 Then they were glad, for they desir'd no more,
 Of all Scotland but Wallace at their will.
 Thus ordained they that pointment to fulfill:
 Feil men of arms they graithed hastily,
 To keep the gates, wight Wallace to espy,
 At the set troyt, he entred in the town,
 Mitting nothing of all this false treason:
 To her chamber he went but more abaid,
 She welcomed him, and full great pleasance made.
 What that they wrought, I cannot graithly say,
 Right unperfet I am of Venus play.
 But hastily he bownd him to gang,
 Then she him took, and askt, if he thought lang?
 She asked him, that night woth her to bide.
 Soon he said, Nay, for chance that may betide:
 My men are left all at mistrust for me,
 I may not sleep this night while I them see.
 Then weeped she, and said full oft, Alace,
 That I was made, too wouth the curser case:
 Now have I lost the best man living is:
 O feeble mind, to do so foul amiss!
 O warried wit, wickid, and variance,
 That me hath brought in this mischievous chance!
 Alace, she said, in world that I was wrought,
 If all this pain on my self might be brought.
 I have served to be burnt in a glesed,
 When Wallace saw she near from wit couth twis,
 In his arms he caught her soberly,
 Who hath done ought, he said, dear heart, have I?
 No, I, quoth she, have falsly wrought this train:
 I have you sold, right now ye shall be slain.

She told to him her treason to an end,
 As I have said, what needs more legend?
 At her he askt, If she fore-thought it sore?
 Yea, Sir, she said, and shall do evermore.
 My varied wiers in world I must fulfill.
 To mend this miss, I would burn on a hill.
 He comfort her, and bade her have no dread.
 I will, he said, have some part of thy weed.
 Her gown on him he took, and conches als,
 Will God I shall escape this treason fals,
 I thee forgive, withoutten words mair:
 He kissed her, then took his leave to fare.
 His buirly brand helped him oft in need,
 Right privarly hid it under his weed.
 To the South-gate the gainest way he drew,
 Where that he found of armed men aucto.
 To them he told, dissimulate in countenance,
 To the chamber, where he was in perchance.
 Speed fast, he said, Wallace is locked in.
 For him they sought withoutten noise or din.
 To that same house about they can them cast,
 One of the gate then Wallace got full fast.
 Right glad in heart when that he was without:
 Right fast he yeed, a sturr pace and stout.
 Two men beheld, and said, we will go see:
 A stalward Duchen forsooth, yond seems to be.
 They followed him through the south inch they two,
 When Wallace saw with them there came no mo,
 Again he turned, and hath the foremost slain:
 The other fled, then Wallace with great main,
 Upon the head with his sword hath him tane,
 Left them both dead, then to the strength is gane.
 His men he got, right glad when they him saw,
 To their defence in haste he caul'd them drato:
 Droyded him soon out of the womans weed,
 Thus scaped he out of this fellon dread.

The End of the Fourth Book.

T H E

CHAP. I.

How Wallace escaped out of Saint Johnstoun, and
past to Elchok Park, and how he slew Fawdoun.

The dark Region appeared wonder fast,
In November, when October was past :
The days fall through right courts waxed short
To banisht men, that is no great comfort,
With their power to seir place that worths gang,
Heavy they think when that the night is lang :
Thus Wallace saw the night's messenger,
Phobus had lost his fiery brands clear :
One of the wood they durst not turn that tide,
For adversaries that in their way woude byde.
Wallace then told anew were on his hand,
The Englishmen were of the town command :
The doo they brake where they trow Wallace was,
When they him missed, they bolted hence to pass.
In this great noise the woman got away,
But to what stead, I cannot graithly say.
The Sutheron sought right sadly for that stead.
Throgh the south-inch, & found their two new head.
They knew by that Wallace was in the speighe,
About the park they set on breath and length,
With six hundred well graithed in their hand,
All likely men to speak them of their hand.
An hundred men charged in arms strong,
To keep an hound, that they had them among.
In Gelderland there was that bratched hound,
Sicker of sent, to follow them that fled.
She was so used in Eske and Liddislaile,
While she had blood, no fleeing might availle.
Then said they all, Wallace might not away,
He should be theirs, for ought that he do may.
The host they left in divers parts that tyde,
Sir Gerrard Heroun in the flail can byde :
Sir John Butler the range he took him till,

With three hundred which were of hardy will,
 Into the wood upon Wallace they yed,
 The worthy Scots that were in meikle dread,
 Sought to a place, for to have issued out,
 And saw the stail environed them about
 Again they went with hideous stroaks and strong,
 Great noise and din was raised them among :
 Their cruel death right marvellous to ken,
 Where forty marche against three hundred men,
 Wallace so well upon him took that tyde,
 Through the great preals a way he made full wyde,
 Helping the Scots with his dear worthy hand :
 Fell foe men he left fey upon the land.
 Yet Wallace lost fifteen into that stead,
 And forty men of Sutheron there was dead :
 The Butlers folk so frusted were indeed.
 The hardy Scots to the strengths through they yed.
 Upon Tay side they basted them full fast,
 In till they were the water to have past.
 Better him thought in peril for to be
 Upon the land, then willfully to see
 His men to dyon, where rescue might he none :
 Again in yre to the field are they gone.
 Butler by then had put his men in array,
 On them he set with hardy awful ellay,
 On either side with weapons stiff of steel.
 Wallace again no friendship let them feel,
 But so on ale they wist no more succour :
 Thus fend they long into that flatterd stonr.
 The Scots Chiffrain was young and in a rage,
 Aled in war, and fights with high courage :
 He saw his men of Sutheron take such tolang,
 Them to revenge all meakless he did gang:
 For many of them were bleeding wonder sair,
 He could not see none help appearing there.
 But if their Chiffrain were put out of their gate,
 The burn Butler so bolwy made debate :
 Through the great preals, right fast to him he sought
 This awful deed avyge it if he mought. Under

OF Sir William Wallace.

Under an oak with men about them set,
 Wallace might not a graith stroke on him get,
 Yet then he them : a full rude step he made,
 The Scots went out, no longer there they bade:
 Steeven of Ireland that worthy was and wight,
 To help Wallace he did full please and might,
 With true Keirly doughty in many deed,
 Upon the ground fell Sutheron they gart bleed.
 Sixty were slain of Englishmen in that place,
 And nine of Scots were tint into that case.
 Butlers men were so destroyed that tide,
 Into the flour they would no longer bide.
 To get supply, he went into the skail,
 Thus lost he there an hundred of great avail.
 As they were best arraying Butlers rout,
 Betwixt parties then Wallace issued out.
 Sixteen with him they graithed them to go.
 Of all his men he had leaved no mo.
 The Englishmen had missed him, in hy
 The bound they took and followed hastily,
 At the Gaskwood full fain they would have been :
 But this slouth-bound that cruel was and keen,
 On Wallace foot he followed wonder fast,
 While in their sight approached at the last.
 Their horse was wight, and sojourned right lang,
 To the next wood they had two miles to gang,
 Of upward ground, they yerd with all their might :
 Good hope they had, for it was near the night.
 Falldown he tyed, and said he, might not gang.
 Wallace was too to leave him in the thrang :
 He bade him go, and said, the strength was near,
 But he therefore would not the faster fear :
 Wallace in yre on the craig can him ta.
 With his good sword, and strake his head in twa :
 Dreadless to ground he dashed to the dead
 From him he lap, and left him in that dead :
 Some deems it to evil, and some to good,
 But I say here into these termes rude.
 Better it was he din, as thinks me :

First,

The Fifth Book

First, to the Hound it may great sleeping be.
 Als Fatdoun was holden of great suspicion,
 For he was holden of buckle complexion.
 Right strong he was, and had but little gone,
 Thus Wallace wist, had he been left alone :
 And he were false, to enemies he would ga,
 If he were true, the Sutheron would him sla :
 Might he do nought, but lose him as it was.
 From this question now shortly will I passe.
 Deem as ye list, ye that can best, and may ;
 But I rehearse, as mine Authour doth sag.
 The stars as then began for to appear,
 The Englishmen were coming wonder near.
 Five hundred hobbs were in their Chevalry,
 To the next strength then Wallace can him bye :
 Steven of Ireland unwitting of Wallace,
 And good Keirly hode still near hand that place,
 At the Mure side into a scroggie slaid,
 By east Duplin, where they this carry made.
 Fatdoun was left beside them on the land :
 The power came, and suddenly him fand,
 For their sleuth-hound the graith way to him yeed,
 Of other dread as then he took none heed,
 The sleuth stooped, at Fatdoun still he stood,
 No further would, from time he found the blood.
 The Englishmen deem'd, for other they could not tel,
 But that the Scots had foughten among them sell.
 Right two they were, for lossen was their lent.
 Wallace two men among the host in went,
 Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
 Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen.
 Keirly beheld unto the bold Heroun,
 Upon Fatdoun as he was looking down :
 A subtil stroak upward him took that tyde,
 Under the cloak the grounded sword can glyde,
 By the good malzie, both craig and halfe-bane
 In sunder strake, thus ended this Chistain.
 To ground he fell, fell folk about him throng :
 Treason they cryed, a traytore us among.

Reis.

Keirly with that fled out at the host-side,
 His fellows Steven thought it no time to bide.
 The fray was great, and fast away they yeed
 Both toward Ern : thus scaped they that deid.
 Butler was wo, of weeping might not flint.
 Thus reklely this good Knight have they tint.
 They deemed all that it was Wallace men.
 Or else himself, though they should not him ken.
 He is right near, we shall him have but fail,
 The feeble wood may little him avail.
 Fourty their past again to Saint Johnstoun,
 With dead corps to burying made them boun :
 Parted their men, and diverse ways yeed :
 A great power at Duplin still there bade.
 To Dalreach the Butler past but let,
 At sundry parts the gate was unbeset.
 To keep the wood while it was day they thought.
 As Wallace thus in the thick Forrest he sought
 For his two men, in mind he had great pain :
 He wist not well if they were tane or slain,
 Or scaped whole by any jeopardie :
 Thirteen were left, with him no mo had he.
 In Gask hall there their lodging hath they tane :
 Fire they got soon, but meat then had they nane,
 Two sheep they took beside them in a fold,
 Ordained their supper into that seemly hold :
 Graithed in haste, some meat to them was dight,
 So heard they blaw rude horns upon hight :
 Two sent he forth to see what it might be :
 They bode right long, but no tydings got he,
 But boustrous noise, so brimly blowing fast :
 So other two into the wood forth past.
 None came again, but boustrously can blow,
 Into great yre he sent them forth in roto.
 When that alone Wallace was leaved there,
 The awful blast abounded meikle mair :
 Then troto'd he well they had his lodging seen ;
 His sword he drew of noble mettel keen,

Then

Then forth he went where that he heard the horn,
 Without the doore. Fatowdoun was him beforen,
 As to his sight, his head into his hand.
 A crosse he made when that he saw him stand :
 At Wallace in the head he stakked there,
 And he in haste soon him it by the hair,
 Then out again at him could it cast :
 Into his heart he was greatly agast.
 Right well he trowen it was no spirit of man,
 It was a devil that such malice began.
 He wist no avail there longer to abide,
 Up through the hall this twicht Wallace can glyde,
 To a close stair, the buirds rais in twinne,
 Fifteen foot long he lay forth of that inne :
 Up the water then suddenly can he fare,
 Again he blinket what appearance was there :
 Him thought he saw Fatowdoun that ugly fere,
 Upon the house and all the rest on fere.
 A great rof-tree he had into his hand,
 Wallace as then no longer he would stand,
 Of his good men full great marveil had he,
 How that they were sint through his fantasie.
 Trusting right well all this was sooth indeed,
 Suppose that it be no point of the Creed.
 Whether they had with Lucifer that fell,
 That time that he parted from heaven to hell.
 By such mischief if his men might be lost,
 Drowned or slain amongst the English host ;
 Or what it was in likeness of Fatowdoun,
 Which brought his men to such confusion :
 Or if the man ended in evil intent,
 Some wicked sprite again for him were sent,
 I can nought speak of such divinity,
 To clerks I will let all such matters be.
 But of Wallace on forth I will you tell,
 When he was went out of this danger fell :
 Yet glad he was that he escaped sa,
 But for his men great mourning can he ma.
 Fleit by himself to the Baker above,

Why he suffered his soul such matters prove :
 He wist not well if it were Gods will,
 Right or wrong his fortune to fulfill :
 Had it pleased God, he trowed it might not be,
 He should be let in such perplecites.
 But great courage in his mind ever drewe.
 On Englishmen thinking a mends to have.
 As he was thus walking by him alone,
 Upon Crn hie, making a piteous moan :
 Sir John Butler to watch the furcs right,
 Out from his men of Wallace had a sight :
 The mist was went and to the mountains gone,
 To him he said where that he made his moan :
 On loud he spaired, what art thou walks this gate ?
 A true man, Sir, though my voyage be late :
 Crands I pale from Down unto my Lope,
 Sir John Stewart, the right who will record :
 In Down is now, new comen from the King.
 Then Butler said, this is a reicounth thing :
 Thou leid, he said, thou hast been with Wallace
 I shall thee know ere thou come from this place.
 To him he start the courser wonder toight,
 Drev out his sword, then made him for to fight,
 Above the knee good Wallace hath him tane,
 Through thie and brain in sunder strake the bane.
 Dertly to ground the Knight fell on the land.
 Wallace the horse soon leasid in his hand,
 An actward stroak then took him in that stead,
 His craig in two, thus was the Butler dead.
 An English-man saw their Chiftain was slain,
 A spear in rest he cast with all his main,
 On Wallace drewe from the horse him to bear,
 Dearly he brought as worthy man of wear :
 The spear he wan withouppen more abaid,
 On horse he lay, and through a great rout ra id,
 To Dalreach then he knelo the Furd full well.
 Before him came feil stuffed into steel.
 He strake the first but bade in the blasoun,
 While horse & man all fleit the water down.

Another soon down from the horse he bare,
 Stramped to ground & drowned withouten maie.
 The third he hit on the harness of steel,
 Throughout the coast the spere it raiff ilk deel.
 The great power after him then can ride,
 He saw no wisdome there longer to abide:
 His brenneth brand blaitly in hand he bare,
 To whom he hit right they followed him na maie.
 To stuff the chale full frekes followed fast;
 But Wallace made the gayest ay agast.
 The :Dare he took and through their power rade:
 The horse was good, but yet he had great dread,
 For sailing him, ere he wane to a strength.
 The chale was great stailed on bread and length:
 Through strong danger they had him ay in sight.
 At the Black-murd there Wallace down can light:
 The horse stuffed, the way was deep and lang,
 A large long while mightly on foot can gang.
 Ere he was hoised ryders about him cast,
 He saw full well long time he might not last.
 Saw men indeed upon him can reneto.
 Without recovery twenty that night he slew.
 The fiercest ay rudely rebuted he,
 Keaped his horse, and right wisely can flee,
 While that he came the mirkest pure amang,
 His horse gave over and wouid no further gang.
 Wallace on foot took him with good intent,
 The horse he slew ere that he further went,
 That Englishmen of him should have no good,
 And lest on foot, for well he understood:
 For Sutheron men on him should have no sight,
 In high hather he past with all his might,
 Throgh & dark more then from them hath he sought,
 But suddenly there came into his thought:
 Great power did walk at Striveling bridge of tre:
 Sighing, he said, no passage is for me.
 For fault of food, and I have fasted lang,
 On war-men now me thinks no time to gang:
 At Cumbuskenneth I shal the water till,

Let God above do with me what he will.
 Into this land I may no longer bide.
 Carry he made some part on Forths side,
 Took off his weed, and graiched him but mair,
 His strove he bound that wonder sharply share,
 Among his gear, on his shew ders aloft :
 Thus in he went, to great God praying oft,
 Of his good grace his cause to take in hand :
 Over the water he swam to the south land :
 Arrayed him well, the season was right cold,
 For Disces was into his days old.
 Overhast he cast, to the Toward he yed,
 A rowen dwelt which helped him in need,
 Hither he came ere day began to daw,
 To a lordow, and privily can catow.
 They spierd his name, but tel them would he nought,
 While the her self near to his language sought.
 From time she knew that it was tought Wallace,
 Rejoyced she was, and thanked God of grace.
 She spiered soon, If he was his alone ?
 Mourning, he said, As men now have I none,
 She spiered then, Where that his men should be ?
 Faire Dame, he said, Go get some meat to me :
 I have fasted since yester day at morn,
 I dread full sore, my men they be forlorn.
 Great part of them I saw to the death brought.
 She got him meat in all the haste she mought.
 A woman he called, and als with her a childe,
 And bade them passe again these ways wilde,
 To the Gaskhall, tydings for to speir,
 If part was left of his men into fear,
 And he should find an horse soon in her gate :
 He bade them see if that place stood in state.
 Thereof to hear he had full great desire,
 Because he thought it was all into fire.
 They passed out withoutten carry mair.
 Him for to rest, Wallace remained there,
 Refreshed he was with meat and drink, and heat,
 Which

which caused him through natural course to sleep.
 Where he should sleep at the woman he spied,
 The widow had three sons that were leared :
 First two of them she sent to keep Wallace,
 He gart the third go soon to Dunipace,
 And tell his Cme that he was hapned there :
 The Parson came to see of his welfare :
 Wallace to sleep was laid in the wood side,
 The two young men without him near could bide.
 The Parson came near hand. the manner saw,
 They beckened to him what stead he should draw.
 The Rone was thick that Wallace sleeped in,
 About he went, and made but litle din.
 So at the last of him he had a sight,
 Full privatly where that his bed was right :
 He him beheld. then said unto himsell,
 Here is a marvel who likes it for to tell :
 This is a person of worthiness of hand,
 Prometh to stop the power o' England.
 Nowe false Fortune, the milworker of all,
 By aventure hath given him a fall :
 That he is left without supply of ma,
 A cruel wife with weapons might him sta.
 Wallace him heard. with that the sleep over-past.
 Feirly he rose, and said to him als fast :
 Thou liest, false Priest, were thou a foe to me,
 I would not dread such other ten as thee :
 I have had more since yesterday at noon,
 Then such sixty assembled me befor.
 His Cme him took, and went forth with Wallace.
 He told to him all his most painful case :
 This night, he said, I was left mine alone,
 In fell debate, with enemies many one :
 God at his will, hath ay my life to keep,
 Over Forth I swam, that awful is and Deep :
 What I have had in war before this day,
 Prison and pain (to this night) is but play :
 So beat I am with strokes sad and sore.
 The thil water then burnt me meikle more ; after

After great blood, through heat & cold was wrought,
That of my life almost nothing I rought.
I mean far more the cynsel of my men,
For of my self, might I suffer such ten.
The Parson said, Dear son, thou mayest see well,
Longer to strive, it helpeth never a deal:
Thy men are lost, and none will with thee rise,
For God his sake, make as I will devise:
Take a Lordship whereon thou mayest live,
King Edward will great lands to thee give.
Uncle, he said, of such words na mair,
This is nothing but seeking of my care:
I like better to see the Sutheron die,
Then gold or land that they can give to me.
Trust thou right well, of war I shall not cease,
Until th' time I bring Scotland to peace,
Or die therefore, the plain to understand,
So came Rerly, and good Steven of Ireland:
The widows son to Wallace he them brought,
From they him law, of no sadness they rought:
For perfyte joy they weeped with their een,
To ground they fell, and thanked heavens King.
Als he was glad for rescut of them two.
Of their fears living were left no mo.
They told to him that Sir Gerrard was dead,
How they had well escaped of that dead.
Through the Dohel they had gone all that night,
To Arsch Ferry when that the day was light:
How a true Scot through kindness of Wallace,
Brought them soon over then kend them to that place
Als Rerly wist that Wallace living were,
Near Dunipace that he should find him there.
The Parson gart good purveyance for them night,
Into Forwood they lodged all that night,
While the woman that Wallace north had send,
Returned again, and told him to an end,
What Englishmen in the way she saw dead,
Fell was fallen for in many sundry dead:
She hope she saw that Wallace had bereft,

At the Caskhall, standing as it was left,
 Withouten harm, nor touched of a stone :
 But of his men, good tydings got the nont.
 Therefore he grieved greatly in that tyde,
 In the Forreil he would no longer byde.
 The widow gave him part of silver bryght,
 Two of her sons that worthy were and wight :
 The third he left, because he lacked age,
 In weare as then might not win vassalage.
 The Parson then got them good horse and gear,
 But wo he was, his mind was so in weare.
 Thus took he leave without longer abode,
 To Dundaff Mure the samine night he rode.
 Sir John the Graham, which Lord was of that land,
 An aged Knight, had made none other band :
 But purchast peace, in rest he might bide still,
 Tribute he payed full sore against his will.
 A son he had, both wise, worthy, and wight,
 King Alexander at Berwick made him Knight,
 Wherewith shewing was of battel to have been,
 Betwixt the Scots, and the bold Persie kern.
 This young Sir John right noble was in weare,
 On a broad sword his father gart him swear,
 He should be true to Wallace in all thing,
 And he to him while life in them might reign.
 Thre nighes there Wallace was out of drede,
 Rested him well, so had he meikle need :
 On the fourth day he would no longer bide,
 Sir John the Graham bowed with him to ride :
 And he said, Nay, as then it should not be,
 A plain part yet I will not take on me.
 I have tint men through mine own reckless deed.
 A burnt child als more sore the fire should dread.
 Friends some part I have in Clidbisdale,
 I will go see what they may me avail.
 Sir John answered, I will your counsel do ;
 When ye think time, send privatly me to,
 Then I shall come with my power in haste.
 He him bstaught unto the holy Chast,

S. John to borch they should meet whole and sound,
 Out of Dundaff he and his four couth found :
 In Bothwell Dure that night remained he,
 With our Crawford that looged him privilie.
 Upon the morn to the Ribbana he went,
 Received he was of many with glad intent :
 For his dear Emz young Auchinlek dwelt there,
 Brother he was to the Shyreiff of Aire.
 When old Sir Rannald to his death was nigh,
 Then Auchinlek wedded that Lady brighe :
 And children got, as stories bear record,
 Of Lesmahago, for he held of that Lord :
 But he was slain, that pity was the mair,
 With Perres men into the town of Aire,
 His son dwelt still, then nineteen years of age,
 And brooked whole his fathers heritage :
 Tribute he payed for all his lands bread,
 To the Lord Perrie, as his brother had made.
 I leave Wallace with his dear Uncle still,
 Of Englishmen yet something speak I will.
 A messenger soon through the Countrey yeed
 To Lord Perrie, and told this felon deed :
 Kinlevin was burnt, broken and casten down,
 The Captain dead of it, and Saint Johastoun :
 The Loran als in Short-wood-shaws threen :
 Into the Land great sorrow hath been seen,
 Throug wight Wallace that all this deed hath done
 The town he spyed, and that forerhought us soon.
 Butler is slain with doughty men and dear.
 In asper spech the Perrie then gan spear,
 What word of him ? I pray thee graithly tell.
 O Lord, he said, right thus the case befell :
 We know for truth he was left him alone,
 And as he fled, he slew full many one :
 The horse we found that him that gate could bear,
 But of himself no other word we hear.
 At Striveling bridge we lost he passed nought,
 To death in Forth he may for us be brought.
 O Lord Perrie said, Now truly that is sin,

So good of hand he is this world withir.
 Had he tane peace, and been our Kings man,
 This whole Empire he might have conquest than.
 Great harm it is of our Kinghes that are dead,
 All must gar see for others in their head :
 I trow not yet that Wallace losted be :
 Our Clerks sayes, He shall gar many die.
 The messenger sayes, All that forsooth hath been,
 Many hundred that cruel was and keen,
 Since he began, are losted without remead.
 The Perthie laid, Forsooth he is not dead :
 The Crooks of Forth he knows wonder well :
 He is on live that shall our Nation sell,
 When he is stressed, then can he swim at will :
 Great strength he hath, both wit and grace therwil.
 A messenger the Lord charged to weid,
 And his command in writ he wiche him send :
 Sir John Stewart great Shyreff then he made
 Of Sains Johndoun, and all the lands brant :
 Into Kinclevin there dwelt none there again.
 There was nought else but broken walls in plain.
 Leave I them thus ruling the lands there,
 And speak I will of Wallace good-wel fare :
 He sent Kerrie unto Rannald that night,
 To Boyd and Blair, that worthy were and wight :
 And Adam als, his Cousen good Wallace.
 To them declared he of this painful case,
 Of his escape out of that companie :
 Right wonder glad was that good Chevalrie.
 From time they knew that Wallace living was,
 Good diligence they made to him to pass.
 Master John Blair was one of that message,
 A worthy Clerk, both wise, and als right sage :
 Learned he was before in Paris town,
 Amongst Masters in science of good renown.
 Wallace and he at home in school had been.
 Soon afterwards as herie was seen :
 He was the man that chiefly undertook,
 That first compyled to dyte the Latin book

Of Wallace life, right famous & renown,
 And Thomas Gray Baron of Libbertoun,
 With him they were, and put in histourial,
 Of one or both meikle of his travel.
 And therefore hereof them I make mention.
 Master John Blair to Wallace made him bow,
 To see his health, his comfort was the more,
 As they all oft together were before.
 Silver and gold they gave him for to spend,
 So did he them freely when God it lend.
 Of good wel fare as then he wanted none,
 Englishmen wist he was left him alone :
 Where he should be, was none of them could say,
 Drownd or slain, or else escapen away,
 Therefore of him they took but little heed :
 They knew him not, the less he was in dread.
 All true Scots great favour to him gave,
 What good they had, he needed not to crave.
 The peace lasted that Sir Randall had tane,
 Those three moneths it should not be out-gane.
 Whole Christmas then Wallace remained there.
 In Lanerk oft to sport he made repare.
 When that he went to Kilbank from the town,
 If he found men was of that Nation,
 To Scotland they did never grievance more :
 Some stiked they, some throats in sander shore.
 Feil were some dead, but none wist who it was.
 Whom he handled, he let no further pass.
 There Heselrig dwelt, that cursed knight to wail,
 Shereff he was of all these Lands hail :
 Of felon outrage, despicefull in his deed,
 Many of him therefore had meikle dread.
 Barbel he thought who durst his people sta,
 Without the town he caus'd great numbers ga.
 When Wallace saw that they were mo then he,
 Then did he nought but salust courteouslye.
 As his four men bare them so quietly,
 No Sutheron could deem them unhonestly.

In Lanerk, a gentle woman there,
 A maiden mylde, as my book will declare,
 Eighteen years old, and little more of age,
 Als born she was to part of heritage.
 Her father was of worship and renown,
 And hys Brainsfute he beghe of Lammington,
 As feil were then into the Countrey call'd,
 Before-time they Gentle-men were of ald:
 But this good man and als his wife was dead,
 The maiden mist then of none other remed,
 But still she dwelt in tribute in the Town,
 And purchast had King Edwards protection.
 Servants with her, of friends at her will,
 Thus lived she without desire of ill.
 A quyet house, as she might hold in weare,
 For hysilrig had none her meikle deare:
 Slain her brother which eldest was and heir:
 All suffered she, and right lowly her bare.
 Amiable, so benign, warre, and wise,
 Courteous and sweet, fulfilled of all gentrice:
 Well ruled of tongue, right hail of countenance:
 De vertue she was worthy to advance:
 Humbly her held, and purchast a good name,
 Of every wight, she kepted her from blame.
 True religious folk a great favour her lent.
 Upon a day to the Kirk as she went,
 Wallace her saw as he his eyes can cast,
 The print of love him prunzied at the last,
 So alperly through beauty of that bight,
 With great unease in preience biot he might:
 He knew full well the kindred of her blood,
 And how she was in honest-ys and good.
 Whiles would he think to love her over the lawe,
 And otherwhile he thought on his disave,
 How that his men were brought to confusion,
 Through his last love he had in Saint Johnstoun.
 Then would he think to live and let overlive.
 But that thought long in mind could not abide.
 He told Kierly of his new lust and bail,

Then asked he him of his true counsel.
 Walter, he said, as far as I can feel,
 Of likeliness it may be wonder well :
 Since so ye love, take her in marriage :
 Goodly she is, and als of heritage :
 Suppose that ye in loving feel amiss,
 Great God forbid it should be so with this.
 To marry thus, I cannot yet attend,
 I would of war first see a final end :
 I will no mair alone to my love gang,
 Take heed to me, for deid I suffer wrang.
 To proffer love thus soon I would not briebe,
 Nicht I leave off, in war I think to live.
 What is this love? nothing but foolishness :
 It may reade me both wit and steadfastness.
 Then said he thus, This will not graichly be,
 Amours and wars at once to reign in me.
 Right sooth it is, stood I in blisse of love,
 Where deids were, I should the better prove.
 But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought,
 It letteth war that in wise men is wrought.
 Unless it be, but only till on deed :
 Then he that thinks of love for to speed,
 He may do well, hath the Fortune and grace :
 But this stands all into another case.
 A great Kingdom with feil foes overset,
 Right hard it is any mends for to get
 Against them, and keep the observance
 Which belongs to love, and all her frowde chance.
 Example I have which me forthinketh sair,
 I hope in God, it shall be so no mair.
 The truth I knote of this, and her lineage :
 I know nought her, therefore I losse a gage.
 To keirly he thus argued in this kinde,
 But great desire remained in his minde :
 For to behold that freely of fassoun,
 A while he lefe, and came not in the town,
 On other thing did make his wit to walk,

Proving that he might of that labour lack.
 When Keirly saw he suffered pain for thy,
 Dear Sir, he said, ye live in fluggary :
 So see your love, and ye shall get comfort.
 At his counsel he walked for to sport,
 Unto the Kirk, where she made residence.
 She knew him well, but as for eloquence :
 She durst not well in presence to him keith,
 Full sore she dread that Sutherland should her myth :
 For Heilrig had a matter new begun,
 And her desired in marriage to his son.
 With her maiden this Wallace she besought
 To dyn with her, and privately she him brought
 Through a garden she had gar took ande,
 So Englishmen nought of their meeting knew.
 He kissed this maid with gladness and pleasure,
 Soon her besought right hartly acquaintance.
 She answered him with humble words and wise,
 Others mine acquaintance worthy for to prise,
 Ye shall it have, as God me save in saul,
 But Englishmen do gar our power fall,
 Through violence of them, and their bairnage,
 That hath well near destroyed our Linage.
 When Wallace heard her complaint pitously,
 Grieved in heart he was right greatumly,
 Both ye and love him set into a rage,
 But nought for thy he sobered in courage.
 Of this matter he hold, as I said aye
 To that goodly how love constrained him fair.
 She answered him reasonably again,
 And said, I shall to your service be bane,
 With all pleasure in honest causes hail,
 And I trust nought ye would see to assail.
 For your worship, to do me dishonour,
 And I a maid, and stand in many flour,
 From Englishmen to save my womanheid,
 And coast have made to keep me from their feid.
 With my good will I will no Lemman be,
 To no man born : therefore I think should ye : do

Desire me not, but into goodliness :
 Perchance ye think I were to low percase,
 For to pretend to be your righteous wife.
 Into your service I would use all my life.
 Here I beseech, for your worship in arms,
 Ye charge me not with no ungodly harms :
 But me defend, for worship of your blood.
 When Wallace well her true tale understood,
 As in apart him thought it was reason,
 Of her desire : therefore to conclusion,
 He thanked her, and said, if it might be,
 Through Gods will, that our kingdom be free,
 I would you wed with all hearty pleasure,
 But at this time I may not take such chance,
 And for this cause none other now I crave :
 A man of war may not all pleasure have.
 Of their talk then, can I tell you no mair,
 To my purpose, what band that they made there :
 Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,
 The sore grievance remained in his intent.
 Loss of his men, and lussy pain of love :
 His leave he took, at that time to remove.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace past to Lochmabane, & how they cutted
 his horse tailed; & how he shave y bloodletter.

Then to Gilbank he past ere it was night,
 Upon the moyn with his four men him dight,
 To the Corhead without resting he rade,
 Where his neboy Thom Haliday him abade,
 And Edward Little als, his Cousen dear,
 Which was so blyth when he lost him so near,
 Thanking great God he sent him safe again.
 For many dreamed he in Strachern was slain.
 Good cheer they made all out those days three.
 Then Wallace said that he desire d to see
 Lochmabane town, and Englishmen that were there,
 On the fourth day they bidden them to fare :
 Sixteen he was of goodly chevally,

As

In the Knockwood he leaved all but three :
 Thomas Halibay went with them to the towe,
 Edward Little and Keirly made them bolow.
 To an hostler Thomas Halibay led them right,
 And gave command their dinner should be right.
 To heat a Hafe, in good intent they yee,
 Of Englishmen they thought there was no dread,
 One Cliffor came, was Ems son to the Lord,
 And thize with him, the scruth for to record.
 As their Junes loon, after Maltace was past :
 Who ought these horse ? in great hathing he askt.
 The good-wife said, for to have pleased him best,
 These Gentlemen are come out of the west.
 Who devil them made so gayly for to ride ?
 In faith with me a loon there must abide.
 These lewed Scots have leaved little good,
 Lo, all these horse are spent for fault of blood.
 Into great scorn, withoutten words more,
 The talle all of these three horse they shoue.
 The good-wife cryed, and piteously can greet :
 So Maltace came, and could the Captain meet,
 A woman told him, they had his horse spent.
 For proper yie he greets in maltalent :
 He followed fast, and said, Good friends, abide,
 Service to take for thy craft in this tide :
 Marcher thou art without command of me,
 Backward again me thinks, I should pay thee :
 Alace, I of late new come out of the west,
 In this Countrey a Barbour of the best :
 To cut and have, and that one wonder good :
 Now shalt thou feel how I use to let blood.
 With his good sword the Captain hath he tane,
 While horse again he marshelled never ane.
 Another loon upon the head strake he,
 While chafes and cheeks upon the gate can flee.
 By that his men the other three had slain :
 Their horse they took, and graithed them full bane,
 Out of the toton, for dinner had they none.

The wife she prayed, that made so piteous moan.
Then Englishmen fra their Chieftain was dead,
To Wallace sought from many sundry stead :
From the Castle came cruel men and keen.
When Wallace hath their sudden sembly seen,
Toward some strength he botoned him to ride.
For then him thought it was no time to bide.
His horse bled fast, that gart him breathing have,
Of his good men, he would have had the lave.
To the Knock-wood withoutten more they rade,
But into is no sojourning he made,
That wood as then was neither thick nor strang :
His men he got, then lighted he to gang,
Toward an hight, and led their horse a while.
The Englishmen were then within a mile,
On fresh horse riding full hastily,
Seven leop as then were in that company.
The Scots lay on, when they that power saw,
Toward the South them thought it best to draw.
Then Wallace said, it was no wit in wear,
With our power to bide them bargain here.
You are men good, therefore I will that we
Innerness seek, while God send us supplie.
Haliday said, We shall do your counsel :
But soe I dread that these hurs horse will fail.
The Englishmen in birnisht armour clear,
By then to them approached wonder near :
Horsed Archers shot, and would not spare,
Of Wallace men they wounded two full fair.
In yre he grew when that he saw them bleed,
Himself he turned, and on them soon he yeed :
Sixteen with him that worthy were in wear,
Of the foremost right sharply down they bear.
At that return fifteen in field were slain,
The lave they fled unto their power again.
Wallace followed with his good Chevalrie,
Thomas Haliday in wear was full buie,
A bushment saw that cruel was and keen,

Two hundred hail of well graithed Englishmen.
 Uncle, he said, our power is too sma,
 From this plain field I counsell you to dra :
 Too few we are against you fellow Hail.
 Wallace returned full soon at his counsel.
 At the Corhead full fain they woult have been :
 But Englishmen have well their purpose seen
 In plain battel them followed hardily.
 In danger thus they held them abscully.
 Hew of Horeland on Wallace followed fast.
 He had befor made many Scots agast.
 Holden he was of tear the worthiest man,
 In North England was with him living than ;
 In his armour well forged of fine steel,
 A noble Courser bare him both fast and well :
 Wallace returned beside a buirly oak,
 And on him set a fellow sicker stroak.
 Both collar bone and shoulder blaid in two,
 Threugh the mid coast, the good sword gart he go :
 His spear he twan, and als his Courser bright,
 Then left his own, for toled was his might,
 For lack of food he might no further gang.
 Wallace on horse the Sutheron men among,
 His men relieved that boughty were indeed.
 Him to rescue out of that fellow dread,
 Cruel strokes forsooth there might be seen,
 On either side, till blood ran on the green.
 Right perilously the sembly was to see,
 Hardly and hot continued the maillie.
 Shewing rescue of Scots and English als.
 Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,
 Some hurt, some hint, some dung into the dead,
 The hardy Scots so stirred in that stead,
 With Haliday on foot that boldly abade,
 Among the Sutheron a full great room they made.
 Wallace on horse hint him a noble spear,
 Out threugh them rade, as good Chistain in wear.
 Thre stow he there ere that his spear was gane,
 Thus

Thus his good sword in hand then hath he can
 Dang on verily with straiks sad and sore,
 Whom that he hit, grieved the Scots no more.
 Fra Sutheron men by natural reason knew,
 How with a stroak a man ay he slew,
 Then marvelled they he was so meikle of main,
 For their best men in that kind had he slain.
 That his great strength again helped him nought,
 Nor none other in contrare Wallace fought.
 Then said they all, leave he the strength untane,
 This whole Kingdom he will win him alane.
 They left the field, and to their power fled,
 And told their Lord, how evil the foremost sped.
 Which Graystock heght, was new come in the land,
 Therefore he trovovd none durst against him stand :
 Wonder he thought when as he saw that sight,
 Why his good men for so few took the flight.
 At that return twenty in field were tint,
 And Douglas als therefore he would not stint :
 But followed fast with three hundred but dead,
 And swore he would be venged on that deed.
 The Scots wan horse, because their own did fail :
 In fleeing then choosed the most abail.
 Out of the field this twicht Wallace is gone,
 Of his good men he had not losted one :
 Five wounded were, but lightly forth they rode :
 Wallace a space behind them ay abode.
 And Haliday proved well in many place,
 A sister son he was to good Wallace.
 Warlike they rode, and held their horse on end,
 For they trowed well the Sutheron would offend :
 With whole power at once upon them set :
 But Wallace cast their purpose for to let :
 To break their ray, he visit them full fast :
 The Englishmen so greatly were agast,
 That none of them durst rush out of the flail,
 All in a ray together held them hail.
 The Sutheron saw how that abundantly,

Wallace abode near hand their Chevalry :
 By Dorelands horse they knew him wonder well,
 Past to their Lord, and told him ever ilk deal :
 Lo, Sir, they said, forsooth this same is he,
 That with his hands caused so many die.
 Hath his horse grace upon his feet to bide,
 He doubts not through five thousand for to ride,
 We need you cease, and follow him no more,
 For dread that we repent it syn full sore.
 He blamed them, and said, men may well see,
 Forwards ye are, that for so few would flee.
 For their counsel yet leave would he them nought,
 Into great yss he sadly on them thought,
 Seeking a place where he might bargain make :
 Wallace was wo upon him for to take,
 And he so few to bide them on a plain :
 At Quinsberry he would have been full fain :
 Upon himself he took so great travail,
 To send his men, if that might him avail,
 A sword in hand, right manly him to wear,
 By waiting fast if he might get a spear.
 Now here, now there, before them to and fro,
 His horse gave over, and might no further go :
 Right at the skirt of Quinsberry befell,
 But upon grace, as mine Author will tell :
 Sir John the Graham that worthy was and wight,
 To the Corhead came on the other night,
 Thirty with him of noble men at wage,
 The first daughter he had in marriage,
 Of Haliday, was sister to Wallace,
 Givings to spear, Sir John passed of that place,
 With men to speak, where they a rest had set,
 Right near the head where Scots and English met :
 And Kirkpatrick that cruel was and keen,
 In Eskdale wood that half a year had been :
 With Englishmen he could not well accord,
 Of Chortowald he Baron was and Lord :
 O, kin he was to Wallace mother dear,

On Crakford side, that meikle had to stier.
 Twenty he had of worthy men and wight,
 By then Wallace approached to their sight.
 Sir John the Graham when he the counter saw,
 On them he rade, and stood but little aw.
 His good father he knew right wonder well,
 Cast down his spear, and sunziet not a deal.
 Kirkpatrick als with worthy men of wear,
 Fifty in front at once they down can bear,
 Through the thickest of three hundred they rade,
 On Sutheron side full great slaughter they made :
 Them to rescue that was in felon throng,
 Wallace on foot the great power among :
 Good room he got through help of Gods grace,
 The Sutheron fled, and left them in that place.
 Horses they wan, to stuff the chase good speed,
 Wallace and his that doughty were indeed.
 Graylock took flight on stern horse and stout,
 An hundred held together in a rout :
 Wallace on them full sadly can persue,
 The fleeing well of Englishmen he knew,
 That ay the best would pass with their Chistain,
 Before him fand he good Sir John the Graham,
 Ay striking down whom ever he might by.
 Then Wallace said, This is but waste folly,
 Commons to slay where Chistains goes away :
 Your horse are fresh, therefore do as I say :
 Good men ye have are yet in noble state,
 To you great rout, for Gods love hold your gate :
 Sunder them soon, we shall come at your hand.
 When Sir John had this tale well understand,
 Of none other, from thenceforth took he heed,
 To the foremost he followed well with speed.
 Kirkpatrick als considered this counsel,
 They charged their men ay followed on the flail :
 At his command full soon with them they met :
 Sad straits and sore sadly upon them set.
 His Uncle als he knew right wonder well,

Cast down his spear, and souzied not a deal.
 Kirkpatrick als with worthy men of war,
 Thirty on front at once down they bear.
 Through the thickest Sir John the Graham rade,
 On Sutheron side full great slaughter they made.
 Good room he got, through help of Gods grace,
 The Sutheron fled, and left them in that place.
 Horses they wan to stuff the chaise good speed,
 Wallace and his that doughty were indeed.
 Graystock fled fast on stern horse and stout,
 An hundred held together in a rout.
 Wallace on them sadly could persue.
 The fleeing well of Englishmen he knew.
 Wallace on horse he hant a noble spear,
 And followed fast as god Chistain in wear.
 Three flew he there ere that his spear was gane,
 Then his good sword in his hand hath he tane,
 Dang on verily with straks sad and sore :
 Whom that he hit grieved the Scots no more,
 Upon the lave fighting full wonder fast,
 And many groon they made full sore agast.
 The Englishmen that bulie were in war,
 Failed sore them from the Wolfe to bar.
 Right perilous the sembly was to see :
 Hardy and heat continued the mellie.
 Shewing the rescue of Scots and English als,
 Some carbed bones in sunder, some the hals.
 Sir John the Graham to Graystock fast he sought,
 His pensane then he helped him right nought,
 Upon the craig a greath strak gave him right,
 The buriely brand was brand, and blentit bright,
 In sunder carbed the mailzles of fine steel.
 Through brain and bone it rushed ever ilk deal.
 Dead with that dint to the ground down him brave;
 By that Wallace assembled on the lave,
 Dearly to deathfeil tricks there he night,
 Rose never again, whom ever he hit right.
 Kirkpatrick came, Whom Galiday, and their men,
 Their doughty deeds were nobis for to keon. At

At the Knock-head the bold Graycock was slain,
And many mo which were of meikle main :
To save their lives, part in the wood they past,
The Scottisshmen they ran together fast.
When Wallace with S. John the Graham had met,
Right goodly he with humbleneste him greet :
Pardon he asked of the reprove before,
Into the chace, and said, he should no more
Information make to him that was so good.
When that Sir John Wallace well understood :
Do away, he said, thereof as now no mair :
Ye did full right, it was for our welfare :
Wiser in war ye are all out then I :
Faster in arms ye are to me for thy.
Kirkpatrick then that was his Cousen dear,
He thanked him right on a good manner.
Eight score were slain ere they would leave y dead,
The fleeing folk they knew of no remead.
Not one was lost of all their Chevalry.
Sir John the Graham to them came happily.
The day was done, approaching was the night,
At Wallace then they asked counsel right.
He answered thus, I speak but with your leave,
Right loath I were any goodly men to grieve :
But this I say, in terms short, for me,
I would assail, if ye think it may be,
Lochmabane house which now is left alone,
For well I wot that power in it is none.
Carlarverok als yet Daxwel hath in his hand,
And we had these, they might be both a wand
Against Sutheron that now hath our Countrie :
Say what ye will, this is the best thinks me,
Sir John the Graham gave first his good consent,
Then all the lave right with a whole intent,
To Lochmabane right hastily they rade.
When they came there not half a mile beside,
The night was dark, so counsel are they gow :
Down or far appearance was there none.

Then

Then Wallace said, we think this land at rest :
 Thom Haliday, thou knowest the Country best,
 I hear no noise of feil folks here about,
 Therefore I trow we are the lesse in doubt.
 Haliday said, I will take one with me,
 And ride before, the Country for to see.
 Watson he called, with thee make me bolon,
 With them thou wast ay neighbour in his Toton.
 I grant I was with them against my will,
 And mine intent was ay to do them ill.
 Unto the gate partly they two forth rade,
 The Porter came withouften longer abade :
 At John Watson then tydings could he spier.
 Opin, he bade, the Captain cometh near.
 The gate but more unwillly up he drew,
 Thom Haliday soon by the Craig him threwo,
 And with a knife he stiked him in that stead,
 In a dark hole down dreadlesse cast him dead.
 John Watson hath hinc the keyes in his hand,
 The power then with Wallace was comand :
 They Entred in, before them found no mo,
 Except woman, and simple servants two :
 In the Kitching long scudlers had they been,
 Soon they were flain, when the Lady had seen,
 She cryed for grace, for him that died on tree.
 Then Wallace said, Madam, your noise let be :
 To women yet we do but little ill,
 And young children, we like not for to spill.
 I would have meat, Haliday, what says thou ?
 For fasting folk to dine good time were now.
 Great purveyance was ordained them before,
 Both bread and ail, good wine, and other store.
 To meat they bownd, for they had fasted lang.
 Good men of arms into the clesle caus'd gang :
 Part fleeing folk on foot they from them glaid,
 On the Knockhead, where great mellie was made:
 Ay as they came, John Watson let them in,
 And done to death withouften noise of din.

No man left there that was of England born.
 The Castle well they viewed on the morn :
 For Johnstoun sent a man of good degree,
 Second daughter forsooth wedded had he.
 Of Halidayes dear Nephew to Wallace,
 Great Captain then they made him of that place.
 They left him there into a good array,
 They went forth upon the other day.
 Women had leave in England for to fare.
 Good Wallace and Sir John the Graham could care,
 To the Towhead, and lodged there that night :
 Upon the morn the Sun was at the hight :
 After dinner they would no longer bide,
 Their purpose took in Crawford Mure to ride.
 Sir John y Graham, with Wallace that was wight,
 Thom Haliday again returned right
 To the Towhal, and remained but dead.
 No Sutherland wist principle who did this deed.
 Rickpatsick past to Eskdale woods wide,
 In safety there he thought he should abide.
 Good Wallace and Sir John the Graham in fear,
 With them forty men of arms clear : (1182
 Through Crawford Mure as they then took their
 On Englishmen their mind remained ay.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace wan the Castle of Crawford, and slew the Captain thereof.

From Crawford John the water down they ride,
 Near hand the night, they lodged upon Clyde :
 Their purpose took into a quyet vail,
 Then Wallace said. I would we might assail
 Crawford Castle with some good repardie :
 Sir John the Graham, how say ye best may be :
 This good Knight said, If the men were without,
 To tak the house there is but little doubt.
 A Squer then ruled that Lordship haile,
 Of Cumberland born, his name was Doctindale,
 Then

Then Wallace said, My self will passe in fear,
 And one with me, of harbery for to spier :
 Follow on Dygh, if that we misser ought,
 Edward Little with his Master forth sought,
 To an Hostillary, and with a woman met,
 She told to them, that Sutheron there were set.
 If ye be Scots, I counsel you passe by,
 For if they may, ye will get evil harbery.
 As drink they are, so have they been right long,
 Great words there is of Wallace them among :
 They trow that he hath found his men again :
 At Lochmabane feil Englishmen are slain,
 The house is lost, that makes them be full we ;
 I hope in God, that they shall soon tyn mo.
 Wallace spiered, of Scotland if that he be ?
 She said, Yea : and thinks yet to see
 Sorrolo on them, through help of Gods grace.
 He asked her, Who was into that place ?
 No man of fence was left that house within :
 Twenty are here making great noise and din.
 Alace, she said, if that I might once see,
 The worthy Scots in it mought master be.
 With this woman he would no longer stand.
 A beaken he made, Sir John came at his hand.
 Wallace went in, and said, Benedicite.
 The Captain spiered, what bellamy may thou be,
 That comes so grim ? some tydings to us tell.
 Thou art a Scot, the devil thy Nation quel.
 Wallace braid out a Sword withoutten more,
 Into the breast the brime Captain he bore
 Throughout the coste, stiched him to the dead :
 Another he hit adward upon the head.
 Whom ever he strake, he bursted bone and lyre,
 Feil of them dead feil flatling in the fire.
 Hasty payment he made them on the floor,
 And Edward Little keeped well the door.
 Sir John the Graham full fain would have been in.
 Edward him bade at the Castle begin,
 For of these folk we have but little dread.

Sir John the Graham fast to the Castle yed.
 Wallace rudely such routs on them gave,
 That twenty men dertly to death he drave.
 Fifteen he strake, and fifteen hath he slain.
 Edward slew five which was of meikle main.
 To the Castle Wallace had great desire,
 By that Sir John had set the house on fire:
 None was therein that great defence could make,
 But women sore fast weeping into wae.
 Without the place a bold Bulwark was made,
 Wallace went over withouten longer bade:
 The women soon he saved from the dead.
 Breake folks he put, and children from that stead.
 Of purveyance he found little or none,
 Before that time their victual was all gone:
 Yet in that place lodged they all that night,
 From th' Hostlary brought such good as they might.
 Upon the morn houses they spoiled fast,
 All things that dought, out of that place they cast.
 Tree work they burnt, that was within the waies,
 And wals brake down that stalwart were of stanes:
 Spoil'd what they might, then would no longer bide,
 Unto Dundaff the same night they did ride,
 And lodged there with all mirth and pleasure,
 Thanking great God that lent them so good chance.
 The end of the Fifth Book.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Spousage of Wallace, and how Heselrig slew
 Wallace wife in the Town of Aire, and how Wal-
 lace slew Heselrig for the same cause, and put
 the Englishmen out of Lanerk.

Then passed were the Octaves of Februar,
 And part of March by right degestion,
 Appeared then the last moneth of Aier,
 The sign of Summer, with his sweet season.

By that Wallace from Dundaff made him boston :
 His leave he took and to Kilbank can fare,
 The rumour rose through Scotland up and down,
 With Englishmen, that Wallace living were.

Into April when clothed is but been,
 The able ground through working of Nature,
 And woods have on their worthy weeds green :
 When Nymphs in building of her house,
 With oyl and balm fulfilled of sweet odour:
 Canettis in trace, as they were wont to gang,
 Walking cheir couris in every casual hour,
 To glae the Hunters with their merry sang.

In this same time to him approached now,
 His lusty pain of which I spake of aye :
 By loves case he thought for to persue
 In Lanerk, and hither can he fare :
 At residence a while remained there,
 In her presence, as I have said before :
 Though Englishmen grieved at his repaire,
 Yet he delighted the thing that let him loze.

The fire of Love him ruled at such wise,
 He liked well with that goodly to be :
 Whiles he would think of dangers for to rise,
 And other whiles out of her presence flee :
 To cease of war it were the best for me,
 Thus win I nought but sadnesse on like side,
 Shal never man this cowardnesse in me see :
 To war I will, for chance that my betide.

What is thy Love ? It is but great mischance,
 That me would bring from arms verily :
 I will not change my worship for pleasance,
 In war I think my time to occupy,
 Yet here to love I will not let for thy :
 Nor I shall desire my worship to reserve,
 From this day forth, then evermore did I.
 I fear of war, whether I live or sterbe.

What shall I say, Wallace was plainly set,
 To love her best in all the world so wide:
 Thinking he should of his desire to get,

And

And so besell by concord, on a tide,
 That she was made at his command to bide :
 And this began the flinting of this strife.
 The band began with graith bewenned beside.
 Mine Authour sayes, she was his wedded wife.
 Now live in peace, now live in good concord :
 Now live in play, now live in tohole pleasure,
 For she by chance hath both her love and Lord :
 He thanks love that did him so advance,
 So sweetly held by favour the ballance :
 Then he at will may lay her in his arms :
 She thanked God of her high happy chance,
 For in his time he was the flower of arms :
 Fortune him shew her double figured face.
 Feil syle ere then he had been set above :
 In prison now, delivered now through grace,
 Now at uncase, now at unrest and ruse :
 Now well at will, willing is pleasant love,
 And thought himself out of adversity,
 Desiring ay his man-hood for to prove,
 In courage set upon the stages by,

The very truth I cannot graithly tell,
 Into this life how long that they had been :
 Through natural course of generation fell,
 A child was cheved these two lovers between,
 Which goodly was a Maiden bright and sheen :
 So farther forth became time to her age,
 A Squyer shaw that then full well hath sech,
 This life's last man got her in marriage.

The other Maid wedded a Squyer wight,
 Which was well known come in of Balliols blood,
 And their heirs by lyne succeed right
 To Lammingtoun, and other Lands good :
 Of this matter the right who understood,
 Hereof as now I will no more proceed,
 Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
 Of other thing my purpose is to reed.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying :
 Further of them as now I speak no mair,

But

But Wallace forth into his war can reign :
He might not cease, great courage so him bear,
Sutherou to slay, for dread he would not spare,
And they out syle seil causes to him wrought,
From that time forth which moved him so lair,
That never in world out of his minde was brought.

Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole plesance
Now leave thy blisse, now leave thy childish age :
Now leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance :
Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage :
Now leave thy love, or thou shalt tyme a gage,
Which never on earth shall be redeemed again.
Fellon Fortune, and all her fierce outrage,
Go live in war, go live in cruel pain.

Fe on Fortune, fe on thy frivole wheel :
Fe on thy trust, for here it hath no leif.
That so transfigured Wallace out of his weel :
When he trilled for to have lived best,
His plesance here to him is but a jest,
Through thy fers cours that hath none hap to hes :
Wim thou overthrew out of his liking rest,
From great plesance, in war, travel and wo.

What is Fortune, who draws the date so fast ?
Wee wor there is both well and wicked chance :
But this false world with many double cast,
In it is nought but very variance,
It is nothing to heavenly governance.
Then pray we all to the maker above,
Which hath in hand of Justice the ballance,
That he us grant it of his dear lasting love.

Hercof as now further I speak no mair,
But to my purpose shortly will I fare.

Twelve hundred years, thereto ninety and seven,
From Christ was born, þ rightcons king of hea.
William Wallace into good liking goes, (ben.
In Lanerk town amongst his mortal foes.
The Englishmen that ever stout hath been,
With desirig that cruel was and keen : And

And Robert Thorne a felloe subtil Knight,
 Hath found the way by what means best he might,
 How that they should make contrair to Wallace,
 By argument, as he came upon caile.
 Out from the Kirk that was without the Town,
 While their power might be in arms borow:
 Sir John the Graham that worthy was and true,
 To Lanerk town goop Wallace could persue.
 Of his welfare as he full oft hath seen,
 Of men he had in company fifteen:
 And Wallace nine, they had no feirs mo,
 Upon the morn unto the Waste they go,
 They and their men graithed in goodly green,
 For the season such was full long hath been.
 When sadly they had said their devotion,
 One argued them as they went through the Town:
 The strongest man that hertilreig then knew,
 And als he had of lightly words aneto,
 He saluted them as it were but in scorn,
 Dien gaird, good day bone Senzour, and good morn.
 Whom scornis thou? quoth Wallace, who leared thee?
 Why, Sir, quoth he, came ye not over the sea?
 Pardon me then, for I wend you had been
 An Ambassade to bring an uncouth Queen.
 Wallace answered: Such pardon as we have
 In us to give, thy part thou shalt not crave:
 Since ye are Scots, yet saluted shall ye be:
 Good even daucht Lord Ballauch Benochadie.
 Woe Sutheron men to them assembled near.
 Wallace was loath as then to make a fear.
 One made a tic and scrip at his long sword.
 Hold still thine hand, quoth he, and speak the word.
 With thy long sword thou makes meikel boast.
 Thereof, quoth he, thy Dame made little coast,
 What hast thou to wear that goodly green?
 My moit cause is, but for to make thee teen.
 What should a Scot do with so fair a knife?
 He said: The Priest that iangles thy wife,
 That woman long hath called him so fair, while

While that his child worthed to be thine heir.
 He think, quoth he, thou drivest me to scorn:
 Thy Dame was rais'd ere ever thou was born.
 The power then assembled on him about,
 Two hundred men that stalward were and stout,
 The Scottish saw their power was command,
 Sir Robert Thorne and Deslrig at hand.
 Great multitude with torapons birmisht been.
 The worthy Scots that cruel were and keen,
 Amongst the Sutheron such dints gave that tide,
 While blood on breid bursted from wounds wide.
 Wallace in flour was cruel sightand,
 Of a Sutheron he smote off the right hand:
 And when the carle of fighting might no mair,
 With his left hand in yre held a buckler,
 Then from the stump the blood sprang out full fast,
 In Wallace face abundantly can it cast:
 Into great part it marr'd him of his sight:
 Sir John the Graham a stroke hath cane him right:
 With his good sword upon the Sutheron syre,
 Dertly to death drove him into that yre.
 The peril was right awfule, hard and strong,
 The flour endured marvellous and long:
 The Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,
 The worthy Scots the gate left at the last,
 When they had slain, and wounded many one,
 To Wallace Innys the gainest way are gone.
 Then pass'd soon, defended them right well,
 He and Sir John with swords of tempered steel.
 Behind their men, while they the gate had tane.
 The woman then which was full will of wane,
 The peril saw with felloe noise and din,
 Set up the gate, and let them enter in.
 Through to a strength they pass'd off that stead,
 Fifty Sutheron upon the gate lay dead.
 This fair woman with business and might,
 The Englishmen did carry with a flight:
 While that Wallace into the wood was past,

Then

Then Cartlane craigs they persued full fast.
 When Dutheron saw that chaipen was Wallace.
 Again they turned, the woman took on care,
 Put her to death, I cannot tell you how:
 Of such matters I may not carry now.
 Where great dule is but redeeming again,
 Renewing of it, is but eeking of pain.
 A true woman had served her full lang,
 Out of the town the gainest way can gang,
 To Wallace told how all the deed was done:
 The painful wo sought to his heart full soon:
 We're nos for shame he had shot to the ground,
 For bitter hail that in his breast was bound.
 Sir John the Graham both wise gentle and free,
 Great mourning made, that pity was to see:
 And als the lave that were assembled there,
 For pwe sorrow with heare weeped full lair.
 When Wallace felt their courage was so smal.
 He censied him for to comfort them all.
 Cease men, he said, this is a bootless hant,
 For we cannot cheis her life again.
 Unase a word he might bring out for teen,
 The hailful tears burst braitly from his een:
 Sighing he said: Shall never man me see
 Rest into ease while this deed broken be.
 The sakeless slaughter of her, both blyth and bright,
 That I abow to the Maker of might,
 Of all that Nation I shall never forbear,
 Young nor old that able is to wear.
 Priests nor women I think not for to slay,
 In may default, but if they causing may.
 Sir John, he said, let all this mourning be,
 And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.
 Where men may weep, their courage is the less,
 It slakes the yre of wrong they should rears,
 Of their complaints as now I spea no mair.
 Of Auchinleck in Kilbank dwelling there,
 When he heard tell of Wallace vexation,

To Cartland wood with ten men made him bow;
 Wallace he found some part within the night,
 To Lanerk town in the haste they them dight.
 The watch as then of them had little bread:
 Parted their men, then diverse wayes yeed:
 Sir John the Graham and his good company,
 Unto Sir Robert Thorn full fast they by:
 Wallace and his to Heselrig they past,
 In an high house where he was sleeping fast:
 Strake at the doore with his foot hardily,
 A while bar and brayes in the floor gart he ly.
 The Sheriff cryed, who makes this great bray?
 Wallace, he said, which thou hast sought this day,
 The womans death, will God, thou shalt hear by.
 Heselrig thought it was no time to ly.
 Out of the house full fain he would have been:
 The night was mirk yet Wallace hath him seen:
 Fiercely him strake as he came in great yre,
 Upon the head buistit through bone and lyre.
 The wearing sword glaid to the shoulder bone,
 Out over the stair amongst them he is gone.
 Good Auchenkirk crowed not that he was dead,
 Thise with a knife he strake him in that stead.
 The scry about rose rudely in that street,
 Feil of the lave were fulzie under feet.
 Young Heselrig and twicht Wallace is meet,
 A sicker stroke Wallace hath on him set,
 Dertly to death over the stair dang him down:
 Damp that night he slew in Lanerk town.
 Some griesles lap, and some sicked within,
 Effared they were with hideous noise and din.
 Sir John the Graham had set the house on fire,
 Where Robert Thorn was burnt up bone and lyre.
 Twelve score they slew that were of England born;
 Women they lived and Priests, on the morn,
 To pass their way of bliss, and goods bare,
 And swoze that they again should come no mair,
 When Scots heard these fine tydings of new,
 Out of all parts to Wallace fast they drew:

Pleinist the crown, which was their heritage.
 Thus Wallace strave against that great barnage,
 As he began with stiff and stalward hand,
 As cheereis again some rowms in Scotland.
 The worthy Scots that stumbled to him there,
 Chooled him for chief, their Captain and leader.
 Aymer Wallace a felloe tyrant Knight,
 In Bothwell dwelt, King Edwards man full right,
 Murray was out, though he was righteous Lord,
 Of all that land, as true men will record :
 Into Arrane he was dwelling that tide,
 And other men in this Land durst not bide.
 But this false Knight in Bothwell winning was.
 A man he gart loon to King Edward pass,
 And told him whole of Wallace ordinance,
 How he had put his people to mischance,
 And plainly was rising again to reign :
 Grieved thereat right greatly was the King.
 Through all England he gart his doers cry,
 Power to get, and said he should plainly
 In Scotland pass, that Realm to statute new :
 Fell men of war to him right fast they drew.
 The Queen felt well how that his purpose was :
 To him she went, on knees then can she pass,
 He would best, and not to Scotland gang,
 He should have deid to work a felloe wrong :
 Chastised they are, yon is their heritage :
 To reave their crown, it is a great outrage.
 For her counsel at home he would not bide,
 His Lords him sent in Scotland for to ride.
 The Scotsman that dwelt with King Edward,
 When he heard tell that Wallace took such part,
 He stole from them as privily as he may.
 In Scotland then he came upon a day,
 Seeking Wallace he made him ready boton.
 This Scot was born in Kyle at Richartoun,
 All England coast he knew it wonder well,
 From Hull about to Biffow every deal :

From Carlisle through Sandwich that royal head :
 From Dover over unto Saint Bayes head.
 In Picardie and Flanders both had been,
 All Normandie and France hath he seen :
 A Pursebant to King Edward in wear :
 But he could never gar him arms bear.
 Of great stature, and part gray was he,
 The Englishmen called him but Gynnisbie.
 To Wallace came, and into Kyle him fand,
 He told him whole the tydings of England.
 They turned his name from time they him knew,
 And called him Jop, of engine he was true,
 In all his time good service in him fand,
 Gave him to bear the arms of Scotland.
 Wallace again in Clidowale soon he cadd,
 And his power sembled withoutten bade.
 He gart command, who would his peace take,
 A free remit he should gar to him make,
 For all kin deid that they hav done befor.
 The Perses peace, and Sir Rannalds was wor.
 Feil to him drew that hololy durst abide,
 Of Wallace kin of many divers side.
 Sir Rannald then sent him his power bail,
 Himself durst not be known into battel
 Against Sutheron : for he had made a band,
 Long time before, to hold of them his land.
 Adam Wallace past out of Richartown,
 And Robert Boyd, with good men of renown.
 Of Cunningham and Kyle came men of bail,
 To Lanerk fought on horse a thousand hail.
 Sir John the Graham, and his good Chevalry,
 Sir John of Cinto with men that he might by :
 Good Auchinleck that Wallace uncle was :
 Many true Scots with their Chiffrain could pass.
 Three thousand whole of likely men of wear.
 And feil on foot which wanted horse and gear.
 The time by this was coming upon hand,
 The awful host with Edward of England.

The Battle of Bigger.

TD Bigger came with sixty thousand men,
 In war weeds that cruel was to ken.
 They planted there fell tents and pavilions,
 Where Clarions blew with many mighty sounds.
 Plenisht that place with victual and wine;
 In carts brought their purveyance full fine.
 This awful King gart two Heralds be brought
 Gave them command in all the haste they mought
 To charge Wallace that he should come him till,
 Without promise, and put him in his will:
 Because I wot he is a Gentleman:
 Come in my grace, and I shall save him than.
 As for his life, I will upon me take:
 And after this, if he will service make,
 Shall have wage that may him well suffice.
 That Rebald weens, for he hath done surprise
 To my people, oft upon adventure,
 Against me that he may long endure.
 To this proffer gainstanding if he be,
 Here I avow, he shall be hanged be.
 The young Squyer was brother to Fehew,
 Thought he would go disguised to persue,
 Wallace to see that took so high a part:
 Born sister son he was to King Edward.
 A coat of Arms he took on him but bad,
 With the Herald's full privily forth rade,
 To Tinto hill withoutten residence,
 Where Wallace lay with his folk at defence,
 A likely host, as of so few they fand.
 To him they sought, and would no longer stand.
 If ye be he that ruleth all this thing.
 Credence we have brought from our worthy King.
 Then Wallace caus'd three Knights unto him call
 Then read the writ in presence of them all.
 To them he said: Answer ye shall not crave,
 By word or writ, which likes you best to have.

In wit, they said, it were the likeliest :

Then Wallace thus began to dyte in haste.

Thou river King, thou chargest me through case,

That I should come, and put me in thy grace:

If I gainstand, thou heighest to hang me,

I vow to God, and ever I may take thee,

Thou shalt be hanged, an example to give,

To King of reis, as long as I may live.

Thou proffers me of thy wages to have :

I thee defy, power, and all the leave,

That helps thee here of thy stout Nation.

Will God thou shalt be put from this Region,

Or die therefore, contrare tho' thou hadst sworn

Thou shalt us see before nine hours at morn,

Battel to give, mauger of all thy kin,

For falsly thou seekest our Realm within.

This wit he gave to the Herald but mair,

A good reward he gart deliver him there.

But Top knew well the Squer young Feshe,

And told Wallace, for he was very true.

He then commanded, that they should him take,

Himself began soe accusing to make.

Squer, he said, since thou hast feigned arms,

On thee so shall fall some part of these harms,

Exampis to give to thy stout Nation,

Upon the hill he gart then set him down,

Stroke off his head ere he would further go.

To the Herald said then withouten ho :

Because to arms thou art false and mansworn,

Through thy cheek thy tongue shall be out-thorn.

When that was done, then to the third said he :

Arms to judge thou shalt never graithy see,

He gart a smith with a turkis right there.

Dull out his eyes, then gave him leave to see.

To your false King, thy fellow shall thee lead,

With this answer, turne him his Devoys head.

Thus

Thus sore I dread the King and all his host.
 His dumb fellows led him into the host.
 When King Edward his heralds thus had seen,
 In proper yre he grew near wood for teen,
 That he wist not in what wise him to speak,
 For sorrow almost, one word he could not speak.
 A long while he stood withing in a rage,
 On loud he said: This is a fell outrage.
 This deed to Scots full sore it shall be bought,
 So despiteful in world was never wrought.
 From this Region I think not for to gang,
 Till time that I shall see this Rebel hang.
 I let him thus insyte and sorrow dwell,
 Of the good Scots shortly I will you tell.

Forth from his men then Wallace railed right,
 To him he called Sir John Cinto the Knight,
 And let him woe to wisse he would go.

The English host, and bade him tell no mo,
 What ever they spiered, till that he come again.

Wallace disguised, thus bowed he over plain,
 Betwixt Culter and Bigger as he past,

He was ware where a work-man came fast

Dubing a mare, and pitchers for to sell.

Good friend, he said, in truth wilt thou me tell,

With this chauffray where passest thou truly?

To any place, who liketh for to buy:

It is my craft, and I would sell them fain.

I will them buy, so God me help from pain.

What price, let hear, I will have them ilk ane?

But half a mark, for such price have I tane.

Twenty shillings, Wallace said, thou shalt have:

I will have mare pitchers, and all the lawe is

Thy gown and hose, in haste put then off syne,

And make a change, for I shall give thee mine:

And thine old hood, because it is threed-bare.

The man wend well he had scorned him there.

Thou tarry nought, it is sooth that I lay.

The man cast off his feeble weed of gray,

And Wallace his, then payed silver in hand.
 Pass on, he said, thou art a bad merchand.
 The gotten and hole of clay that clagged was,
 The heed heekled, and then made him to pass.
 The ship he took, and forth the mair can call,
 Attour the brae the upmost part gart fall :
 Brake on the ground : The man leugh at his fair,
 But thou beware thou times of thy chauffair.
 The sun by that was pass'd out of sight,
 The day was gone, and coming was the night.
 Amongst the Sutheron till busily he pass,
 On either side his eyes he can well cast,
 How Lodas lay, and had their lodging made,
 The pabillon where that the Leopards bade,
 Spying full fast tohere his avail might be.
 He could well wink, and look up with one eye :
 Some scorned him, some glyd carle call'd him there,
 Agrieved they were of their Heraulds misfave.
 Some asked o' him, how he sold of the best ?
 For four pennies, he said, while they may lest.
 Some brake a part, some pricked at his eye.
 Wallace staid out privatly, and let them be :
 Unto the hoast again he pass'd right.
 His men by then had tane Cinto the Knight :
 Sir John the Graham gart bind him wonder fast,
 For he wist well he was with Wallace last.
 Some bad burn him, some hang him in a cord :
 They swore that he deceived had their Lord.
 Wallace by this was entred them among,
 To him he peed, and would not tarry long :
 Then he gart loose him out of these bands so new,
 And said, he was both sober, wile, and true.
 To supper soon bownd but more abade,
 He told to them what market he had made,
 And how that he the Sutheron saw full well.
 Sir John the Graham displeased was some deal,
 And said to him : Not Chistain-like it was,
 Through wilfulness in such peril to pass.

Wallace

Wallace answered : Ere we win Scotland free,
 Both ye and I in peril more must be,
 And many other, the which full worthy is.
 Now of one thing we be some part in miss;
 A little sleep I would fain that we had,
 With you men then look how we may us glad.
 The worthy Scots took good rest while near day,
 Then rose they up, & array soon ordained they,
 The hill is left, and to a plain are gane.
 Wallace himself the vanguard first hath tane :
 With him was Boyd and Auchinleck but dead,
 With a thousand of worthy men in bred.
 As many then in the middle-ward put he,
 Sir John the Graham he gart their Leader be,
 With him young Adam the Lord of Richartown,
 Which doughty was, and als of great renown.
 The third thousand in reere-ward he bight,
 To Walter gave of Melbrigging the Knight,
 With him Cinto that doughty was indeed,
 And David, son to Sir Walter, to lead :
 Behind them near the foot-men gart he be,
 And bade them bide while they their time might see,
 Be want weapons and harness in this tide,
 The first counter ye may not them abide.
 Wallace caus'd soon the Chieftain to him call,
 His charge he gabe, for chance that may befall.
 To take no heed to gear, nor yet pillage,
 For they will flee as wood men in a rage,
 Win first the men, the goods then ye may have,
 And take no tent of covetise to crave :
 Through covetise men lose both goods and life :
 If you command forbear such in our strife.
 Look ye save none, Lord, Captain, nor yet Knight,
 For worship work, and for our elders right.
 God bless us all, that we in our voyage,
 Put this stout folk out of our heritage.
 Then they inclined all with a good will,
 His plain command they heght it to fulfill.

On the great Hoast the parties can forth draw,
 Coming to them out of the South. they saw
 Three hundred men into their armour clear,
 The gainest long to them approached near.
 Wallace said soon, These are no Englishmen,
 For by this Hoast the gates full well they ken.
 Them halloay those men he guided right,
 From Annandale he had led them that night.
 His two good sons Johnstoun and Rutherford.
 Wallace was blyth when that he heard that word:
 So was the lave of that good Chivalry.
 Jardan came thers into their Company,
 And Kirkpatrick before in Eskdale was,
 A loing they were in Wallace Hoast to pass.
 The English watch that night has been on fier,
 Drove to their host, right as the day can pier.
 Wallace knew well (for he before has seen)
 The Kings pavilion, where it had busked been:
 Then with rich hoste the Scots upon them came,
 At the first counter so great abasing made,
 That all the hoast astonishat that sight,
 Full many one verily to death they bight,
 Fell of them then were out of their array,
 The more awfull and hastie was the fray.
 The noise was hudge through straits that they bang,
 The rummer rose so rudely them among,
 That all the hoast was then in point to flee.
 The wise Lords, fra they the peril set,
 The fellon fray als railed was about,
 And helo their King stood in so meikle doubt:
 To his pavilion full many thousand sought,
 Him to rescue by any way they mought,
 The Earl of Kent that night toaking had been,
 With five thousand of men in armour keen:
 About the King full suddenly they gang,
 And trust him well the assaillie was right strang.
 All Wallace folk in use of war was good,
 Into the flour soon lighted where they stood:

Whomso-

Whomsoever they hit, no harness might them flint,
 Fra they on foot assembled with swords dint.
 Of man-hood they in hearts ful cruel was.
 They thought to win, or never hence to pass.
 Feil Englishmen before the King they slew:
 Sir John the Graham came with his power new,
 Amongst the host, with the middle-ward he rode,
 Great martyrdom on Sutheron men they made:
 The vire-ward they set on so hardily,
 With rebigging, and all their Chevalry.
 Pavilion ropes they cutted all in sunder,
 Bore to the ground, and many smored under.
 The foot-men came, of which I spake of air,
 On frayed folks with strokes sad and sair:
 Though they before wanted both horse and gear,
 Enough they got, what they would need to wear.
 The Scots power then altogether met,
 The Kings pavilion brimly down they beat.
 The Earl of Kent with a good axe in hand,
 Into the flour full stoutly he could stand
 Before the King, making a great debate:
 Who best dur then, he had the highest state.
 The fellow flour so stalwart was and strong,
 Thereto continued marvellous and long.
 Dettallace himself full sadly could persue,
 And at a stroke the chief captain he slew.
 The Sutheron folk fled fast, and durst not bide,
 Haled their King, and off the field can ride.
 Against his will, he was full loath to flee.
 Yet in that time he had no will to die.
 Of his best men thies thousand there were dead,
 Ere he could find to flee, and leave that stead.
 Twenty thousand fled with him in a flail.
 The Scots got horse, and followed the battel:
 Through Culter hope, before they wan the hight,
 Feil Sutheron folk were marred in the night,
 Slain by the gate, as their King fled away.
 But fair and bright, and right clear was the day.

The Sun risen, shining over hill and dale,
 Then Wallace cast what was his best avail.
 The fleeing folk that off the field first past,
 Unto the King again assembled fast:
 From either side so many assembled there,
 Then Wallace would not follow them no more:
 Before he rode, gart his folk turn again:
 Of Englishmen seven thousand there was slain:
 Then Wallace hoast again to Bigger rode,
 Where Englishmen great purveyance had made:
 The Jewelry as they were hither led,
 Pavilions and all they left when as they fled.
 The Scots got gold, good gear, and other wage,
 Relieved they were that parted that pillage.
 To meat they went with great mirth and pleasure,
 They spared not King Edwards purveyance.
 With solace then a little sleep they took,
 A privat watch he gart amongst them look.
 Two Cooks there fell, their lives then for to save,
 With dead corpses which lay unput in grave:
 When they saw well the Scots-men were at rest,
 Out of the field to steal they thought it best.
 Full low they crept till they were out of sight,
 After the hoast then ran in all their might.
 When that the Scots had slept but a while,
 Then rose they up, for Wallace dreadd guile:
 He said to them: The Sutheron may perleue
 Again to us, for they are folk anew:
 Where Englishmen provision make in wear,
 It is full hard to do them meikle deare.
 On this plain field we will not then abide,
 To some good place my purpose is to ride.
 The purveyance that left was in that stead,
 To Roppis bog he gart servants it lead,
 With ordinance that Sutheron brought on there.
 He with his hoast to David-hall can fare,
 Where they remained a great part of the day,
 Of Englishmen yet something will I say:

As King Edward through Enter hope is sought,
When he perceived the Scots followed nought,
In Johns Grave he gart his Healt hide still :
Feil fleeing tolks assembled loon him till.
When they were met, the King near waxed mad,
For his dear kin that he there loled had.
His two Emis into the field were slain.
His second son that meikel was of main.
His brother Heto was killed there full cold.
The Earl of Kent that cruel was and bold,
With great worship took dead before the King :
For him he mourned so long as he might reign.
At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
The two cooks loon came in at his hand,
And told to him how they escaped were,
The Scots all as swine lyes drunken there,
Of your wight wine ye gart us thither lead,
Full well ye may be venged of their deed,
Upon their lives, is sooth that we you tell :
Return again, ye shall find them your sell.
He blamed them, and said : No wit it was,
That he again for such a tale should pass.
Their Chitain is right marvellous in wear,
From such peril he can them well forbear :
For to seek more as now I will not ride,
Our meat is lost, therefore we may not hide,
The hardy Duke of Longcastle and Lord,
Soveraign he said, to our counsel conoord :
If this be true, we may the more avail,
Wee may them win, and make but light trabel.
Wherez pon folk dead that now against us stand,
Then need we not for meat to leave the land.
The King answered : I will not ride again,
As at this time, my purpose is in plain,
The Duke said : Sir, if ye determined be,
To move you more effeires not unto me :
Command your power again with me to wend,
And I of this shall see the final end.

Ten thousand whole he charged for to ride.
 Here is the strength, all night I shall you hide.
 We may get meat of bestial in this land,
 Good drink as now we may not bring in hand.
 Of Wiltshurland the Lord had met him there,
 On with the Duke he graithed him to fare :
 At the first stroke with them he had not been,
 With him he led a thousand well beken :
 And Ricard Lord was with a thousand bolon,
 Of King Edward he kepten Calice token.
 Thete twelve thousand into the town can fare,
 The thy Captains soon met them at Bigger,
 With the whole stuff of Roxburgh and Berwick.
 Sir Rauf Gray saw that they were Sutheron like,
 Out of the South approached to their sight.
 He knew full well with him it was not right.
 Aymar Malallage with his power came als,
 King Edwards man, a tyrant Knight and false.
 When they were met, they found not else there,
 But dead corles, and they were woiled bare.
 Then marvelled they where the Scots should be,
 Of them about, appearance they could not see :
 But spyer them told, that came with Sir Aymar,
 In David shaw they saw them make repayr.
 Then fell Sutheron soon passed to that place :
 The watch was ware, and told it to Malallage.
 He warned the Host out of the town to ride,
 In Ropes bog he purposed to bide.
 A little shaw upon the one side was,
 That men on foot out of the Bog might pass.
 The horse they left into that little hold,
 On foot they thought the Hols that they should hold,
 The English Host had well their passage seen,
 And followed fast with cruel men and keen.
 They troved that Bog might make them little bail.
 Grown over with rips, and all the shawen was hail :
 On them to ride, they ordained with great yre,
 Of the foremost a thousand in the myre.
 Of horse with men are plunged in the deep. The

The Scots of their coming took good keep :
Upon them set with straiks sad and sair,
Pee'd none away of all that entred there.
Light men on foot upon them verily dang,
Fell under horse was smored in that thrang,
Stamped in Hols, and with rude hors overgane :
The worthy Scots the dry land then have tane.
Upon the leave fighting full wonder fast,
And many groom they made full sois agast.
The Englishmen that busie were in wear,
Assayled tope them from the Hols to bear,
On either side : but then it was no boot,
The strength they held right awfully on foot :
To men and horse gave many greivous wound.
Fell to the death, they sticket in that sound.
The Picard Lord assayled sharply there,
Upon the Graham, with straiks sad and sair :
Sir John the Graham with a stiff sword of steel,
His bright birnis he pierced every deal,
Through all the stuff, and sticket him in that stead,
Thus of his dint the bold Picard was dead.
The English host took plain part for to flee,
In their returning the Scots gart many die.
Wallace would fain at the Wallange have ben,
Of Westmoreland the Lord was them between.
Wallace on him he set an awful dinc,
Through banet & stuff that no steel might out stinc :
Dertly to death he left him in that place,
So that false Knight escaped through this case.
Good Robert Boyd hath with a Captain met,
De Warwick then, a sad straik on him set,
Without the Craig, and carbed the pelant,
Through all his weed in sunder stroke the bane,
Fell horse-men fled fast, and durst not abyde.
Rebuted evil, unto the King they ryde,
The Duke him told of all his journey hail,
His heart for yis boldned in bitter bail,
Dyghly he thought he should never London see,
On Wallace deed, while he revenged be,

He lost his men again, as he did air :
 Thus south he sought with great sorrows and care,
 Then at the Kirk a little tarry made,
 Then through the land over Sullway fast they rade :
 The Scots Hoast a night remained still,
 Upon the morn they spoiled with good will.
 The dead corpes caried to Braidwood was with care,
 At a counsel three dayes they sojourned there :
 At the Forrest Kirk a meeting ordained he :
 They choosed Wallace, Scots warden for to be,
 Trusting he should their painful sorrow cease,
 He received all that would come in his peace,
 Sir William came that Lord of Douglas was,
 Forsook Edward, at Wallace peace can ask :
 In that thirlage he would no longer be.
 Tribute before to England payed he.
 In contrare Scots with them he never rade,
 Far better chear Wallace therefore him made.
 Thus treated he and cherist wonder fair,
 True Scottisshmen that felowry made him there,
 And gave full greatly feil goods that he loan,
 He spared it nought to no good Scottisshman.
 Who would rebel, and go contrair the right,
 He punisht sore, were he Squire or Knight.
 Thus marveilously good Wallace took in hand.
 Likely he was, right fair, and well farrand,
 Manly and stout, and therewith liberal,
 Pleasant and wise, in all good general.
 To slay forsooth Sutheron he spared nought.
 To Scottisshmen full great profit he brought,
 Into the South forsooth then passed he,
 As him best thought he ruled that Countrie.
 Sheriffs he made that cruel was and keen,
 And Captains of true wise Scots-men.
 From Gamplespath the land obeyed him hail,
 To Ar water both strength forest and dail.
 Against him in Galloway house was none,
 Except Wigtoun bigged of lime and stone.

That

That Captain heard the ruling of Wallace,
 Away by sea he stole out of that place:
 Leaved all waite, and could to England wend:
 But Wallace soon a keeper to it send,
 A good Squyer, and to name he was call'd
 Adam Gorboun, as the story me tald.

A strength there was at the water of Cree,
 Within a rock right stalwart wrought of tree,
 A gate before, no man might to it win,
 But the consent of them that dwelt therein.
 On the back-side a rock and water was,
 A strait entry forsooth there was to pass:
 To vissy it, Wallace himself soon went:
 Fra he it saw, he call in his intent
 To win the hold: he hath chosen a gate,
 That they within should make little debate.
 His power whole he gart hide out of sight,
 But thre with him, while time that it was night,
 Then took two when that the night was dim,
 Steven of Ireland, and Keirly that could clim,
 Up soon they went against that rock so strong,
 Thus entered they the Sutheron men among,
 The watch before took no heed to that side,
 These thre in feir son to the Porter glide:
 Good Wallace then strake the Porter himself,
 Dead over the rock into the dike he fell,
 Let down the bridge, and blew the horn on hight.
 The bushment brake, and came in all their might:
 At their soun will soon entered in that place:
 To Englishmen they did full little grace.
 Sixty they slew, in that place was no mo,
 But an old Priest, and simple women two.
 Great purveyance was in that rock to spend.
 Wallace staid still, while it was at an end.
 Brake down the strength, both bridge & bullwark all,
 Out over the rock they gart the timber fall:
 Under the gate, and would no longer hyde.
 In Carrick then they bownd them to ryde:
 Hasten them not, but soberly can fare.

To Turnbury: that Captain was at Aire,
 With Lord Perrie, to take his counsel hail.
 Wallace purpose that place for to assail:
 A woman told when the Captain was gone,
 Good men of fence into that stead was none.
 They filled the dyke with earth and timber hail,
 Then fired the house, no succour might avail:
 A Priest there was, and Gentle-women therein,
 Which in their manner made hideous noise and din:
 Percy, they cryed, for him that dyed on tree.
 Wallace gart slack the fire, and let them be.
 To make defence, no mo was leaved there.
 He them commanded out of the Land to fere.
 Spoyled the place, and spile all that they mought,
 Upon the morn to Cumnuck soon they fought,
 To Lanerch then, and let a time of Aire,
 Wilboers feil he gart be punisht there.
 To the good true men he gave a noble wage,
 His brighters sons put to their heritage.
 To black craig of Cumnuck pass again,
 His household let with men of meikle main.
 A thre moneths there he dwelt into good rest,
 The subtils Sutheron found well it was the best,
 Trews to take, for to elche a chance,
 To further this they sent for Knight Wallace.
 Bothwel yet that treasure keeped still,
 And Aire all whole was at Lord Perries will.
 Through great supply of the Captain of Aire,
 The Bishop Beik in Glasgou he dwelt there.
 Carl of Stanfurd was Chancellor of England.
 With Sir Aymar this treasure took in hand,
 To procure Peace by any manner of ease:
 A rare condusi they purchast of Wallace:
 In Ruglan Riek the trest there have they set,
 And promise made to meet Wallace but let,
 The day of this approachid wonder fast,
 The great Chancellour and Aymar thither pass,
 Then Wallace came, and his men well beleeen,
 With him they arrayed all in green:

ilk one of them a bow and arrowes bear,
 with long swords, the which full sharply hear.
 within the Kirk so soon th y curren had,
 Unto his prayer he past but more abate:
 Then up he rose, and to his trest he went,
 And his good men full cruel of intent,
 In yre he grew, that traiturs when he saw,
 The Englishmen of his face stood great awe:
 What ruled him that he did none outrage.
 The Earl beheld fast to his his courage:
 Forthoughe some part that he came to that place,
 Greatly abased for the dole of his face.
 Sir Aymar said: This speech ye must begin,
 He will not bow to no Prince of your kin.
 All ordered ye are. I trust you may speak well,
 For all England he will not break a deal,
 His safe conduct where he makes a band:
 The Chancellor then proffered him his hand:
 Wallace stood still, and could no hands take,
 Friendship to them no likelihoods would make.
 Sir Aymar said: Wallace, ye understand,
 This is a Lord, and Chancellor of England:
 To salute him ye may be proper shail.
 without thoue while he made answer him till:
 Such saluting I use to Englishmen:
 So shall they have, where ever I may them ken.
 At my power, that make I God a vow,
 Out of the conduct if that I had him now;
 But for my life, and all my land so brade,
 I will not break the promise that is made.
 I had rather at mine own will have thee,
 without conduct, that I might broken be
 Of thy false deed thou dost in this Region.
 Than of pure gold a King with his ransom.
 But for my hand, I will as now let be.
 Chancellor, say forth what ye desire of me.
 The Chancellor said: The most part of this thing,
 To procure peace, I am sent from the King.

With

With the great Seal, and voice of his Parliament
 What I bind here, our barnage shall consent
 Wallace answered: Over little mends we have,
 Then of our right ye occupy the lave:
 Quite-claim our land, and we shall not deny.
 The Chancellor said: Of no such charge have I.
 We will give gold, ere our purpose should fail.
 Then Wallace said: In waste is that travel:
 We ask no gold by favour of your kin,
 In war of you we take what we may win.
 Abashed he was to make answer again.
 Wallace said: Sir, we jangle all in vain;
 My counsel gives, I will no fable make,
 As for a final peace now to take.
 Not for my self, that I bind your seal,
 I cannot troth that ever you will be leal.
 But poor folk that greatly have been surpris'd,
 I will take peace, while further ye be advis'd.
 Then bound they thus, there should be no debate,
 Castles and towns should stand in their ilk state,
 From that day forth, while a year was at end:
 Sealed this peace, and took their leave to wend.
 Wallace from them passed into the west,
 Made plain repaire where that him liked best.
 Yet sore he dread that they should him deceive:
 The Indentour to Sir Rannald he gave,
 His dear uncle, where it might keep'd be.
 In Cumnoke then to his dwelling went he.
 The end of the Sixth Book.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace burnt the Barns of Aire, and put Bishop Beik out of Glasgow, and slew Lord Perse.

In Februar besel the famine case,
 That Englishmen took trechos with Wallace:

This

This passeth over till March alway was sought,
The Englishmen cast all the wayes they mought,
With subtilie and wicked conclusion,
The worthy Scots to put to confusion.
Into April the King of England came
In Cumberland, to Buntret from his hame,
Into Carlisle to a counsel he yerd,
Wherof the Scots might have full meikel yerd.
Many Captains that were of England born,
Thither they past, sembled the King beforen.
No Scotsman to counsel was there call'd,
But Sir Aymar that traitour was of ald:
At him they spierid: How they should take in hand,
The righteous blood to ilroy out of Scotland?
Sir Aymar said: Their Chieftain can well do,
Right wise in war, and hath great power too:
And now this traitor gives them such hardement,
That to your faith they will not all consent:
But would ye do right, as I can you lear,
This peace to them it should be sold full dear.
Then deemed he the fierce Sutheron amang,
How they best might the Scots Barrons hang.
Four great Barns at that tyme stood in Ayr,
Wrought for the King, when his bigging was there.
Bigged about that no man enter might,
But one at once, nor have o' other light:
A Justice made which was of meikel main,
There ordained they these Lords should be slain:
The Lord Perth of this matter they said,
With sad advise again to them he said:
These men with me have kepted truth so lang,
Deceitfully I may not see them hang:
I am their fo, and warn will I them nought:
So I be quite, I care not what be wrought.
From thence I will, and toward Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop, to hear of his new law.
Then choosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Which Arncliffe heght, as mine Anchop will tell,

Of South-Hampton he beght both heir and Lord,
 He undertook to pinz them with a cord.
 Another Aise in Glatgou ordained they,
 For Cliddisdale men to stand the self-same day.
 Then charged them in allwayes earnestly,
 By no kin mean Mallace shoulde scape them by:
 For well they wist and these men were overthron,
 They might at will brook Scotland as their own.
 This band they closed under their seals full fast,
 They fought over mure again King Edward past,
 The new Justice received was in Aise,
 The Lord Perle can unto Glatgou fare.
 This Aise was set in June the eighteen day,
 And plainly cryed, no free men were away.
 The Scots marvelled, and peace rane in the land,
 Why Englishmen such mastery took in hand.
 Sir Rannald set a day before this Aise,
 At Wontokon Kirk, his friends to meet him there.
 William Mallace unto the tryst can pass,
 For he as then Warden of Scotland was.
 Thus Master John a worthy Clerk was there,
 His kin he charged to hyde from that Aise.
 Right well he wist, fra Perle lest that land,
 Great peril was to Scots appearand.
 Mallace from them into the Kirk he yed,
 Water-noller he laid, and als a Creed,
 Then to the Grace then leened him soberly,
 Upon a sleep he fell full suddenly.
 Cleland followed; and saw him fall on sleep,
 He made no noyse, but wisely counth him keep:
 In that slumber coming he thought he saw,
 A stalwart man that toward him counth daw,
 Soon by the hand he hint him hastily,
 I am, he said, in voyage charged to thee.
 A sword him gave of buvely burnisht steel.
 Good son, he said, this sword thou shalt brook well.
 Of copassion he thought the plummet was,
 Both hilt and all, glittering as the glass.
 Dear son, he said, wot tarry here too long, thou

Thou shalt go see where wrought is meikel wrong:
Then he him led to a mountain on hight,
The world he thought he might see at one sight:
He left him there, and then from him he went,
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent.
To see him there he had full great desire,
Therewith he saw begin a felloe fire,
Which brashly burnt broadly out through the land,
Scotland all over, from Ross to Sulway land.
Then soon to him descended there a Queen,
Illuminate, bright, shining full bright and sheen:
In her presence appeared so meikel light,
That all the fire she put out of his sight:
Gave him a wand of colour red and green,
With a saphir sayned his face and een:
Welcome, she said, I choole thee to my love:
Thou art granted, by the great God above,
To help people that suffer meikel wrong:
With thee as now I may not tarry long,
Thou shalt return to thine own Hoast again,
Thy dearest kin are hers in meikel pain.
This right Region thou must redeem it all,
The last reward on earth shall be but smal.
Let not therefore, take redress of this misg,
To thy reward thou shalt have heavens bliss.
Of her right hand she becaught him a book,
Humbly thus her leave then she took,
Unto the clouds ascended out of sight.
Wallace took up the book in all his might:
In three parts the book well written was,
The first letters were grois letters of brass,
The second gold, the third fine silver green;
Wallace marvelled what this writing should mean,
To read the book he busied him so fast,
His spirit again to weakening minds it past,
And up he rose, then suddenly forth went,
This Clerk he found, and told him his intent,
Of his vision, as I have said before,
Completely forth, what needs words more? dear

Dear son, he said, my wit unable is,
 To ratifie such, for dread I lay amiss :
 Yet I will deem, though my cunning be smal :
 God grant that no charge after my words fall.
 That stalwart man gave thee that sword in hand,
 Fergus it was, first winner of Scotland :
 That mountain is where he thee had on hight,
 Knowledge to have of wrong which thou must right
 That fire shal be feil tydings ere ye part,
 Which will be told in many sundry art.
 I cannot twot what Queen that that will be,
 But it be Fortune, a Lady whiles right free,
 The pretty wand, I trow by mine intent.
 Betokens rule, and cruel chastisement.
 The red colour who graithly understood,
 Betokens all to great battel and blood.
 The green, courage, that thou art now among,
 In trouble and war thou shalt continue long.
 The saphire stone, she blessed thee withall,
 Is happy chance, will God, shall to thee fall.
 The three-fold book is but this broken Land,
 Thou must redeem, by worthiness of hand.
 The brasse letters betoken but to this,
 The great oppress of war, and meikel miss,
 The which thou shalt bring to the right again :
 But thou therefore must suffer meikel pain.
 The gold betokens honour and worthiness,
 Victorie in arms, manhood and nobleness.
 The silver shows clean life, and heavens bliss
 To thy reward, that mirth thou shalt not miss.
 Dread not therefore, be out of all despair :
 Further as now hersel I can no mair.
 He thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane,
 To Cosbie then with his Uncle rade hame,
 With mirths thus all night sojourned there.
 Upon the morn they graithed them to Aire,
 And forth they rad till they came to Rincace :
 With dreadful heart thus spiered good Wallace

At Sir Rannald, for their Charter of Peace.
 Now, he said, these words are no lies,
 It is leaved at Corbie in the kist,
 Whither thou it laid, thereof none other wist.
 Wallace answered: Had we it here to have,
 And they be false, we shall not enter aye.
 Dear son, he said, I pray thee pass again,
 Though thou wouldst send, thy travel were in vain,
 But thou or I, none can it bring this ryde.
 Great grace it was made him again to ryde.
 Wallace returned, took none with him but three,
 None of them knew of this Indentour but he.
 Unhappily led, forbid him could he nought,
 Of false deceit this good Knight had no thought.
 Sir Rannald rode but resting to the town,
 Missing nothing of all this false treason:
 That wicked Sign so ruled that Planet,
 Saturn as then was in his highest state,
 Above Juno in his melancholy,
 Jupiter and Mars ay cruel of envy:
 Saturn as then advanced his nature,
 Of tyranny he power had and cure.
 Rebels rules in many free Nation,
 Troublous weather makes many ships to drown.
 His preaching was with Pluto in the Sea,
 As of the Land full of iniquitie.
 He wakens war full of pestilence,
 Filling of wars with cruel violence:
 Popson is ripe amongst these other things,
 Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings,
 When Sampson pulled to ground the pillar,
 Saturn was then into his highest sphere.
 At Thebes also of his power they tell,
 Amphiaras sank through the earth to hell.
 Of the Trojan he had full meikel cure,
 When Achilles at Troy slew good Hector.
 Burdeous spent, and many Cities mo,
 His power yet hath no hap to ho.

In broad Biltane feil vengeance hath been seen.
 Of this, and more, ye wot well what I mean.
 But to this house that stalwart was and strong,
 Sir Rannald came, and might not tarry long.
 A bala was knit all full of ropes keen,
 Such a Col-booth since then was never seen.
 Strong men were set the entry for to hold,
 None might win in but one, as they were call'd.
 Sir Rannald first, to make rewey for his Land.
 The Knight went in, and wou.d no longer stand,
 A running cord they slipped over his head,
 Wad to the balk, and hang'd him to the dead,
 Sir Bruce the Blair: next after in he past,
 Unto the death they haited him full fast:
 By he was entred, his head was in the mare,
 Knit to the balk, hang'd to death right there.
 The third entres, great pry was for thy,
 A gentie Knight, Sir Iseil Montgomerie:
 And other feil of landed men about.
 Many went in, but no Scotsman came out,
 Of estallact part they put to that deef dead,
 Many Crawwards so ended in that strad.
 Of Carrick men Kennedys slew they als,
 And kind Cambells, that never has been false.
 They rebelled not against their righteous Crown.
 Sutherton for they put them to confusion.
 Barksyes, Bogos, and Stewards of good kin:
 No Scot escap'd that time that entred in.
 Upon the balk they hang'd many pair,
 Beane them dead, in a nook coult them there.
 Since the first time that any war was wrought,
 To such a beach so many yeed their nought,
 Upon one day through curies wayonsless:
 Vengeance of this out through the kindred yeed:
 Granted it was from the great God of Heaven,
 He ordain'd that law wou'd be their heven,
 To the false Saxons, for their false Judgement.
 Their wickednes over all the world is went.
 Ye Noble men that are of Scotish kind,

Thair

Their pitious death ye keep it in your mind,
 And us revenge when we are set in throng :
 Dolour it is hereon to tarry long.
 Thus eighteen scope dertly to death they dight,
 Of Barons bold, and many worthy Knight.
 When they had slain the worthiest was there,
 For weak people no longer they would spare.
 Into the graith cullt them out off that stead,
 As they were born, spoiled, bare, and dead,
 Good Robert Boyd into the tavern yerd,
 With twenty men that bought were indeed,
 Of Wallace house, full cruel of intent,
 He governed them, when Wallace was absent.
 Keirly returned with his Waffer again,
 Cleland and Boyd that meikel was of main.
 Steven of Ireland went forth into the street,
 A true woman full soon with him could meet :
 He spiered at her : What happened in Airc ?
 Sorow, he said, is nothing else there.
 Fearedly she said : Alace, where is Wallace ?
 From us again he passed at Kincace.
 So warn his folk, and charge them off the town,
 To keep himself I shall be ready boun.
 With her as then no more tarry he made,
 To his fellows he went withoutten bade.
 And to them told of all this great misfait,
 To Laglaue wood they bouned withoutten wait.
 By this Wallace was coming wonder fast.
 For his friends he was full sore agast :
 Unto the Barn ladly he could persue,
 To enter in, for he no peril knew :
 This true woman upon him loud can call :
 O fairs, Wallace, full tempest is befall,
 Our best men slain, great pity is to see,
 As bestral hounes hanged over a tree,
 Our true Barons by caw and riss past in.
 Wallace weeped for great loss of his kin,
 That with uncase upon his hope he had,

Hope for to spier to this woman he rade :
 Dear Alice, he said, if thou the truth can tell,
 Is mine Cme dead ? Or how the case befell ?
 Out of yon Barn forthlooth, I saw him born,
 Naked laid, low, and cold earch him becom.
 His frosty mouth I kissed in that stead,
 Right now manlike, now bare and brought to dead ;
 And with a cloath I covered his lichame ;
 For in his life he did never woman shame.
 His sisters son thou art, worthy and wight,
 Revenge his death, for Gods sake, at the might :
 Als I shall help, as I am woman true.
 Dear wight, he said, great God, if that thou kneth
 Good Robert Boyd, where ever thou can him see,
 William Crasford also, if he living be :
 Goant Wallace would help me in this strife :
 I pray to God to send them all on life.
 For Gods sake bid them soon come to me :
 The Justice Junes thou spy for charity,
 And in what feir that they their lodging make :
 Soon after that we shall our purpose take.
 Into Laglane which hath their succour been,
 Adue Parket, and welcome woods green.
 Hereof as then to her he spake no mair,
 His bundle turned, and from her can he fare :
 Such mourning made for his dear worthy kin,
 He thought for bail, his breast near breik in twain.
 As he thus rade in great anger and tein,
 Of Englishmen there followed him fifteen,
 Might wailed men, that toward him could drave,
 With a Mace, to teach him to the Law :
 Wallace returned in grief and matalent,
 Dashed his sword drakon, amongst them soon he went :
 The middle of one he marked soon in twa,
 The other there upon the head can ta.
 The third he strake, and through the coast him clave :
 The fourth to ground right deffly down he drave :
 The fifth he hit in great yre in that stead,
 Without

Without rescue dreadles he left them dead.
 Then his three men had slain the other five,
 From them the lave escaped with their life :
 Fled to their Lord, and told him of this case.
 To Laglane woods then rode wight Wallace.
 The Sutheron said : That one he hit right,
 Without mercy dreadles to death was right.
 Warbel they had such strength in one should be,
 One of their men at each stroke he gart die.
 Then deemed they it should be Wallace wight,
 To their language then answered an old Knight :
 Forsooth he said, be he escaped this Aite,
 All your new deed, is eeking of your care.
 The Justice said, when there such rumors rose :
 He would be feared and there came many foes.
 That for one man, me think ye like to flee,
 And wots not yet indeed if it be he :
 And tho it were, I count him but full light,
 Who bides here, each gentleman shall be Knight.
 I think to deal their lands whole the morn,
 To you about that are of England born.
 The Sutheron dreve to their lodging but maie,
 Four thousand whole that night was into Aite,
 In great barns bigged without the roddon,
 The Justice lay, with many bold Barcon.
 Then he gart cry about these wains wine,
 No Scots bairn amongst them there should byde.
 To the Castle he would not pass for sale, (please
 But sojourned there with things that might him
 Great purveyance by sea was to them brought,
 With wine and ail, the best that could be bought :
 No watch was set, because they had no doubt
 Of Scots men that living was without.
 Labourd in mind they had been all that day,
 Of ail and wine enough chosen had they,
 As beaflike folk took of themselves no keep,
 In their veins soon flaid the sleathful sleep :
 Thorough foul gluttony in swair sloapper like stine,
 Their

Their Chiftain was great Bacchus god of wine.
 This wile woman long time amongst them was,
 Feil men she learned, and gart to Lagiane pass,
 Her self foremost: when they with Wallace met,
 Some comfort then into his heart was set.
 When he them saw, he thanked God of might.
 Thyngs he asked, the woman told him right,
 Sleeping as swine are all yon fierce meinie,
 No Scots man is in yon Companie.
 Then Wallace said: If they all drunken be,
 I call it best with fire them for to see.
 Of good men three hundred to him fought:
 The woman told three true buggeses that brought
 Out of the tolon both noble ail and bread,
 And other stuff, as meikie as they might lead.
 They ate and drank, the Scots men that mought,
 The nobles then, for hach to Wallace brought:
 Sadly he said: Dear friends, now ye see,
 Our kin are slain, therefore is great pitie,
 Throughe foul murder, the great despise is more:
 Now some remedy I would we see therfore:
 Suppose that I was made warden to be,
 Part are away such charge is put to me,
 And ye are here come in of als good blood,
 And righteous horn, by adventure als good.
 Als forward fair, als likely in person,
 As ever I was: then for conclusion,
 Let us choise fyve of this good companie,
 Then cavela call who shall our master be:
 Wallace and Bogd, and Catesford of renoskil,
 And Adam als then Lord of Richarston.
 His father then was vided with sickness,
 God hath him tane into his lasting Grace.
 The fifth Auchinlek, is now a noble man:
 Cavela to call about the fyve began.
 It would on him, for ought they would devise
 Continually, while they had cassen this.
 Then Wallace rose and out a sword can draw:
 He said: I vow to the maker of aw,

And

And to Mary his Mother Virgin clear,
 Mine uncles death now shall be sold full dear,
 With many moe of our dear worthy kin :
 First ere I eat or drink, I shall begin :
 For death or sleep shall never remain with me,
 Of this tempest while I avenged be :
 Then all inclined right humble of one accord,
 And him received as their Chieftain and Lord.
 Wallace a Lord he may be taken well,
 Though rural folk thereof have little feel,
 They deem no Lord, but Lands be their part.
 Had he the world, and be wretched in heart,
 He is no Lord : but to the worthiness :
 It cannot be but freedom, Lordliness.
 At the Rode they make full many one,
 Which worthy are, yet lands have they none,
 This discussing we leave Heraulds to end,
 Unto my matter briefly I will wend.
 Wallace commanded a Burgels for to get
 First cask enough, that his dear Dice might set
 At ilk gate where Sutheron were on a rade,
 And twenty men he gart soon twiddies chade.
 Each man upon his arms a pair he therto,
 Unto the town full fast they can perleto.
 The woman past before him subtilly,
 Talked each gate, they needed not go by,
 Then fastned they the doore with twiddies fast,
 To stapil and helpe, with many sicker cast.
 Wallace gart Boyd near hand the Castle ga,
 With fifty men a jeopardie to ma :
 If any escape the fire when that they saw,
 All fast the gate he ordained them to drato :
 The rest with him about the barns yerd :
 This true woman him served well indeed :
 With lint and fire that hasty kendale would,
 In every nook they fastned beates bold.
 Wallace commanded to all his men about,
 No Sutheron men that they should let break out.
 Wharsover he be, rescues of their kin,

From

From the red fire, himself shall pass therein.
 The lemand low soon lanced upon hight,
 Forsooth, he said, this is a pleasant sight,
 To our hearts it shall be some redress,
 Where they away their power were the less.
 Unto the Justice himself on loud can call,
 Let us to brough our men from your false tale,
 That living are, and scaped from your fire,
 Deal not their land, the unlato is over faire:
 Then hadst no right, it shall on thee be seen:
 The rumour rose with careful cry and keen.
 The hail-fire burnt right humly upon loit,
 To sleeping men their waking was unsoft.
 The sight without was awful for to see,
 In all the world no greater pain might be,
 Then they within suffered for to dwell,
 That ever was brought, or Purgatory, but Hell.
 A pain of Hell well near it may be call'd,
 Made folk in fire hampered manyfold.
 Feil-biggings burnt that worthy were and twight,
 Got none away, knave, Captain, nor Knight,
 When brands fell of roof-trees them among.
 Some rudely rose in bitter pains strong.
 Some naked burnt with belches all away,
 Some never rose, but smored where they lay,
 Some rushed fast to fire, if they might win,
 Blinded with fire, their deeds were full dim.
 The reck filled with filth of carion,
 Amongst the fire right foul of infection:
 The people beired like wood beasts in that tyde,
 Within the wall ramping on either syde.
 Rumour with ruth, and many grievly groan,
 Some grimly grat, while their life days were gone:
 Some doys sought the entry for to get,
 But Scots men so wisely them beset,
 If any brake by adventure of that head,
 With swords soon hymed they were to dead,
 Or else again by force driven in the fire:
 There scaped none, but burnt bone and lyre.

the

The stink skailed of dead bodles so wide,
 The Scots abhorred near hand them for to hyde,
 Fed to the wind; and let them even alone,
 While the red fire had not fierce blood overgone.
 A frier, Drumlatw, was Dyer then of Airc,
 Seven score with him that night took harbory there,
 Into his Innes, for he might not them let.
 While near mid-night a watch on them he set.
 Himself tooks well, while he the fir. saw rise,
 Some mends he thought to take of that surprise.
 His brethren seven soon to harness they yerd,
 Himself Chistain, the remanent to lead.
 The best they wail of armour and good gear,
 Then weapons took right alosful in effair.
 These eight Friers in thre parts they go,
 With swords drawn, in every house yerd two,
 Soon entred in where Sutheron sleeping were.
 Upon them set with straiks sad and sair:
 Feil freiks there the Friers sang to dead:
 Some naked fled, and got out of that dead:
 The water sought, abased out of sleep:
 In the Friers well that was both long and deep,
 Feil of them fell, that brake out of that place,
 Drownd to ground, and dead withonten grace.
 Slain and drownd was all that harbored there,
 Men call it yet: The Friers blessing of Airc.
 Few folk of bail was lived upon case.
 In the Castle, Lord Persie from that place,
 Before the Airc from thence to Glasgowe dretu,
 Of wine and stuff, it was to purvey new.
 Yet they within saw the fire burning stout,
 With short advise ished, and made no doubt,
 The bushment then, as warriors wise and wight,
 Let them alons, and to the house past right.
 Boyd toan the port, entred with all his men,
 Keepers in it were left but nine or ten.
 The formost soon himself sealed in hand.
 Made quire of him, then slew all that he fand.
 Of purveyance in the Castle was none,

Short

Short time before from it Perth was gone.
 The Earl Arnulf had perceived that hold,
 Who in the toren was burnt to powder cold.
 Bode gart remain of his men twenty still,
 Himself past forth to wit of Wallace will.
 Keeping the toren while naught was leaved there,
 But the wood fire, and bigging burnt full bare.
 Of likely men that were born of England,
 By sword and fire, that night died five thousand.
 When Wallace men were well together met:
 Good friends, he said, ye know that there was set,
 Such Law as this now into Glasgow town,
 The Bishop Beik, and Perth of renown:
 Therefore I will in haste ye thither fare,
 Of our good kin some part is toled there.
 He gart soon the Burchers to him call,
 And gawe command in general to them all,
 In keeping they should take the house of Air,
 And held it whole, while some that we hear maie.
 To hyde our King, Castles I would we had.
 Till we be don all, we may be deirish too had.
 They gart meat come for he had callid lang:
 Little he took, then borrowd him to gang.
 More they choole that Sutheron had brought there,
 Ane at will, and off the town can fare.
 Right wonder fast rode this good Chevalry,
 Three hundred whole was in that Company;
 To Glasgows bridge that bigged was of tree,
 Soon pasted over, ere Sutheron might them see.
 Lord Perth twicht that buke was in wear,
 Semblid his men right awful in effair,
 Then deemed they all that it was twicht Wallace,
 He had before escaped through many cais.
 The Bishop Beik, and Perth that was twicht,
 A thousand led of men in arms bright.
 Wallace saw well what number sembled there,
 He made his men in two parte for to fare,
 Craithed them well without the torens end,

He called Auchinlek, for he the passage kend.
 Uncle, he said, be busy in the wear,
 Whether will ye the Bishops tail up bear,
 Or pass before, and take his bennison.
 He answered him with right short provision:
 Unbithopped yet, forsooth I trow ye be,
 Your self shall first his blessing take for me:
 For sickerly ye served it best to night,
 To bear his tail we shall with all our might.
 Wallace answered: since we must sundry gang,
 Peril it is if ye hyde from us lang:
 For you are men will not be soon agast.
 From time we meet, for Gods sake hy you fast,
 Our sundring I would no Sutheron saw,
 Behind comes in thro the North-east rath.
 Good men of war are in Northumberland.
 They parted thus, took other by the hand.
 Auchinlek said: we shall do as we may,
 We would like evil to hyde ought long away,
 A houseous flail betwixt us soon must be;
 But to the right Almighty God have eye.
 Adam Wallace and Auchinlek was bolon,
 Seven score with them on back-side of the coloun.
 Right fast they yeed, while they were out of sight.
 The other part arraped them full right.
 Wallace and Boyd the plain street up can go,
 The Sutheron marvelled because they saw no mo:
 Their Ensenzie cryed on the Persies side,
 With Bishop Beik, that boldly could abide.
 A sore semble was at their meeting seen,
 As fire from flint it fared them betwixen.
 The hardy Scots right awofully them abade,
 Brought feil to ground through weed that was well.
 Pierced plates with points stiff of steel, (made.
 By force of hand gart many cruel kneel.
 The strong flour rose as smook about them fast,
 Or mist through Sun, up to the clouds past.
 To help himself, each one had meikle need:

The worthy Scots stood in a fellen dread,
 Yet forward fast they pressed for to be,
 And they on them; great wonder was to see.
 The Perles men in war were used well,
 Right mercely fought, and sonziet not a deal.
 Adam Wallace, and Auchinlek came in,
 A part of Sucheron right cruelly they stoin,
 Returned to them as noble men of war,
 The Scots got rovin, and many doun they bear.
 The new counter assailed them so fast,
 Through Englishmen made strops at the last.
 Then Wallace left into the felon throng,
 With his good sword, that heavy was and long,
 At Perles face with a good will he bare,
 Both bone and brain the rushed steel through share.
 Three hundred men when Lord Perle was dead,
 Out of the gate the Bishop Beik they lead.
 For then them thought it was no time to hyde,
 By the Frier Kirk, to a wood there besyde :
 In the Forrest forlooth they carryed nought.
 On fresh horse to Bothwell soon they sought.
 Wallace followed with worthy men and wight :
 Forfeughen they were, and travelled all the night,
 Per fell they flew into that chase that day :
 The Bishop fell, and good men got away :
 Appiar Wallange rescued them in that place,
 That Knight full olt did great harm to Wallace.
 Wallace began that night at ten hours in Ayr :
 On day by nine in Glagow sembled there :
 By one after noon at Bothwell yet he was,
 Reproved Wallange ere he would further pass :
 Then turned again, as witnesses well the book,
 To Dundaff rode, and there resting he took :
 Told good Sir John of their tydings in Ayr,
 Great mean he made, he was not with him there.
 Wallace sojourned in Dundaff at his will,
 Five days out, till tydings came him till,
 Out of the hight where good men were forloyn,

For Buchan rose, Athole, Menteith and Lorn,
 Upon Argyle a fellon war they make.
 For Edwards sake this they can undertake.
 The Knight Campbel in Argyle then was still,
 With his good men, against King Edwards will,
 And kept free Lochow his heritage,
 But Makfadyeane did him great outrage.
 This Makfadyeane to Englishmen had sworn,
 Edward gave to him both Argyle and Lorn.
 False John of Lorn to that gitt can accord,
 In England then he was new made a Lord.
 Thus falsely he gave over his heritage,
 And took at London of Edward a great wage.
 Duncan of Lorn yet for the Land strave,
 While Makfadyeane over set him with the lave :
 Put him on force to good Campbel the Knight,
 Which into war was wise, worthy and might.
 This Makfadyeane was entred into Scotland,
 And marvellously that tyrant took in hand.
 With his power, the which I spake of Ayr,
 These three Lordships assembled to him there.
 Fifteen thousand of cursed folk indeed,
 Of all gathering, the host he had to lead,
 And many of them was out of Ireland brought,
 Bairns nor wives, that people spared nought,
 Wasted the Land as far as they might ga :
 These beastly folk could not but burn and sla :
 Into Lochow he entred suddenly,
 The good Knight Campbel saw good defence for thy,
 To Craighumys with three hundred he yed,
 That strength they held, for all their cruel feed.
 Then brake the bridge that they should over pass,
 But through a foord where narrow passage was,
 Abandonly Campbel against them bade.
 Fast upon Aue, that was both deep and braid.
 Makfadyeane was upon the other syde,
 And there on force behoved him to byde :
 For at the foord he durst not enter out,

For good Campbel might set him then in doubt.
 Makfadycan tought, and a small passage fand,
 Had he leasure, he might pass of the land,
 Betwixt a rock and a great water tide :
 But four in front, three might none go nor ride,
 Into Lochow was bristal great plentie,
 Where that he thought with all his hoast to be,
 And other such, that they had with them brought :
 But all his hoast availed him right nought.
 Duncan of Lorn hath seen this sudden cail,
 From good Campbel he went to seek Wallace,
 Some help to get of their torment and teen,
 Together before in Dundie they had been,
 Learning at school, into their tender age :
 He thought to slack Makfadyeans hie courage.
 Gilchrist then, with Duncan forth had wight,
 A guide he was, a foot man wonder wight.
 Soon got they wit where Wallace lodged was.
 With their complaint to his preience they pass.
 Earl Malcolm als the Kennor held at place,
 With his good men to Wallace can he prease.
 To him there came good Richard of Lundie,
 Into Dundall he would no longer tye.
 Sir John the Graham als loaned him to ride,
 Makfadyeans war so grievous him that tide.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace slew Makfadyean.

Then Wallace thought his great power to see,
 In what array he ruled that Countrey :
 The Rukby then kept with great wrong
 Strouling Castle, that Mallore was and strong ;
 When Wallace came by South it in a vale,
 To Earl Malcolm he said he would it sail :
 In divers parts he gart deliver his men,
 Of their power the Sutheron shoud not ken.
 Earl Malcolm bade in unhiment out of sight,
 Wallace with him took good Sir John the Knight
 And an hundred of wile war men about, through

Through Striviling rade, if any would ish one,
 Toward the brydge the gamest way they palse.
 When Ruikby saw toherz that their power was,
 He took seven score of Archers that was there,
 Upon Wallace they followed wonder fair,
 That fell bicker did them meikle dear,
 Wallace in hand gripped a noble spear.
 Again returned, and hath the foremost slain.
 Sir John the Graham, that meikle was of main,
 Amongst them rade with a good spear in hand,
 The first he slew that he before him fand :
 Upon another his spear in lunder yed :
 A sword he drele, which helped him in need,
 English Archers upon them can reneto,
 That his good horse with arrows soon they slew.
 On foot he was, when Wallace hath it seen,
 He lighted soon with men of arms full keen,
 Amongst the rout fighting full wonder fast,
 When Englishmen returned at the last :
 At the Castle they would have been full fain,
 But Earl Walcome with men of meikle main,
 Berwart the Sutheron and the gates yed,
 Many they slew that doughty were indeed :
 In the great preais Wallace and Ruikby met,
 With his good sword a fraik upon him set,
 Dertly to death the old Ruikby he drave,
 His two sons escaped amongst the lave,
 In the Castle, by adventure they yed,
 With thirty men, more escaped that dread.
 The Lennor men with their good Lord that was,
 From the Castle, they said they would not palse :
 For well they wist it might not hasten be
 For no long time, for they this ordained he.
 Earl Walcome took the house to keep that tyde.
 Wallace woult not from his first purpose hyde :
 In stance he made to this good Lord and wive,
 From them to palse he would in no kind wive,
 While that he had Striviling, the Castle strong.

True men him told, they might not hold it long,
 Then Wallace thought most on Makdougall,
 Of Scottishmen he had slain many ane.
 Wallace avowed, that he should broken be
 On that Rebel, or else therefore to die.
 Of tyranny King Edward thought him good,
 Low born he was, and als of simple blood.
 Thus Wallace was sore grieved in his intent,
 To this journey right earnestly he went.
 At Striveling bridge assembled to him right,
 Two thousand men that worthy were and wight,
 Toward Argyle he botoned him to ride,
 Duncan of Lorn was their true sicker guide.
 Of old Buikby the which I spake of air,
 Two sons on live in Striveling lived there.
 When those brethren conceived all at right.
 This house to hold, that they no longer might,
 For cause why they wanted men and meat,
 With Earl Malcome they made them for to treat,
 Space of their lives, and they that with them was,
 Gave over the house, then could to England pass.
 On the third day that Wallace from them rade,
 With King Edward full many years they bade.
 In Bruce's wars again came in Scotland,
 Striveling to keep, one of them took in hand.
 Mention of Bruce is oft in Wallace book,
 To send his right full meikel pain he took:
 Wherefore should I here tarry any ma,
 To Wallace forth now shortly will I ga.
 Duncan of Lorn, Gilnichil from him send,
 A spy to be, for he the Countrey kend,
 By our party was past by Straithfillan,
 The smel foot-folk began to irk ilk ane,
 And horie also on force behoud to fail,
 Then Wallace thought that company to weal.
 Good men, he said, this is not meet for us,
 In broken array, if we come to them thus.
 We may take skaith, and harm our foes but smal,
 To them in like we may not semble all.

Carry us long in plain field while they get,
 Upon them soon so well we may not let.
 Part we must leave, us following to be:
 With me shall pass our power into thee.
 Five hundred first to himself hath he tane,
 Of best-land men, were worthy know ilk ane.
 To Sir John the Graham as many obtained he,
 And five hundred to Richard of Lundie.
 In that part was Wallace of Richartown,
 In all good deed he was ay ready bowen.
 Five hundred left, and might not with them go,
 Suppose that they to hye was wonder wo.
 Thus Wallace host began to take hight
 Over a mountain, then passed out of sight:
 In Glendocher their spy met them again,
 With Lord Campbel, then was our folk right fain.
 At their meeting great blythness might be seen,
 Three hundred led that cruel were and keen:
 He comfort them, and bade them have no dread,
 For brailly folk they want weapons and word,
 Soon will they flee, and we shortly persue,
 To Loch Duchen full suddenly they drewe.
 Then Wallace said: And life we shal all ta,
 For here is none till from his fellow ga,
 Upon the Hols a scurriour soon found he,
 The spy they send, the Counreyy for to see.
 To scour the land Makfadyeen hat him send,
 Out of Craigmoxe that day he thought to wend,
 Oilmichil fast followed upon him there,
 With a good sword that well and sharply share,
 Made quite of him, that tydings told he nane,
 The out-spy thus was toled from Makfadyeen.
 Then Wallace host upon their foot can light,
 Their horse they left though they were never so wight,
 For mols and crang they might no longer dree,
 Then Wallace said: Witho gets best, let see:
 Out through the mols deliveredly they yee,
 Then took they hold, toherof they had most dread,
 Endlong

Endlong the shore, ay thrie in front they pass,
While all within were sembled at the last.

Lord Campbel said: we have chosen this hold,
I trow to God, their wakening shall be cold:

Here is no gate to flee yon people can,
But rocks high, and waters deep and wan.

Eighteen hundred of doughty men indeed,

On the great hoast but more process they yeed,

Fighting on front, and meikel mastery made.

The feyred folk busked withoutten bade:

Rudely to ray they rushed them again,

Great part of them were men of meikel main,

Good wallace men so stoutly can them steir,

The battel on back, five aiker brais they bear,

Into the flour seil tyrants gart they kneel:

Wallace in hand had a good sword of steel,

Whom ever he hit, himly down they bare,

Roumed him about a large rude and mair.

Sir John the Graham indeed was well worthie,

Good Campbel als, and Richard of Lundie.

Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyd in fear,

Amongst their foes there deids was sold dear.

The fellow flew was awful for to see.

Wakfadyan then, so great debate made he,

With Ireland men hardy and courageous:

The halwart strife right hard and perillous,

Abundance of blood, from wounds wise and wan,

Stricked to dead on ground lay many a man.

Two hours large into the flour they stand,

The fiercest, they enough of fighting fand:

That Jop himself well wist not who should win,

But Wallace men would not in lumber train:

To help themselves they were of hardy will,

Of Ireland blood full fellonly they spill:

With seil fighting made slops through the thrang,

On the false part our wight war men so bang,

That they to hove might have no longer might.

The Ireland folk then made them for the flight,

In craigs clam, and some in water set,

Two

Two thousand there drowned withouten let.
 Boyn Scots-men bade fill into the field,
 Cast tosapons them from, & on their knees kneel'd,
 With pitous voyes they cryed on Wallace,
 For Gods sake, to take them in his grace.
 Gueded he was, but mirth of them he had,
 Received them fair with countenance full sad:
 Of myghton blood he should have great pite,
 Look ye, slay none of Scots will yeiden be:
 Of out-land men, let none escape with their life,
 Bakaspean fled for all his fellow strife,
 Into a cave within a clift of stone,
 Under Craigmore, with fifty hath he gone.
 Duncan of Lorn his leave at Wallace askt,
 On Bakaspean with worthy men he past:
 He granted him to put them all to dead:
 They left none then, but brought Wallace his head,
 Upon a spear through the field it bare.
 The Lord Campbel then hent it by the hair,
 High on Craigmore he hight it for to stand,
 Still on the ston, for honour of Irland.
 The lyflike men that were of Scotland born,
 Soon at his faith he gart them all be sworn:
 Resolved them that would come to his fies,
 He let none slay that would come to his pris.
 After this deed in Lorn then could he fare,
 Ruled the Land had been in meikel care:
 In Ardebatane a counsil he gart cry,
 Where many men came to his Senjoury:
 All Lorn he gave to Duncan that was wight,
 And bade him hold in Scotland with the right.
 And thou Galt brook this land in heritage,
 Thy brothers son in London hath great roage:
 Wit will he come, he shal the Lands have.
 I would cure none that verie might save.
 Many true Scots to Wallace could persue,
 At Ardebatane from feil strengiths they drew:
 A good Knight came, and with him men firtie,
 He had been oft in many jeopardie.

With

With Englishmen, and souziet not a deal,
 Ay from their faith, he sended him full well:
 Kept him free, though King Edward had sworn
 Sir John Ramsay that righteous was born,
 Of Ochterhouse, and other Lands Lord,
 And Sheriffs als, as my book will record,
 Of noble blood, and old Ancestery,
 Continued well with worthy Chevalry.
 Into Strorhane long time he had been.
 At great debate amongst his enemies keen.
 Right wightly wan his living into wear.
 To him and his, Sutherson did meikel dear.
 Well he eichelwed, and suffered great distress,
 His son was called, the floure of courtlines,
 As witnesses well into this short treaty.
 After the Bruce, who reads that history.
 He ruled well both into war and peace,
 Alexander Ramsay to name he heght but lies.
 When it was wear to arms he him cast,
 Under the Crown he was one of the best.
 In time of peace to courtlines he yeed,
 But to gentrice he took no other heed.
 What Gentle-men had not with Ramsay been.
 Of courtlines they counted not a preen.
 Freedom and truth he had as men would as,
 Since he began, no better Squyer was.
 Roxburgh hold he wan right manfully,
 Then held it long, while traytours treasonably
 Caused his death, I will not tell you how.
 Of such things, I will go by as now.
 I have had blame to say the scorthastness,
 Therefore I will but lightly run that race.
 But it be thing that plainly slander is,
 For such, I trow, they should not deem no miss.
 Of Alexander as now I speak no more,
 His father came, as I you told before,
 Wallace of him right full great comfort he,
 For he well could do harming unto foes.

In war he was right meikel for to prife.
 Buly, and true, both leber, twicht, and wise.
 A good Prelat als to Ardechatan brought,
 Of his Lordship as then he broked nought,
 This worthy Clerk came in of his lineage,
 Of Sinkler blood not fourty years of age,
 Chosen he was by the Popes consent,
 Of Dunkeld Lord, was made with good intent.
 But Englishmen that Scotland griped hail,
 Of benefice they let him brok his smail.
 When he sawt well therfore he might not mite,
 To save his life, thre years he dwelt in Wite:
 Lived as he might, and keeped ay good part,
 Under safety of James then Lord Stewart.
 While good Wallace which Scotland wan w pain,
 Restored this Lord to his living again.
 And many mo which long had been overthrowen.
 Wallace them put righteously to their owen.
 The smail Hoall the which I spake of airc,
 Into the hight that Wallace leaved there,
 Came to the field where Bakfadyean had been,
 Took that was left, both weeds and weapons thren,
 Through Loyn they pass, as goodly as they can,
 Of their number they had not lost one man,
 On the fifth day they wan to Ardechatan,
 Where Wallace bairt with good men many an.
 He welcomed them upon a goodly wise,
 And said: They were right meikel for to prife.
 All true Scots he honoured into wear,
 Gave that he wan, himself keeped no gear.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace wan S. Johnstoun.

When Wallace would no longer sojourn there
 From Ardechatan out through y land they fare
 Toward Dunkeld, with good men of renown,
 His most thought then was of Saint Johnstoun.
 He called Ramsay, that good Knight great of vaill,
 Sadly advised, besought him of counsil: Of

Of Saint Johnstoun now have I remembrance,
 There have I been, and losed men by chance :
 But ay for one we gart ten of them ois,
 And yet me thinks that is no mends for ois.
 I would assay from this land ere we gang,
 And lee them wit they occupy here forang.
 Then Ramsay said : That town they may not keep,
 The walls are low, suppose the ditch be deep :
 We have a wiew, that shall them cumber so,
 Fill up the dyke that we may plainly go
 In plain battel, a thousand over at anes,
 From this power they shall not hold yon twaines.
 Wallace was glad that he such comfort made.
 Forth talking thus, unto Dunkeld they rade.
 Three dayes there they longed with pleasure,
 While time they had fore-seen their ordinance.
 Ramsay gart big great Bastailies of tree.
 By good wrightes, the best of that Countrie.
 When they were wrought betraught them men to lead
 The water down, while they came near that stead.
 Sir John Ramsay right goodly was their guide,
 Ruled them well at his will for to hyde :
 The great hoast then about the Village pass,
 With earth and stone they filled dykes fast :
 Flaiks they made on timber long and hight,
 A roven passage to the walls they dight.
 Feil Bastailies right strongly up they rose,
 With men of arms soon to assayly goes.
 Sir John the Graham, & Ramsay that was wight,
 The curate bridge assieged in all their night.
 And Wallace self at mid-side of the town,
 Good men of arms that was to bargin down.
 The Sutheron men made great defence that tyde,
 With artallie that fellon was to hyde :
 With tablaker ganzie and stokes fast,
 And hand-guns right brimly out they cast :
 Funziet with spears as men of arms keen.
 The noble Scots that worthy ay have been,
 At hand-strikes fra they together met,

with

With Sutherland blood their weapons soon they wet.
 Yet Englishmen that worthy were in wear,
 Into that flour right boldly can them bear:
 But all for nought availed them that deed,
 The Scots through force upon them in they need:
 A thousand men over wals yeed hastily,
 Into the town rose hideous noise and cry.
 Ramlay and Graham the curate gate bath win,
 And entred in, where great strife bid begin,
 A true Snyper, which Ruthwen heght to name.
 Came to the assault with good Sir John Graham,
 Thirty with him, of men that proved well,
 Amongst their foes, with weapons stiff as steel.
 When that the Scots assembled on either side,
 No Sutherland was that might their diats abide:
 Two thousand soon were foyled under feet,
 Of Sutherland blood they stiked in the street.
 Sir John Stewart saw lost the town was fine,
 Took him to flight, and would no longer stint,
 In a light Barge, and with him men sixtie,
 The water down, sought succour to Dundie.
 Wallace had still while the fourth day at morn,
 And left none there that was of England born.
 Riches they got, both gold and other good,
 Plenisht the town again with Scots blood.
 Ruthwen he left their Captain for to be,
 In hern self gave him the Office of fee,
 Of all Strathern, and Sheriff of the town,
 Then in the north good Wallace made him bon.
 In Aberdeen he gart a counsel cry,
 True Scottish-men should assemble hastily,
 To Colchester he rade, to visit that Abbay:
 The English Abbot was fled from thence away.
 Bishop Sinkler without longer abate,
 Met them at Glams, syn forth with them he rade:
 Into Brechin they lodged all that night.
 Soon on the morn Wallace gart graich at right,
 Displayed abroad the Banner of Scotland,
 In good array, with noble men at hand. caus'd

Caus'd plainly cry, that saven should be none
 Of Sutherland blood, where they might be overgone.
 In plain battel throughout the Merus they rade.
 The Englishmen that durst not them abide,
 Before the host full fearfully they flee
 To Dunnoer, a strength within the sea.
 No further they might win out of the Land,
 They sembled there, while they were four thousand.
 To the Kirk they ran, & thought girth to have tane,
 The lave remained upon the rock of stane:
 The Bishop then began treaty to ma,
 Their lives to get, out of the Land to ga:
 But they were red, and durst not well assay:
 Wallace in fire caus'd set all hastily,
 Burent up the Kirk, and all that was therein:
 Attour the rock the lave ran with great din.
 Some hung on craigs right doletully to die:
 Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea:
 No Sutherland on life was leaved in that hold,
 And they within were burent to powder cold.
 Ethen this was done, they fell on knees down,
 At the Bishop asked absolution.
 Then Wallace leugh, and said: I forgive you all:
 Are ye war-men that repents for so smal?
 They retorned us not within the tolen of Airc,
 Our true Barrons when that they hanged there.
 To Aberdeen then safely can they pass,
 Where Englishmen right busie sitting was.
 An hundred ships that ruther bear and airc,
 To tursle their goods in Haven were biding there.
 But Wallace host came on them suddenly.
 There scaped none of all that great Navy:
 But feil servants in them was lived none,
 At an eb sea the Scots is on them gone,
 Took out the gear, then set the ships on fire,
 The men on land they burent both hont and fyre.
 Peed none away, but Priests, wives, and bairns:
 Hade they debate, they scaped none but harms.
 Into Buchan, Wallace made him to rege, where

Where Lord Belmont was ordained to abyde:
 For he was made but of short time before,
 He brooked it not for all his houseous hoire.
 When he wist well that Wallace coming was,
 He left the Land, and could to Glanis pass,
 And then by ship fled in England again.
 Wallace rade through the North-land into plain:
 At Cromarty feil Englishmen they flew,
 The worthy Scots unto him could persue.
 Returned again, and came to Aberdene,
 With his blyth hoast, upon the Lammas even.
 Enablight the Land, as he thought best to be,
 Then with an hoast he passed to Dundie.

C H A P. I V.

How Wallace laid a sledge to Dundie, and gave
 battel to kirkingham Thesaurer to King Edward,
 and the Earl of Warran, at Striviling bridge.

Cart set a sledge about the Castle strang.
 I leave him there, and further will I gang.
 Sir Aymar Wallangs hasted him full fast.
 Into England with his whole household past.
 Both wel he left, was Murrays heritage,
 And took him then to go to Edwards wage.
 Thus his own Land he left for evermair,
 Of Wallace deed great tydings told he there.
 Als Englishmen sore mourned in their mood,
 That soled here both life, lands, and good:
 Toward as then could not in Scotland fare,
 But Kirkingham that was his Thesaurer,
 With him a Lord that Carl was of Warran,
 He charged them with numbers many an,
 Richte well besen in Scotland for to ryde,
 At Striviling still he ordained them to hyde,
 While he might come with ordnance of England:
 Scotland again he thought to take on hand.
 This hoast past forth, and had but little dread,
 The Earl Patrick received them at Thew.
 Walice he had at good Wallace before, Long

Long time by pass, and that increased more;
 But through a case it hapned of his wife,
 Dumbair from him he helo it into a strife,
 Through the supply of Wallace into plain,
 But he by means got this Castle again:
 Long time ere then, and yet he could not cease,
 Against Wallace he proved in many a prease,
 With Englishmen supplied them at his might,
 Contrair Scotland they wrought full great unright,
 Their muster then was awful for to see.
 Of fighting men thousands there were sixtie:
 To Striveling bridge past ere they liked to hyde,
 To Earl. Balcome a hedge they laid that tide,
 And thought to keep the command of their King,
 But good Wallace wrought for another thing.
 Duabie he left, and made a good Chistain,
 With two thousand to keep that hault of stane,
 Of North land men, and dwellers at Dundie,
 The samne night to Saint Johnston went he.
 Upon the morn to Sheriff-mure he rode,
 And there a while in good array he bode.
 Sir John the Graham said: we have undertant,
 With less power, such thing that well is gant.
 Thend Wallace said: where such things comes of nee,
 We should thank God, that makes us for to speed.
 But near the bridge my purpose is to be,
 And work for them some subtle jeopardie.
 Ramay answered: The bridge we may keep well,
 Of way about, the Sutheron have little feil.
 Wallace sent For the battel for to set,
 To Rosslogay next to fight withouten let:
 On saturday unto the bridge they rad,
 Of good plain boords was well and jointly made.
 Gave watchis wait, that none should to them pass,
 A wright he took, the subtilst that was,
 And ordained him to saw the boords in two,
 By the mids trest, that none might out it go:
 On cornal bands nailed it full soon,

Then

And Longoveil the worthy Knight Sir Thomas,
 Proved well there, and many other place :
 Against his dint few Englishmen might stand.
 Wallace in him great faith and kindnes fand.
 The Sutheron part saw well the town was tint,
 Fiercely they fled, as fire doth from the flint.
 Some fled, some fell into draw-dykes full deep,
 Some to the Kirk, their lives if they might keep.
 Some fled to Tay, and in smal vessels yed :
 Some verily dyed, and drowned in that dead.
 Sir John Stewart at the west gate out past,
 To Ruthven wood he sped him wonder fast.
 An hundred men the Kirk took for succour :
 But Wallace would no grace grant them that hour
 He bade slay all o' them Sutheron kin,
 Them for to slay he thought it was no sin.
 Four hundred men without the town were dead,
 Seven score on life scaped out of that dead.
 Wives and bairns they made them for to go,
 With Wallace wail, he would slay none of tho :
 Riches they found that Englishmen brought new,
 Plentiful the town with worthy Scots and true.
 Sir John Stewart left Ruthven forrest strong,
 Went to the Gask full fast Sutheron among.
 And then in Fyfe, where Wallace Sheriff was,
 Made currions soon out through the land to pass,
 And gathered men a stalwart company,
 To Ahterardor he drew them privily :
 Ordained them in ready bargain bowen,
 Again he thought to assail Salsat Johnstoun,
 Where Wallace lay, and would no longer rest :
 Ruled the town as then him likest best.
 Sir John Ramsay great Captain ordained he,
 Ruthven Sheriff at one accord to be.
 This charge he gave if men them warning made,
 To come to him withoutten more abade :
 And so they was when tydings was them brought,
 With an hundred Wallace forth from them sought.
 Chap.

Long time by past, and that increaseth more:
But through a case it hapned of his wife,
Dumbar from him he held it into a strife,
Through the supply of wallace into plain,
But he by means got this Castle again:
Long time was then, and yet he could not ce

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A wright he took, the subtillest that was,
And ordained him to saw the boord in two,
By the mids tress, that none might over it go:
On cornal bands nailed it full soon,

The

Or Sir William Wallace,

And Longobell the worthy Knight Sir Thomas,
Droved well there, and many other place :

Against his dint few Englishmen might stand.

Wallace in him great faith and kindnes fand.

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As fire doth from the flint.

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In charge he gave if men them warning made,

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So to they did when tidings was them brought,

With an hundred Wallace forth from them sought.

Chap.

Long time by pass, and that increased more:
 But through a case it hapned of his wife,
 Dumbair from him he helo it into a strife,
 Through the supply of Wallace into plain,
 But he by means got this Castle again:
 Long time ere then, and yet he could not cease,
 Against Wallace he proved in many a preise,
 With Engishmen supplied them at his might,
 Contrair Scotland they brought full great unright,
 Their master then was awful for to see.
 Of fighting men thousands there were litle:
 To Strirling bridge past ere they liked to hyde,
 To Earl Walcome a hedge they lay that tide,
 And thought to keep the command of their King,
 But good Wallace brought for another thing.
 Dundie he left, and made a good Chiffain,
 With two thousand to keep that hault of stane,
 Of North land men, and dwellers at Dundie,
 The samme night to Saint Johnston went he.
 Upon the morn to Sheriff-mure he rode,
 And there a while in good array he bode.
 Sir John the Graham said: we have undertane,
 With less power, such thing that well is gane.
 Then Wallace said: where such things comes of use,
 We shoud thank God, that makes us for to speed.
 But near the bridge my purpose is to be,
 And work for them some subtil jeopardie.
 Ramsay answered: The bridge we may keep well,
 Of way about, the Suthron have litle feil.
 Wallace sent Jop the batter for to set,
 To twelvey next to fight withoutten let:
 On saturday unto the budge they radz,
 Of good plain boerks was well and jointly made.
 Gair matches wait, that none shoud to them pale
 A wright he took, the subtil that was,
 And ordained him to saw the boerks in two,
 By the into tree, that none might out it go:
 On copal bands nailed it full soon,

Then

And Longobell the worthy Knight Sir Thomas,
Proved well there, and many other place :
Against his dint few Englishmen might stand.
Wallace in him great faith and kindness fand.
The Sutherland part saw well the town was tint,
Fiercely they fled, as fire doth from the flint.
Some fled, some fell into draw-dykes full deep,
Some to the Kirk, their lives if they might keep.
Some fled to Tay, and in smal vessels yed :
Some verily dyed, and drowned in that dead.
Sir John Stewart at the west gate out past,
To Perthwen soon he spied him wonder fast.
An hundred men the Kirk took for succour :
But Wallace wou'd no grace grant them that hour
He bad slay all o' them Sutherland kin,
Them say to slay he thought it was no sin.
Four hundred men without the town were dead,
Seven more on the scaes out of that dead.
Wives and bairns they made them for to go,
With Wallace wou'd, he wou'd slay none of tho :
Riches they found that Englishmen brought new,
Plenish the town with worthy Scots and true.
Sir John Stewart left Perthwen forrest strong,
Went to the Gask full fast Sutherland among.
And then in ffe, where Wallace Sheriff was,
Hade couriers soon out through the land to pass,
And gathered men a stalwart company,
To Ahterardor he drew them privily :
Ordained them in ready bargain bolden,
Again he thought to assail Salat Johnston,
Where Wallace lay, and wou'd no longer rest :
Ruled the town as then him likest best.
Sir John Ramsay great Captain ordained he,
Ruthwen Sheriff at one accord to be.
This charge he gave if men them warning made,
To come to him withoutten more abade :
And so they was when tydings was them brought,
With an hundred Wallace forth from them sought.
Chap.

The Battel of *Black-Irn-side*.

IN Fyfe he past to vissy that Countrie,
 But wrong warned of Englishmen was he,
 Sir John Stewart when they were passed by,
 From the Schel he sped him hastily,
 Upon Wallace followed with all his might :
 In Abernethy took lodging the first night:
 Upon the morn with fifteen hundred men,
 To Black-Irn-side, as his guides could him ken.
 There Wallace was, and might no message send
 To Saint Johnston, to make his journey kend
 For Englishmen that full subtil hath been,
 Great watches warnd that none should pass betwene
 When Wallace said : this matter likes not me.
 He called to him the Squyer good Guthrie,
 And Bisset als, that knew full well the land,
 And asked of them, what deed was best on hand
 Message to make, our power for to get,
 Which said Guthrieon we will be unwelet :
 And wicked Scots that knowes the Forrest best,
 They are the cause that we may get no rest.
 I dread far more Wallace that is the guide,
 Then all the rest that comes upon that side.
 Then Guthrie said : might we get once over Tay
 To Saint Johnston it were the gainest way.
 To warn Ramsay, we would get succour soon :
 Over sooth it is, that cannot well be done,
 Right well I wot, vessel is leaved nane,
 From the Wood-haven to the ferry called Arran.
 Then Wallace said : the water awfull is,
 My self can swim. I trow, and I le not mis :
 But curier use accordeth not for me,
 And leave you here, yet I had rather die.
 Through Gods grace we shall better eschew,
 The strength is strong, and we were men aneu,
 In Elchok park but forty men were we,

For seven hundred. and gart feil Sutheron die.
Escaped well in many unlikely place,
So thal we here through the help of Gods grace.
While we may last, we may this wood hold still :
Therefore each man be true of hardy will,
And that we do so nobly into deed,
Of us be found after no lack to need.
The right is ours, we should more ardent be,
I think to free this Land, or else to die,
His wailed speech, with wit and hardiment,
Made all the rest so cruel of intent :
Some bade take field and give battel in plain.
Wallace said : No these words are all in vain :
We will not leave that may be our vantage,
This wood to us is worth a whole years wage.
Of hewn timber in haste he gart them take,
Spies of oak, and a great berreries make,
At a fore-front into the Forrest side,
Made a great strength where they purposed to hide:
Stelled them fast to trees that growing was,
That they might well in from the berreries pass,
And see thair avail on either side about.
Then come again, when they saw there was doubt.
So that this strength arrayed was at right.
The English Host approached to their sight.
Then Stewart came. that way for to have went,
That they were wont. his guides so him kend.
At thair entry they thought to have passage,
But soon they found that made them great stoppage.
A thousand he led of men of armour strang,
With five hundred he gart John Wallange gang.
Without the wood, that none should scape them ro,
Wallace with him had forty Archers thro,
The rest were spears, full noble in a deed,
On their enemies they bickert with good speed.
A cruel counter was at the berreries seen.
The Scots defence so liker was and keen,
Sutheron stood aly to enter them among,

Feil to the ground they overthrow in that throng.
 A rout was leit where part in front might fare,
 Who entered in, again yeed never mair.
 Fourty they flew that gonward would have pass,
 All disarryed, the Host was all agast.
 One part of horse through shot to death was brought,
 Brake to a plain, the Sutheron to them sought,
 Then Stewart said: Alace, how may this be?
 And do no harm, over great rebute have we.
 He called Mallowe, and asked his counsel:
 Sheriff thou art, what may us best avail?
 But few they are that makes this great debate.
 John Mallowe said: This is the best I wate,
 To ceas thercof, and remain here beside,
 For they may not long in the forrest bide,
 For fault of food they must in the Countrey,
 Then were more time to make on them melly:
 Ere they be won on force into this strife,
 Feil that ye lead shall ever lose their life.
 Then Stewart said: This reed I will not take,
 And Scots be warned, rescue soon will they make
 Of this despite, amends I think to have,
 Or die therefore in number with the lave.
 Into a range myself on foot will fare:
 Eight hundred he took, the likeliest that was there,
 Then have the rest at the barrers bide still,
 With John Mallowe to rule them at his will.
 Mallowe, he said, be forward in this case,
 In such a snare we could not get Mallowe.
 Take or slay him, I promise by my life,
 That King Edward shall make thee Earl of Here.
 At yon End part we think to enter in,
 I bade no more, might ye this barrers win:
 From they be closed graithly amongst us to,
 But marvel be, they shall no further go.
 Aftirly fore when ye two we come near,
 On either side we shall haue them on fear.
 Thus Stewart charged upon an awail wise,

Wallace hath seen what hath been their devise.
 Good men, he said, ye understand this deed:
 Forsooth, he said, they are meikel to dread.
 Don Stewart is a worthy noble Knight,
 Forward in wars, right hardy, wise and wight:
 His assaillie he ordains wonder sore,
 As for to harm, mans wit can do no more.
 Pleasant it is a while Chistain to ga
 So Chistain like, it should great comfort make,
 To his own men, and they of worship be,
 Then for to see ten thousand colours flee.
 Since we are set with enemies on each side,
 And here on force must in this forest bide:
 That all the rest of us abased be,
 Assay the first, for Gods sake, cruellie.
 Crawford he left, and Longoveil the Knight,
 Fourty with them, to keep the barres wight.
 With him left all worthy men in weid,
 To meet Stewart with hardy will they yeed:
 A manner of dyke into the wood was made,
 Of thornes trees, hololy he there abade,
 A down with wall the Sutheron to them had,
 Soon sembled they with strakes sore and sad,
 Sharp spears then dushed on either side,
 Through birnht bright made wounds deep & wide.
 The vantage was, the Scots them wanted so,
 That no English durst from his fellow go,
 To break array, or for most enter in,
 Of Christen blood to see it was great sin,
 For wrongous cause, and hath been many a day.
 For English men in the dyke dead they lay:
 Spears full soon all into spenders sprong,
 With sharp swordes they hewed on in the throng.
 Blood buried out through the harness of mail.
 John Wallace als full warply can assail
 Upon Crawford, and the Knight Longoveil,
 With their peere kept the barres well:
 Had good defence, by wit, manhood and might:

At the entry fell men to death they dight,
 Thus all at once they sailed either place :
 None that was there durst turn to the barres ;
 To help Wallace, no man of his durst pass,
 To rescue them, so fell the fighting was.
 At either hand they handled were so hote,
 But do or die, no incoor else they wot.
 Wallace was sad into that stalwart flour,
 Guthry, Bisset, with men of great valour,
 Richard Wallace that worthy was of hand,
 Stewart marvelled y contrate them might stand,
 That ever so few might bide in battel place,
 Against them, and matched face for face.
 He thought himself to end that matter well,
 Fast prestied in with a good sword of steel :
 Into the hyke a Scottis man he gart die.
 Wallace therefore in heart had great pitie,
 Amends to have he followed on him fast,
 But Englishmen so thicke betwixt them pass,
 That upon him a straik get could he nought.
 Other worthy verily to death he brought.
 Slops he made through all the Chivalry,
 The hardy Scots that wrought so worthily.
 When Sutherland saw these good men were so drest,
 Longer to bide they thought it not the best,
 Fourscore were slain ere they wold leave that head,
 And fifty als was in the barreris dead.
 A trumpet blew, and from the wood can draw.
 Wallace left off that fight when that he saw.
 To saylie more they thought it was no speed,
 Without the wood to counsel sent they yeed.
 The worthy Scots to rail them was right sain,
 Full horts they had, but few of them were slain.
 Wallace had all of good comfort to be,
 Thanked be God, the fairer part have we.
 Don R. ight Stewart hath at great journeyes been,
 So sore assay I have but seldom seen.
 I had lever on Wallace wroken be.
 Then any man that is in you menzie.

The Scots all into the barreris yeed,
 Stanch'd wounds that could full braithly bleed.
 Some Scots-men had bled full meikel blood,
 For fault of drink, and als wanting of food.
 Some sembled fast that had feil hurts there :
 Wallace therefore sigh'd with heart full sair :
 An hat he hint, to get water is gone,
 Other refuge as then he wist of none.
 A little strand as then he found him by,
 Of clear water he brought them boundantly,
 And drank himself : then said with sober mood,
 The wine in France me thought not half so good.
 Then of the day three quarters was over went,
 Sir John Stewart hath casten in his intent,
 To saily more as then he could not prieve.
 While on the morn that new men could relieve,
 And keep them in, while they for hunger soze,
 Come in his will, or else so die therefore.
 Wallace, he said, I charge thee for to bide,
 And keep them in, while I to Cowper ride :
 Remain thou with five hundred at thy will,
 And I the morn with power shall come thee till.
 John Wallace said : This charge I here forsake,
 After this day, all night I may not wake,
 But trust ye well they will ish to the plain,
 Though ye bide als, or else die in the pain.
 Stewart bade bide, or underly the blame,
 I thee command in good King Edwards name,
 Or here to God a vow I make befor,
 And they break out, to hang thee on the morn.
 Of this command John Wallace had great dread,
 Stewart from them with nine score into deed,
 Next hand the wood, and his good men of fyfe,
 The Scots were blyth when they heard such styfe.
 Wallace drew near, his time when that he saw,
 To the wood side, and could on Wallace call.
 The Knight hath heght the morn to hang thee hit,
 Come in to us, I shall thy warrand be.

In contrair him, and all King Edwards might:
 Take we him quick, we shal him hang on hight:
 A good Lordship I shall thee give here East,
 In this each land that thy brother hath le t.
 Wallange was wise, full soon could understand,
 By likeliness Wallace shoud win the Land:
 And better him were upon the right to bide,
 Then be in war upon the other side:
 With short advisement to Wallace soon they sought,
 Then Plewart cry'd, and said: That bees for nocht.
 And als of kind thou art of heritage:
 Toward, on thee is evil wared great wage:
 Here I shall bide, my purpose to fulfil,
 Either to die, or have thee at my will.
 For all his speech to pass they would not spare,
 With full glad heart Wallace received him there.
 By that Ruthven and Ramsay of renown.
 By a true Scot that pass to Saint Johnstoun,
 Them warning made that Plewart followed fast
 Upon Wallace, then were they sore agast:
 Out of the town ished in all their might,
 With three hundred that worthy were and twicht,
 To Black-Irn-side assembled in that place,
 As Wallange was gone in to good Wallace.
 The Knight Plewart hath well their coming seen,
 A fair plain field he choosed them between:
 Eleven hundred and four score then had he,
 The Scottish-men were five hundred and sixtie:
 These were but few a plain field for to take:
 Out of the wood good Wallace can him make:
 He got no wit of them that coming was,
 More hardiment was from the strength to pass.
 But when he heard Ruthven and Ramsay cry,
 Of Ochter house blyth was his Chevalry:
 Might they of gold have bought a Kings rent,
 The good Wallace might not so well content.
 Then to array they yeed on either side,
 In cruel yet in battel bown to bide:

The Twelfth

Worthier men then Stewart ssembled there,
In all his time Edward had never mair :
But Stewart saw his number was far ma,
His powder soon he gart divide in twa :
To fight in that cause knightly he them kend,
In that journey either to win or end.
The worthy Scots that first amongst them bade,
Full great slaughter on Englishmen they made :
Into the wood before had proved so well,
That on the plain they sought not a deal,
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Short rest they had from rising of the sun.
By that Ramsay and good worthy Ruthven,
Throughtout the thickest of the preats is gone,
Slops they made amongst the Englishmen,
Discovered them by twenty and by ten.
When spears were gone, w' swords of mettell clear
To Englishmen their coming told full dear.
Wallace and his by worthiness of hand,
Fell Sutheron blood gart light upon the land.
The two halves together reils then,
Sir John Stewart with many noble men,
To help their Lord, there humbled in a place,
About him stood, and did their business,
Defending him with many awful vane.
While all the outward of the field was tint.
Of commons, past into the forest fled,
Succour to lack, there men so had them led.
Then Scots hath seen so many in a rout
Which Stewart stand, that garded him about,
Upon the lines assailed wonder rare,
The worstest plaits with points pierced bare.
The Sutheron made defeat full cruelly,
All occupys was this noble Chevalry.
Sir John Ramsay would they had yet been seen.
Wallace said : Nay, it is a long ye mean,
Ransome to take, we cannot now begin,
On such a wise this Land we may not win :
For Knight of old our enemy hath been.

So fell to us of them I have not seen;
 How he shall die through help of Gods grace,
 He came to pay his ranome in this place.
 The Sutheron law and will plainly to die,
 Rescue was none. suppose that they would flee,
 Freely they fought as they had entered new.
 Upon our side part worthy men they flew.
 Then Stewart said: Alace, in wrong doing,
 Our lives we lose for pleasure of our King.
 That fellest Knight doubted his life right nought,
 Amongst the Scots full hardily he wrought.
 Bisset he strake to death withouten mair:
 Wallace preared with his sword burnisht bare,
 At Stewarts hals he celled with great ire,
 Through porsane stuff in sunbe strake the fyre.
 Dead to the ground he rushed for all his might.
 By Wallace hand thus ended that good Knight,
 The remanent withouten mercy they slay:
 For good Bisset the Scots was wonder wae.
 In hands some they sicked but remead,
 No Sutheron past with life out of that dead,
 Then to the wood for them that left the field,
 A range they set, thus might they have no bield.
 Dred none away was contrare our opinion.
 Good Ruthven past again to Saint Johnstoun.
 Sir John Ramsay to Colyver Castle rade,
 That house he took, for defence none was made.
 Wallace, Craviner and with them good Guthrie,
 Richard Wallace had long been in mellie.
 And Longobell into Dundores bore kill,
 Fasted they had too long against their will.
 Wallange they made their steward for to be,
 Of meat and drink they found abundantlie.
 The power fled, and durst no longer bide,
 That was before upon the Sutheron side,
 Upon the morn to Saint Andros they past,
 Out of the town that Bishop bowed fast,
 The King of England had him thither send

That

That rent at will he gave him in commend.
 His Kings charge as then he durst not hald.
 A wrongous Pope that tyrant might be call'd,
 Few fled with him, and got away by sea,
 For all Scotland, Wallace he would not see.
 Of him as then he made but light record,
 Gart restore him that was their righteous Lord.
 The worthy Knight that into Coloper lay,
 Gart spoizie them upon the second day.
 Then ordained men, at command of Wallace.
 But most process, for to cast down the place.
 Wynders they gart soon pierce out through the wall,
 Soon pilions fired, unto the ground cast all.
 Sir John Ramsay then to Carrail can fare,
 Sutheron were fled, and left but walls bare:
 After Dewart they durst not tarry lang.
 The Scots at large out through all fyle rang.
 No Englishmen were left in that Country,
 But in Lochlevin there bode one company:
 Upon that Inch in smal houses they light,
 Cattle was none, but walled with water wight.
 Beside Carrail sembled Wallace befor,
 His purpose was for to assay Kinghorn:
 A Knight Hulgrave then Captain in it was,
 By short advise he purpos'd for to pass:
 Rather he would byde challenge of the King.
 Then with Wallace to reckon for such thing.
 That house he took, and little tarry made.
 Upon the moyn withouthen more abade,
 Out over the mure where they the tryll had set,
 Near Scotland well their lodging took but let.
 After supper Wallace bade them go rest,
 He self will wake, me think it may be best.

C H A P. III.

The winning of Lochlevin.

AS he commanded, but graithing they have done:
 Unto their sleep, Wallace the graithed him soon.

Pass to Lochlevin, as it was near mid-night,
 Eighteen with him that he had warned right :
 These men weined well he came to vilie it.
 Fellows, he said, I do you well to wit,
 Consider well this place, and understand,
 That it may do full great skaith to Scotland :
 Out of the South, and powre come them till,
 They may take in, to keep at their own will :
 Upon yon Inch right many men may be,
 And ished out their time when that they see.
 To bide long here, we may not well for chance,
 You folk hath food, trust well at suffiance :
 Water from them forsooth cannot be set,
 Some other wile behoued us to get.
 We shall remain here at this part all still,
 And I my self shall bring the boat you till.
 Therewith his weed in haste off casteth he,
 Upon yon side no watch-men can he see :
 Held up his shirt, and took his sword so good,
 Bound on his neck, then lap into the flood,
 And over he swam, for letting had he nought.
 The boat he took, and to his men it brought.
 Arrayed them well, and would no longer byde,
 But passed in, and rowd to the other side :
 The Inch they took, with drawn swords in hand,
 They spared none that they before them fand
 Strake doops up, and slicked men where they lay,
 Upon the Sutheron thus sadly tembled they,
 Thirty they slew that were into that place,
 To make defence the English had no space.
 Their women and were sent out of that stead,
 Women nor bairns he never put to bed.
 The goods they took, as it had been their own.
 Then Malissace said : Fellows, I make you know,
 The purveyance that was within thair wanes,
 We will not tyme, gar temble us all at anes,
 Let warn Ramray, and our good men each one,
 I will remain till all the flut be gone.
 Sent forth a man their hopes for to keep,

Drewe up the boat, and then took beds to sleep.
 Wallace power near Scotland well which lay,
 Before the sun they missed him away :
 Some mourning made, and marvelled at that case.
 Ramsay bade cease, and mourn not for Wallace,
 It is for good that he is from us went,
 That ye shall see, and trust for veriment :
 Nine head to wed, Lochleven he past to see,
 Except that place, no Englishmen found he,
 Into this land betwixt these waters lest,
 Tydings of him full soon ye shall hear oft.
 As they about were talking on this wise,
 Message soon came and charged them to rise.
 My Lord, he said, to dinner hath you call'd
 Into Lochleven, which is a likely hald.
 Ye shall fare well therefore put of all sorrow.
 They graithed them right early on the morrow,
 And thither past of Wallace well to wit :
 Thensembled in a full blyth fellowship.
 They lodged there till eight days were at end,
 Of meat and drink they had enough to spend.
 Cursed forth gear þ Sutheron had brought there :
 Cart burn the boat, to Saint Johnstoun they fare.
 Bishop Sinkler that worthy was and wise,
 To Wallace came and told him his advise :
 Thus he desired Wallace with him to ride,
 And in Dunkeld sojourn'd that winter tide.
 But he said : No, that hold I not the best,
 And Scotland thus, in peace I cannot rest.
 The Bishop said plainly : All may not wend,
 Into the North for men I rede you send.
 I grant, quoth he, and choosed a messenger,
 The worthy Jop was with the Bishop there,
 And Walter Blair, while Wallace came they bade.
 With þ good Lord, that noble chear them made.
 Wallace sent Blair into his Priests weed,
 To warn the West tohere friends had great dread,
 How they should pass, or to good Wallace win.

The

The Englishmen that hold them long in thow,
 Adam Wallace and Lindsay that was wight,
 Rauchly they left, and went away be night,
 Throughtout the land, to the Lennox they fare,
 To Earl Watcome, that welcomed them full fair.
 Maister John Blair was glad of that semblie,
 Good Graham was there, and Richard of Lundie:
 Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sought,
 Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought.
 But Englishmen betwixt them was so strang,
 That they in plain might not well to him gang.
 Jop passed on, for nothing could he let,
 Great power then as there he might not get.
 The Lord Cumine that Earl of Buchan was,
 For old envy, he would let no man pass:
 That he might let, in good Wallace supplie,
 The Earl Patrik at plain field kept he:
 Yet poor men came, and proved all their might,
 To help Wallace, in fence of Scotland's right:
 The good Randall in tender age was kend,
 Part of good men out of Murray he send.
 Jop past again, and came in presence soon,
 Before Wallace, and told how he had done:
 But Maister Blair so good tydings him brought,
 That of Cumine, Wallace but little rought:
 Als Englishmen they had full meikel dread,
 Fra fyfe was tint, the woyle they thought to speed.
 The Duke and Earl that time in Scotland led,
 Captains they made, in England then they sped:
 Wallace him boloned, when he thocht time should be
 From Saint Johnstoun, and took with him fiftie:
 Steven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight,
 From Englishmen they had holden the right.
 In watch mens weed, and tended them right well,
 To good Wallace they were as true as steel:
 To follow him, those two thought never lang,
 Throught the Ochel they made them for to gang:
 Upon more power he carried not that tide,
 To keep the land the rest he gart abide;

To Striviling bridge as then he would not pass,
For strong power of Englishmen there was.

CHAP. IV.

The winning of Airth.

The Airth Ferry they passed privately,
And busked them in a dern stead thereby :
A cruel Captain in Airth dwelt that year,
In England born, that heght Thomlin wear :
An hundred men were at his lodging still,
To brook that land they did both power and will.
A Scottish sither which they had tane befor,
Contrare his will, gart him be to them sworn :
In their service they held him day and night:
Before the Sun, Wallace gart Iop him dight,
And sent him forth the passage to elpe,
On the sither they hapned suddenly,
All him alone, but one boy that was there.
Iop hint him soon, and for no fear would spare,
By the collar, and a knife out pulled he :
For Gods sake, this man asked mercie,
Iop spiered soon : of what Nacion art thou ?
A Scot, he said, but Sutheron gart me volw,
In their service, against my will full sair,
But for my life, that I remained there :
To seek fishing, I came in this North-side :
Be ye a Scot, I would fain with you bide.
Then he him brought in presence of Wallace :
The Scots were blyth when they had seen this case.
For with his boat they might well passed have,
For ferry craft he thought not for to crave.
Upon that side long space they tarried nought,
To the south land with full glad hearts they sought.
Then brake the boat when they were landed there,
Service of it Sutheron might have no maie :
Then through the moss they passed with good speed
To the Corwood, that man with them they led.
The widow there brought tydings to Wallace,

Of his true Time that dwelt at Dunspace,
 Thomlin of Aker in prison had him set,
 For more treasure then he before might get.
 Wallace said: Dame, he shall well looked be,
 The morn by noon, or moe therefore shall die.
 She got them meat, and in quyet they bade,
 While it was night, then ready soon they made:
 Toward Airth-hill right suddenly they drew,
 A strength there was that well the fisher knew,
 Of draw-dykes, and full of water wan,
 Wisely thereof he watched them, this man
 On the back-side he led them privatlie,
 From the water, as wout to come was he:
 Over a smal bridge good Wallace entred in,
 Into the hall himself thought to begin.
 From the supper as they were bolon to rise,
 He salust them upon an awful wise.
 His men followed suddenly at ones,
 Hasty sorrow was raised in those wanes.
 With shearing swords sharply about them dang,
 Feil on the floor were felled them amang.
 With Thomlin of Aker, Wallace himself hath
 A telton straik sadly upon him set. (met,
 Through head & stoyre, all throgh þ coast him clau,
 The worthy Scots fast slicked all the lave:
 Keeped well the doors, and to the death them dight,
 To scape away the Sutheron had no might.
 Some windows sought for to have broken out,
 But all for nought, full sey was all the rout:
 About the fire guised the blood so red,
 An hundred men was slain into that stead.
 Then Wallace sought where his Uncle might be,
 In a deep cave he was set dolefully,
 Where water stood, and he in yrons strang:
 Wallace full soon the waistes up he dang,
 Out of the dark brought him with strength at list,
 But noise he heard, of nothing else he wist:
 So byth besore in world he had not been:

And therewith sigh'd when he had Wallace seen.
 In ditches the dead bodies out they cast,
 Spaited the place as then them lik'd best.
 Made full good chear, and wise watches they set.
 While near the day they slept without let.
 When they had light, spoiled the place in hye,
 Found gaining gear, both gold and jewellry.
 On all that day in quyet held them still :
 When Sutheron came, received them in good will.
 In that labour the Scots were all full bane.
 Sutheron came in, but none went out again.
 Women and bairns put in prison and cave,
 So they might make no warning to the lave.
 Steven of Ireland, and Weirly that was wight,
 Keeped the port upon the second night.
 Before the day the worthy Scots rold,
 Curled good gear, and to the Corwood gois,
 Remained there while night was come on hand,
 Then bownded them in quyet through the land.
 The widow soon, fra they were pass'd doubt,
 A servant sent, and let the women out,
 To pass from Airth, where that they lik'd best.
 Now speak of them that went into the West.

C H A P. V.

How Wallace burnt the Englishmen in Dumbarton.

Wallace himself was sicker guide that night
 To Dumbarton the way he choos'd right :
 Ere it was day, for then the night was lang,
 Unto the town full privately they gang :
 Perkel of it Englishmen occupp'd :
 Good Wallace soon through a dark gate him hyed
 Unto the house which he was wont to ken,
 A widow dwelt, which friend was to our men.
 About the bed, and on the back-side was made
 A dern window, was neither long nor braid :
 There Wallace call'd, and soon fra the him knew,
 In haste she rose, and privately him drew

In.

In a close barn, where they might keepeed be :
 Both meat and drink she brought them in plentie :
 A goodly gift to Wallace als she gave,
 An hundred pounds and more out over the lave.
 Nine sons she had, were likely men and wight,
 An oath to him she gart them swear full right.
 In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had been,
 And tribute payed to English Captains keen.
 Sir John Menteith the Castle had in hand :
 But some men said, there was a private band
 To Sutheron made, by means of that Knight,
 Of their supply to be at all his might.
 Whercof as now I will no proces make.
 Wallace that day a short purpose can take.
 When it was night he bade the widows pass.
 And mark the dore where Sutheron dwelling was.
 Then after this, he and his Chevalrie,
 Craithed them well, and weapons took on hie,
 Went to the gate where Sutheron were on sleep,
 A great Distellary our Scots took to keep.
 An English Captain was sitting up so late,
 While he and his with drinking were made heat :
 Nine men was there with him of hie courage.
 Some would have had good Wallace into that rage :
 Some would have bound sir J. & G. thogh strength :
 Some would have had good Boyd at swordes length :
 Some wished Lundie that scaped was in life :
 Some wigher was nor Setoun then in strife.
 When Wallace heard the Sutheron make such din,
 He gart all hyde, and him alone went in :
 The lave remained to hear of their tydance.
 He salust them with hurdy countenance :
 Felloles, he said, since I came last from hame,
 In travel I was, in land of uncouth came :
 From south Ireland I came in this countrie,
 The new conquest of Scotland for to see.
 Part of your drink and some good would I have.
 The Captain then a shrewd answer him gave :
 Thou seemest a Scot, likely to be a spy, Thou

Thou mayest be one of Wallace company,
 Contrare our King he is risen again,
 The land of Freȝe he hath riden in plain :
 Thou shalt bide here, while we wot how it be :
 Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie.
 Wallace thought then it was no time to stand,
 His noble sword he gripped soon in hand.
 Overthout the face move the Captain in teen,
 Strake all away that grew above the een :
 Another braithly o' the breast he bore,
 Both brain and bone the burly blade through bore.
 Therest rusht up, then Wallace in great yre,
 The thrid he felles derly into the yre.
 Steven of Ireland, and Keirly in that throng,
 Keiped no charge, but entred them among,
 And oither mo, that to the doop can pias :
 Whyle they him saw, there could nothing them ceas.
 The Sutheron men full soon were brought to read :
 The hostler had them all good aile and bread.
 Wallace said : No, while we have leasure mair,
 To be our guide, thou shalt before us fare,
 And begin fire where th' t the Sutheron lyes.
 The hostler soon upon an hally wile,
 Wint fire in hand, and to a great house yeed,
 Wher Englishmen were into mickle dread :
 For they wist not, while that the red flame rose,
 As wood as beasts amongst the fire then goes,
 With pains fell rushd full sorrowfully :
 The lave without of our good Chevalry,
 At each house where the hostler began,
 Keiped the doors, from them scaped no man.
 For all their might, though king Edward had sworn
 Got none away that was of England born,
 But either burnt, or but rescuz was slain,
 And some through force driven to the fire again :
 Some Scots folk in service them amang,
 From any pain freely they let them gang.
 Three hundred men was to Dumbartan lend,

To

To keep the land, as their Lord had them kend,
 Skaithless of them for ay was this Region.
 Wallace ere day made him out of the tolon,
 Unto the cave of Dumbartan they yeed,
 And all that day sojourned but dread :
 Both meat and drink the Hostler gart be brought
 When night was come, in all the haste they mought
 Toward Rosneath full earnestly they gang,
 For Englishmen was in that Castle strang :
 On the Garloch they purpose them to byde,
 Betwixt the kirk that near was there beside,
 And to the Castle full privately they draw,
 Under a bray, and lodged them full law.
 Beside the water where common use had they.
 From Castle to the Kirk they pass each day :
 A marriage als was that day to begin,
 All ithed out, and left no man within.
 That fence might make, but servants in that place
 Thus to that tryit they passed upon caise.
 Wallace and his drew them full privily,
 Near hand the place when they were passed by :
 Within the hall, and thought to keep that head,
 From Sutheron men, or else therefore be dead.
 Compleat was made the marriage into plain,
 Unto Rosneath they passed home again :
 Fourscore and mo was in that company.
 But not arrayed as was our Chevalry :
 To the Castle they went to pais but late,
 The worthy Scots so hard upon them set,
 Fourty at once derfly to death they bare,
 The remanent afrayed was so sair,
 Longer in field they had no might to byde,
 But fiercely fled from them on either side.
 The Scots there well hath the entry won,
 And slew all such as the house found was in :
 Then on the flyers followed wonder fast,
 No Englishmen with their life from them past,
 The women soon they sealed upon hand,

Keeped them close, for warning of the land :
 And dead bodie's all out of sight they cast,
 Then at good ease they made them for to rest.
 On their purveyance seven dayes lodged there,
 At rude coast, to spend they would not spare.
 When Sutheron came, they took them gladly in,
 But out again, they let none of that kin.
 Who tydings sent the Captain of that head,
 Their Servitours the Scots put to dead.
 Spoyle the place, and left no goods there :
 Brake walls down, and made the biggins bare,
 When they had spilt all stone-work y they mought
 Then kindled fire, and from Roimeth they sought :
 When they had burnt all tree-work in that place,
 Wallace gart free the women of his grace :
 To do them harm his purpose never was :
 Then to Falkland the worthy Scots can pass,
 Where Earl Malcome was byding at defence,
 Right blyth he was of Wallace good presence :
 Then he found there a noble company,
 Sir John the Graham, and Richard of Lundie,
 Adam Wallace that worthy was and wise,
 Barklay and Boyd, with men of meikel prife :
 At Christmase there, Wallace sojourned still.
 Of his mother tydings was brought him-till :
 In time before she had left Ellerslie,
 For Englishmen she durst not in it be :
 From thence disguised she past in pilgrims weed,
 Some girth to seek in Dummerling the yerd,
 Sicknes she had, forsooth into that head.
 Diseased she was, God took her sprite to lead.
 When Wallace heard that these tydings were true,
 Then sadness sore on each side did pursue :
 In thanks he took, because it is natural,
 He loved God with sicker heart and heal.
 Better him thought that it was happened so,
 Then Sutheron should her put to other wo.
 He ordained Top, and also Master Blair,
 Thither they past, and for no cost to spare,

But

But honourably put corps to sepulture :
 At his command they served all their cure,
 Doing thereto as death desired to have.
 With rich intire the corps they put in grave.
 Again they turned, and shewed of her end :
 He thanked God, what grace that ever he lend.
 He saw the world was full of fantasie,
 Comfort he took, let all mourning go by :
 His moost delight was for to free Scotland.
 Now will I tell what eale them came on hand.

C H A P. VI.

How Sir William Douglas wan the Castle of Saughair by a jeopardie, and how William Wallace rescued him from the Englishmen, and put them out of that part.

Sir William long of Douglas dail was Lord,
 By his first wife, as right is to record ;
 Deceased then out of this worldly care,
 Two sons he had with her that lived there,
 Which likely was, and able in courage,
 To schol was sent into their tender age :
 James and Hew so hight these breithren twa,
 And after soon their uncle could them ta :
 Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgown town,
 And over the sea, to France hath made him boun :
 At study then he set them in Paris,
 With a Walter that worthy was and wise.
 The King Edward took their father the Knight,
 And held him still, though he was never so wight,
 While time he had assented to his will.
 A marriage als they had ordained him till.
 The Ladie Ferres, of power and hie blood ;
 But thereof came to his life little good :
 Two sons he got on this Lady but mair,
 With Edwards will he took his leave to fare.
 In Scotland came, and brought his wife in peact,
 In Douglas dwelt, forsooth this is no leece :
 King Edward trowed y he had stedfast been, fast

fast their fast faith, but contrare soon vvas seen.
By the Scots blood remained in Dounglas,
Against England, which proved in many place.
The Sanguhair vvas a Castle fair and strong,
An English Captain had done seit Scots long,
Into it dwelt, and Besurd he was call'd,
That held all west, from then to Dounglas hald.
Right near of kin vvas Dounglas vvaire and he,
Therfore he trouved in peace of him to be.
Sir William saw that Wallace rose in plain,
And right likely to free Scotland again,
To help him part, into his mind he cast,
For in that life right long he could not last :
He thought no charge to oreak upon England,
It vvas through force that ever he made them band :
A young man then that hardy vvas and bald,
Bora both himself, and Thomas Dicklon call'd :
Dear friend, he said, I would prove at my might,
And make a fray to false Besurd the Knight,
In Sanguhair dwells, and both full great outrage.
Then Dicklon said : my self into that voyage
Shall for you pass, with Anderson to speak,
Friendship to me my counin will not break :
He is the man that ure leads them till.
Through his help we our purpose will fulfill.
Sir William then in all the haite he might,
Thirty true men in that voyage he dight.
And told his wife to Dumfries he would fare,
A yeit, he said, of England he had there.
Thus passed he where that no Surgeron wist.
With these thirty through wast lands at their list,
Whene night came, then couched they full law,
Into a cleugh near at the water Ceas.
To the Sanguhair Dicklon alone he send,
And he soon made with Anderson this end :
Dicklon should take both his horse and his vveed.
By it vvas day, a draught of vveed to lead :
Again he part, and ro'd the good Dounglas,
Which drew him soon into a peccat place. An

Anderson told what stuff there was therein,
 To Thomas Dickson that was right near of
 Fourty they are all men of mickle val,
 Be they on foot, they will you sore assail :
 If you happen the entry for to get,
 On the right hand a flailwart are is set,
 Therewith you may defend thee in a throng :
 Be Douglas wise, he byde not from thes long.
 Anderson yeed to the bushment in he,
 Near the Castle he drew them privily,
 Into a shaw, Sutheron mistrusted nought,
 To the next wood with Dickson soon he lought:
 Graiched a draught on a broad slipping lato,
 Charged an houle, and to the town can dratu.
 Arrayed he was in Andersons weed,
 And bade have in, the Porter came good speed.
 This hour, he said, thou might have been away:
 Antymous thou art, for it is scanty day.
 The gate yeed up, Dickson yeed in but mair,
 A thortour band that all the draught up bair,
 He cutted it, the lip to ground could ga,
 Cummered the gate, flouking they might not ma.
 The Porter soon he hnt into that striz,
 Twile through the head, and reit him of his life.
 The are he got that Anderson of spake,
 And beckning made, there with the bushment brais
 Douglas himself was foremost in the greais,
 In ower the wood entred ere he wouid ceais :
 Three watch men was from the walls coming ne,
 Within the clore the Scots-men them flew,
 Ere any cry was raised in that stour.
 Douglas had tane the gate of the great tower,
 Ran up the stair where that the Captain lay,
 On foot he got, and wouid have been away.
 Ouer late he was, Douglas drake up the door,
 Below he found in midst of the floor,
 With a mair sword to death he hath him dight,
 His men followed fast, that worthye were and wight.

The men they slew that were within those wanes,
 Then in the close they sembled all anes:
 The house they took, and Sutheron put to dead,
 Got none but one with life out of that stead.
 For that the gate so long unseiked was,
 This spy he fled, and to Dursdeir can pass,
 Told that Captain that they had hapned so.
 Another he gart into the Canoch go:
 And Cybers mure was warned on this case,
 And Lochmabane all sembled to this place.
 The Countrey als, when they heard of such thing,
 Would hedge Dowglas, & heght they shold him bring
 When Dowglas wist þ none did from them scape,
 To saily him he crow'd that they would shape:
 Dickon he sent upon a courser wight,
 To warn Wallace in all the haste he might.
 In the Lennor, Wallace had tane the plain,
 With four hundred that were of meikel main:
 Killyth Gailie he thought to visit it,
 That Ravindail held, but true men let him wit,
 That he was out that time in Cumbernald,
 Lord Cumine dwelt on tribute in that hald.
 When Wallace wist, he gart Earl Malcome hy.
 With two hundred the bushment near thereby,
 To keep the house, that none should to it fare,
 He took the rest in the wood side near there:
 A scurriour set, to warn if he saw ought,
 Soon Ravindail came, of them he had no thought,
 When he was coming the two bushments between,
 The scurriour warned these cruel men and keen.
 When Earl Malcome had barred them from þ place
 So Sutheron yed with life, they did that grace.
 Part Lennor men they left the house to ta:
 On spoiling then they would not tarry ma.
 To hedge houses then Wallace would not hyde,
 Throughout the land Wallace would not hyde,
 Then Linlithgow they went into their gate,
 Where Suthero dwelt, they made their biggings heat
 To

The Deil they took, slew them that were there
 Of Sutherland blood the Scots thought no sin.
 Then on the morn burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,
 Soon to a strength to Melvottle they fled:
 By that Lawder and Chisfel of Setoun,
 Came from the Bais & burnt Northberwick town
 That Englishmen they should no succour get:
 Whom they over-took, they slew withouten let.
 To meet Wallace, they pass in all their might,
 An hundred men with them of arms bright:
 A blyth meeting that time was them between.
 When Earl Walcome and Wallace hath him seen
 Thomas Dickson als met with good Wallace,
 Which granted soon for to reueue Douglas.
 Dickson, he said, wots thou of their multiplie?
 Three thousand men their power may not be.
 Earl Walcom said: Though they were thousand
 For this action, me think that we should strive.
 Then was the day that dwelt under trewage,
 Of Englishmen soon he gave over that wage:
 More for to pay as then he liked nought:
 With fifty men to Wallace forth he bought,
 To Diebles fast, but no Sutherland them bade,
 There at the Crois a plain cry they made:
 Wallace commanded, who would come to his peac
 And byde therat, reward should have bue leue.
 Good Ruthvenro that ever true hath been,
 In Erick wood against the Sutherland keen,
 Bidden he had, and done them meikel dear,
 Sixty he had of noble men of wear.
 Wallace him welcomed that came in his supplie,
 With lordly fare, and Chistain-like was he.
 Then to array thy went about the town,
 Their number was six hundred of renown,
 In harnes bright, all men of meikel val,
 With glad hearts they passed through Elidisdale
 The muge began, and to the Saughare set:
 But speings came, and made therein a let.

The Sutheron hears that Wallace was so near,
 Through hally way the Host was all on fire:
 No man was there would for another hyde,
 Purpose they took in England for to ryde.
 Then Chistain said: Since their King had before,
 From Wallace fled, their causes was the more,
 From south they sought, to bide it was great warch.
 Douglas as then was thus quite of their arch.
 In Craxford more by then was good Wallace,
 When men him told, that Sutheron upon east,
 Were fled away, and durst not him abyde.
 Thre hundred then he chooseth with him to ryde,
 In light harnes, and hote that they would wail,
 The Earl Balcome he had bide with the flail,
 To follow them, a back guard for to be.
 To kill the chafe in all the halle he durst be:
 Through Durtheir he took the gallow gate,
 Right can he would have Sutheron make debate.
 The plaine was above Spoken they hold,
 Rying the hyde, if that the Sutheron would
 Them to pursue, or take to Lochmawar.
 But hee theeto the Englyshmen took warch.
 Down eight they held, and the Englyshmen took warch.
 About Stosburn Wallace was, and the Englyshmen took warch.
 In yet he grew wylly, they were in his sight,
 To them he spake, and he said all this in sight:
 Do an outpart the Englyshmen for this sight.
 Seven fere at ground they had soon at a shot.
 The Sutheron late came, he had hapard so,
 Turne in again, some were for to go:
 When they troude full, and gave Wallace to stand,
 Earl Balcome came rign right near at their hand.
 The whole power took plain purpose to fere:
 Who were at ground, Wallace gave for them fere.
 Upon the morning followe to his hand his might,
 The Earl and his army, the Englyshmen took warch.
 It is all to death that was, and that was.
 After the host full freghly ran they warch.

Five hundred whole ere they past Dalswynton,
 On Suther's side to ground there was broght down.
 Of Scots horse many began to tyre,
 Suppose their selves were fierce as any fire.
 The flyers left both wood, waters and hill,
 To take the plain, speedful they thought them till.
 In great battel away full fast they rode,
 Into the strength they thought to make no bode.
 Near Lochmabane and Duchter-house they went,
 Beside Crochman, where fell Sutheron they went.
 Right many horse that ridden had so lang,
 And travelled sore, they might no farther gang,
 Sir John the Graham upon his feet was set,
 Then Wallace als lighted withouten let:
 These two on foot amongst their enemies yeed,
 Was none but horse might from them pass for speed.
 On Englishmen so cruelly they fought,
 Whom they over-took, again harmed us nought.
 To Wallace came a part of power new,
 On rested horse, that partly can persue:
 Adam Currie, with good men of great vall,
 And Johnnoun als that dwelt in Eskdail,
 And Kirk-patrick was in that company,
 And Haliday who sembled sturdily:
 Where they entered the saylis was so sair,
 Dead to the ground fell flyers down they bare.
 Seven score were whole of new come men indeed.
 The south party of them had meikel dread.
 Wallace was horsed upon a courser wight,
 That good Currie had brought into his sight:
 To stuf the chace with the new Chevalry,
 Comanded Graham and his good men for thy,
 Together byde, and follow as they might.
 Three Captains there full soon to death he dight.
 The rested horse so wonder well them bare,
 Whom he over-took again role never mair.
 Raithly he rode and wrought full many wound,
 These three Captains he sucked in oneound,

Of Durisdeer, Canoch, and Cybers-mure.
 Lord Cuthfords Cme away to Carlisle sure,
 The which before had keeped Lochmabane :
 No landed man scaped with him but ane :
 For Harivel als out of Carlaverock drelt,
 On the Sutheron the gainest way can sue :
 Into the chaire so willfully they ryde,
 Feto got away that came upon that side.
 Beside Cock-pool full feil fighting they fand,
 Some drowned were, some slain upon the land :
 Who scaped was, in England fled away.
 Wallace returned, no prisoner took they.
 In Carlaverock that night resting they made,
 Upon the morn to Dumfreis blythly rade :
 There Wallace cryed, who would come to his peace
 Against Sutheron, thair malice for to cease :
 To true Scots he ordained warison,
 Who faulted had, he granted remission.
 In Dumfreis then he would no longer byde,
 The Sutheron fled off Scotland on each side,
 By sea and land, without longer abade.
 Of Castles and toowns Wallace Chistains made.
 Ruled the Land, and put it in good rest,
 With true keepers the which he trusted best.
 The good Douglas of which I told you air,
 Keeper he was from Drumlanrick to Aire :
 Because he had on Sutheron such thing wrought,
 His wife was wroth, but that she heard nought,
 Under covert her malice held perforce :
 A serpent waits her time when she may byte :
 To Douglas of the wrought full meikel care,
 Of that as now I leave whyle further mair.
 But Sutheron men durst then no Castles hold,
 They left Scotland before, as I you told,
 Save one Dorton, a Captain fierce and fell,
 That held Dundie : but Wallace would not stiel,
 But thither past, and laid it round about.
 When Dorton saw that he was in that doubt,

He asked leave with their lives for to go.
 Mallice denyed, and said: It bers not so,
 The last Captain of England that here was,
 I gave him leave whole with his men to pass.
 Thou shalt forthink such mastery for to make,
 All England shall of thee example take:
 Such men I weind from thine for to have worn,
 Thou shalt be hanged, suppose the King had sworn.
 He gart command, no Scots should to him speak:
 Confirmed the sledge, and said: We shall us wepe
 On Englishmen, as skil will of Dundie.
 Scrimgeour he made there Constable for to be.
 One Ballinger of England that was there,
 Past out of May, and came to Anhirbie fair,
 To London sent, and told of all this case,
 To hang Morton so bowen has Mallice:
 Before this time Toward with power yedd
 To war on France, for then he had no yedd.
 Before he crossed Scotland to be his own.
 When they him warned his men were overthrown.
 Again he took to England hastily,
 And left his turn all flected in folly.
 Gasgoign he claimed all into heritage,
 He left it thus with all his barwage:
 And Flanders als he thought to take in hand,
 All these he left, and came to reave Scotland.
 When that this King to England was come hame,
 Summons they made, & charged Bruce by name,
 And other mo that lived under his crown,
 Bishop and Barron, to come at his summon.
 When Mallice came throug forre he had Scotland.
 This tyrant King took plainly upon hand:
 For great deute he might no way take red:
 He thought to him to make it plain conquest,
 In covetise he had reigned so long:
 Chiftains he made that they should not go forang.
 Gude they chose for strength them to gae,
 They thought no more to bide at Jeopardie,

In plain battell that they might Wallace win,
 He trov'd for war they would no more begin.
 Leafe I this King making his ordinance,
 My purpose is to speak some thing of France.
 The Englishmen then Guyen held in wear,
 To French folk they did full meikel deare.
 King and Counsel soon in their wits cast,
 To get Wallace, them thought it was the best:
 For Guyen land the Englishmen had they,
 Then say they thus. In all the halle they may:
 For they trailed, if Scotlanda were hard stide,
 Wallace would come, as he them promise made,
 The same Herald that in Scotland was.
 They him commanded, and ordained him to pass
 Into Scotland without longer delay,
 Out of the since as goodly as he may:
 Ready he was. in ship he pass on caile,
 In waves mouth, but bode the haven taile,
 Where Wallace then was at the sayles fill,
 And he received the Herald with good will:
 Their word he red, and said to them this wise:
 An answer soon he could them not devise.
 To hostel James the Herald soon he send,
 On Wallace rest, right boldly for to spend,
 While time he saw how other matters stood,
 Then answer he should have withoutten need.
 The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,
 Into Scotland with this Herald they send,
 Praise of his deed, and als the description,
 Of him tane there, by men of description,
 Clerks, Knights, and Heraults that him saw:
 But I hereof cannot rehearse it aw.
 Wallace stature, of greatnes, and of hight,
 Was judgen this by discretion of sight.
 That saw him both on chevil and on weid:
 Nine quarters large of hight he was indeed,
 Thir part was length in shoulders broad was he,
 Right ferly strong, and lufy for to see:

In limbe great, with stalwart pass and sound;
 His brains hard, with arms long and round;
 His hands made right like to a palmear,
 Of manlike make, with nails long and clear;
 Proportioned fair and long was his visage;
 Right sad of speech, and able of courage;
 Both brest high, with studdy craig and great;
 His lips round, his nose square and neat;
 Burning brown hair on brows and bris light;
 Clear asper eyes, like diamonds full bright.
 Under his chin, on his left side was seen,
 By hurt, a lean: his colour was sanguine.
 Wounds he had in many othere place;
 But fair and whole well keeped was his face;
 Of riches als he kepted no proper thing,
 Gave that he wan, like Alexander the King.
 In time of peace meek as a minde shoulde be,
 When war approached, the right Hector was he.
 To Scots-men right good credence he gave,
 But known enemies they coult not him deceive.
 These properties were iudged into France,
 Of him to be a goodly remembrance.
 Walter John Blair this patren coult receiue,
 In Wallace book he brieded with the labe:
 But he thereof as then took little heed,
 His laborous minde was all of oher deed.
 At Dundie sedge thus earnest as he lay,
 Tydings to him Iop brought upon a day,
 How King Edward with likeli men of vail,
 An hundred thousand came for to assail,
 And Scots ground they had tanz upon case,
 Into some part it grived good Wallace:
 He made Strimgeor at his houle for to ly,
 With right thousand, and charged them for thy,
 That none shoulde scape with life out of that heath,
 That Sutheron were, but put them all to dead.
 Strimgeor granted right faithfully to hyde.
 With two thousand Wallace coult from him ryde.

To Saint Johnstoun three dayes graithed he there,
With sad advise towards the south can fare :

For King Edward that time ordained had,
Ten thousand whole to pass that was full glad,
With young Woodstock, a Lord of meikel might :

At Striviling bridge he ordained them full right :
And there to hyde, the entry for to weir ;

Of Wallace then he troved to have no deir,

Right royally upon a good array,

Then leave they took, and past out but delay,

To Striviling came, and there would not abyde :

To see the North, beyond Forth can they ryde.

Such new courage fell into his intent,

Which made the Sutheron full sore for to repent.

The end of the Tenth Book.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Battel of Falkirk.

This Woodstock rode into the North good speed,
Of Scots as then they had but little dread :

For well they troved for to rescue Dundie.

Their ships came to Tay in by the sea.

His guides said, that they should lead him by,

Saint Johnstoun where passage lay plainly.

The high they took, and looked them about,

So were they ware of Wallace and his rout :

Then in some part he removed his thought,

The Kings command because he keeped nought.

But when he saw they were fewer nor he,

He would them hyde, and either do or die.

Sir John Ramsay for most his power saw :

Said : You are they that ye see hither draw,

Either Sutheron that come so cruelly,

Or Earl Balcome to seek you for supply.

Then Wallace smiled and said : English they are,

Ye may them know right wel where that they fare.

On Cheriff mure Colallace the field hath taun,
 With eight thousand of mo the men in taun.
 The Ducheron were right broughte into need,
 Together flockt with hundred in hand tured:
 Then spake Don all entynglyng to them,
 The harby & corsour through the Ducheron taun
 In rayed barrell with thousand golow they bare,
 Dead on the bent, & other a never more.
 Right full of goyng into weapons grownden men,
 Bloo then from viengens damps on the green.
 The flayoure stonk right tellen wax and stang,
 The worthy Scots to rery on them sang,
 That all was dead within a litle tound:
 None from that place has power for to found.
 Young Colcolstock hath both life and hoast forlor.
 The Scots spoiled all good gear them beforen.
 What them thought best of fine, haucens they toall,
 Both gold and good, and hoys that might avail.
 To Struiling bydge without resting they cast,
 Ere mo should come. Colallace this ordynance made,
 Past over the bydge. Colallace gart twygth call,
 And men cratts and under the passage all:
 Then these same folk he sente to the Dunsford,
 Gart set the ground with strong stakes and burd,
 With nine or ten fyles he cast the gate before,
 Endlong the shald make it as deep as thore.
 Then Colallace said: This shal on one sive be,
 Don King and I, but if he southward flee,
 He sent Lamber which had in hand the Wals,
 End ong the coast, where any vessel was,
 And men with him that bully could look,
 On each boat a boord or two they took:
 Ships they burnt of strang vs that were there.
 Setoun and he to Colallace thus can face,
 In Struiling lay upon his purpose still,
 For Englishmen to see what way they will.
 The Earl Malcome Struiling in a spring had.
 To him came with men of arms laud,

Three hundred whole that sicker was and true.
 Of Lennox folk, their power to renew.
 Sir John the Graham from Dundaff sickerly,
 To Wallace came with a good Chevalry,
 Tydings him brought that Sutheron came at hand;
 In Corpichine King Edward was lodged and,
 Destroying the place of purveyance was there:
 Saint Johns good as then they would not spare.
 Stewart of Butte came unto Wallace there,
 With him he had twelve hundred men and mair:
 The Cumine then was past in Cumbernald.
 Upon the morn betwix the Stewart bairn,
 Soon to array with men of arms bryght:
 Twenty thousand then sembled in their sight.
 The Lord Stewart and Cumine forth they ride:
 To the Fatokirk, and thought there to abide.
 Wallace and his then to array they yede,
 With ten thousand of worthy men indeed:
 Who could behold his awful Lordly vult,
 So well beset, so forward, stern and stout,
 So good Chastain as with so few they been,
 Without a King was never in Scotland seen.
 Wallace himself and Earl Palcome the Lord,
 Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay at record,
 Setoun, Lawder, and Boyd that was full twicht,
 Adam Wallace was to that journey dight;
 And many other that proved well in prease,
 Their names all I may not here rehearse.
 Sutheron or then out of Corpichine fure,
 Their passage made into Slamanane mire:
 Into a plain set tents and pavilions,
 South the Fatokirk a litle above the town.
 Good Joy himself thus ridged by his sight,
 In whole number an hundred thousand right.
 Of Wallace coming the Scots such comfort took,
 When they him saw, all dreasure they forlook:
 For of envy was few there that it wist,
 Reasonable folk their matter works at list:

Popson since then at the Falwick is call'd;
 Through great treason, and corruption of al;
 For Cumines had envie of good Wallace,
 For Earl Patrick, as hapned upon case:
 Countess of March was Cumines sister dear,
 Under colour he wrought on this manner.
 Into the host had ordain'd Wallace dead,
 And made Stewart to fall with him at plead,
 That Lord, he said: That Wallace had no right
 Power to lead, and be present in sight:
 He bad him take the vanguard for the gy,
 So wist he well that he should strive for thy.
 Lord Stewart asked of Wallace his counsel,
 Said, Sir, ye know what may us best avail:
 Yon awful King is felon for to hyde,
 Right unabas'd Wallace answered that tyde:
 And I have seen twise mo into Scotland,
 With yon same King when Scots-men took on hand
 With fewer men then now hither is sought,
 This Realm against, and to good purpose brought.
 Sir, we will fight, for we have men enow,
 As for a day, so that we all be true.
 The Stewart said: The vanguard we should have.
 Wallace answered, and said: So God me save,
 That shall ye not, so long as I may reign,
 Nor no man else, except my righteous King:
 If he will come, and take on him the Crown,
 At his command I shall be ready bolon.
 Through Gods grace I refused Scotlands twise,
 I were ever mas to tyme it in such wise,
 To tyme for host that I have governed lang.
 Thus half in wrath from ward him can he gang,
 Stewart therewith all bolou'd into bail.
 Wallace, he said, by thee I tell a tale.
 Say forth, quoth he, of the fairest ye can.
 Unhappily his tale thus he began.
 Wallace, he said, thou takes this meikel cur,
 So ser'd it by wooping of nature,

How an Hotalat complained of his fethreme,
 When Dame Nature took of each bird but blaine
 A fair feather, and to the Hotalat gave,
 Then he thought pride rebuted all the lave:
 Therefore should thou thy semye show so hie,
 Thou thinks none here that should thy fellow be:
 This makes it, thou art glad with our men:
 Had we our own, then were but few to ken.
 At these words good Wallace burnt as fire,
 Over hastily he answered him in ire:
 Thou liest, he said, the sooth full oft hath been,
 There have I bidden, where thou durst not be seen,
 Contrare thine enemies, no more for Scotlands right:
 Nor dare the Hotalat when that the day is right:
 That tale full near thou hast told by thy sell:
 To thy desire thou shalt not me compel:
 Cumine it is hath given thee this counsel,
 Will God ye that of your first purpose sail:
 That false traitour that I from danger brought,
 Is wonder like to bring this Realm to nought:
 For thine oggart either to do or die,
 To prison fled, or cowardly to flee:
 Rescue of me thou shalt get none this day,
 Therewith he turned, and from them rode his way.
 Ten thousand men away with Wallace rode,
 None better was in all the world so broad,
 As such men was living upon life.
 Alace, great harm fell Scotland for that strife:
 Past to the wood from the Fawkeirk by east:
 He would not bide for command nor request,
 For charge of none, but it had been the King,
 That might that time bring him from his tilling.
 The other Scots saw their destruction,
 For discomfort to leave the field was baten:
 But that these men was native to Stewart,
 Principal in Bute, took hardiment in heart.
 Lord Stewart was at Cumine grieved there,
 Right and he lived he should repent it sair.

The great trespass that he throughe misadventure
 Had gart him make to Wallace in that place,
 Of their debate it was a great pity,
 For Englishmen then might no blyther be,
 Hailed so fast in battel to the field,
 Thirty thousand that well could weapons wield:
 The Earl Hartford was chosen their Captain,
 The good Stewart to that array is gane,
 The field he took as true and worthy Knight:
 The Englishmen came on with all their might.
 Their feil meeting was awfull for to see,
 At that counter they gart feil Sutheron die.
 When spears were split him out with swords son,
 On either side full donghey deads were done,
 Feil on the ground was felled in that place,
 Stewart and his can on their enemies race.
 Blood brused out throughe maille burnishe bright,
 Twenty thousand toith dreadful weapons dight,
 On Sutheron men dervly to death they ding,
 The remanent again fled to the King.
 Ten thousand then after the dead eichewed,
 With that Chistain unto the hoast relieved.
 Again to ray the harby Stewart yed.
 When Wallace saw that worthy noble dead,
 Held up his hands with humble prayer prest:
 O God he said, give you Lord grace to last,
 And power have his worship to attend,
 To turn these folk, and take the byhole command
 Great harm it were that he should be overlet,
 With new power they then to him rest,
 By that the Bruce an awfull battel rayed,
 The Bishop Brik that off hath been assayed,
 Forty thousand upon the Scots to faye,
 With full efface they raised up right there,
 The Brinces banner beith gold and goulles clear.
 When Wallace saw the battels approached near,
 The sight heon against his own kinrike:
 Wallace, he said, the world is contrare like.

This land should be yon Tyrants heritage,
 That cometh thus to stroy his own barnage :
 So I were free of it that I said air,
 I would forswear Scotlands for evermair :
 Contrare Wyce I should rescue them now,
 Or die therefore, to God I make a vow.
 The great debate in Wallace wit can waide,
 Betwixt kindnes and wilful vow was made.
 Kindnes bade him rescue them from their fo.
 Then will said, nay, why fool, wilt thou do so ?
 Thou hast no wit with right thy self to lead :
 Shouldst thou help him that would put thee to deas ?
 Kindnes said, yet they are good Scots-men.
 The will said, wit the verity thou may ken,
 Has they been good, all in one rose has been,
 By reason here the Contrare well is seen,
 For they us hate more then the Sutheron lie.
 Kindnes said, nay, that shold they not indeed :
 Though one of them be false into their law,
 Because of him thou shouldest not lose them aw :
 They have dont well into yon felon hour,
 Rescue them now, and take the high honour.
 Will said, they shoulde have rest from me my life,
 I have for them in many a felon strife.
 Kindnes said, help, their power is but nought,
 Then brak on him that all the malice brought.
 Will said, this day they shall not halpen be :
 That I have said, shall ay be said for me :
 They are but dead, God geant them of his blis :
 Envy long since hath done great harm and mis.
 Wallace therewith turnis in yis and seen,
 Tears for bail burst out from both his een.
 Sir John the Graham, and many other wight,
 Asleep for too forsores of that Knight.
 When Wyces battel upon the Scots strake,
 Their cruel coling made cowards for to quake.
 Lord Cumine fled in Cumbernald away,
 About the Scots the Sutheron lapped they.

The men of Bute before their Lord they stood,
 Defending him, when that fell streams of blood
 Were them about in floods where they yed.
 Bathed in blood was Bruces sword and weed.
 Through fell slaughter of fell men of his own.
 Soon to the death the Scots were overthrowen,
 Then slew the Lord, for he would not be tane.
 When Wallace saw that their good men were gane,
 Lords, he said, what now is your counsel?
 Two choyses there are, I rede the best ye wail,
 Pender the King his Hoast abandonand,
 With Bruce and Beik in yon battel to stand,
 Yon King in war right wise and fell hath been,
 Their Captains als full cruel are and keen,
 Better of hand is not living, I wils,
 Intyreany, ye trow me well of this.
 For Bruce and Beik, to what side they be set.
 We have a choise which is full hard but let.
 And we turn East for strength in Lothian land,
 They stuff a chace right hard I understand:
 Take we the mure, yon King is us before,
 There is but this withouiten words more,
 To the Forwood, for our succour is there:
 Through Bruces hoast, forsooth first must we fare.
 Amongst us now there needeth no debate,
 Yon men are dead, we need not strive for state.
 They all consented to work right as he will:
 What him thought best, they granted to fulfill.
 Good Wallace then that stoutly could them steer,
 Before them rode into his armour clear,
 Ruled their spears all in one number round,
 And we grace have for to pass through them sound,
 And few be lost, to our strength will we ryde,
 Grant we many, in faith we shall abyde,
 With their armed horse fast on the hoast they rode,
 The ried then role when spears in lunder glade,
 Dashed in dross dunted with spears dint,
 From forged steel the fire flew forth but stint:

The felloe throng when horse and men renewed.
 Up drove the dust where they their pichs proved.
 The other Hoast might not their deeds see,
 The flour that role, while they dislevered be.
 The worthy Scots eight thousand down they bare,
 Few fell on ground by good Wallace brought there.
 The King cryed : Horse upon them for to ryde :
 But this wise Lord gave him counsel to hyde,
 The Earl of York said : Sir, ye work amiss,
 To break array, you men quite through them is :
 They kend the land, and will to strengths draw,
 Take we the plain, we are in peril a lye.
 The King conceived, that his counsel was right,
 Ruled the Hoast, and bade still in their light.
 Ere Bruce and Bick might return their battel,
 The Scots were through, and had a great avail.
 Wallace commanded the Hoast should pass alway
 To the Corwood, in all the haste they may :
 Himself and Graham, and Latimer turned in,
 Betwix battels, pryse and proves to win,
 And with them bode in that place hundreded three
 Of Scotland men used in jeopardy,
 Upon right horse, that right warly could ride,
 A hop they made where they set on a side :
 No spears they had but swords of tempered steel,
 Therewith in flour they let their enemies feel,
 How they full oft had proved been in preals,
 Of Englishmen they made feil to deceals.
 Ere Bruce thereof might well perceiving have,
 Three hundreded there were graithed to their grave.
 The hardy Bruce an Hoast abandone it,
 Thirty thousand he ruled by force and wit,
 Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue,
 Served they were with good spears and bow,
 And Bishop Bick a staff to him to be.
 When good Wallace their Ordinance can see :
 Alace, he said, you man hach meikel might,
 And over good will to undo his own right.

He bade his men toward the Hoast to ryde,
 Them for to save, he woulde behind them hyde:
 Whikel he troved in God, and his own deed,
 To save his men into his doughty need:
 Upon himself maike travel he takes.
 The great battel complent upon him gats:
 In the fore-front turned he full oft,
 Whom ever he hit, their laughing was unsoft:
 That day in world known was not his mark,
 A Sutheron man he slew as at one straik.
 But his own strength might not against them be,
 Toward his Hoast behoved him to flee,
 The Sence him hurt at his returning there,
 Under the hanch, a deep wound and fair,
 Blood bursted out brailly a spears length.
 From the great hoast he fled towards his strength:
 Such a flyer before was never seen,
 Nought as Gaurig of Gaudifer the teen,
 When Alexander rescued the fourreours,
 Nought not to him be compared in those hours.
 The fell turning of fourreours he made,
 How boldly as before the Hoast he bade.
 How bold good Graham with cruel hardiment,
 How hot Latover amongst his enemies went:
 How they alone into the flour then stood,
 While Wallace was in slanching of his blood.
 By then he had steamed full well his wound,
 Such thre hundred into the field can found,
 To rescue Graham and Latover that were toight.
 But Bishop Berk came on with strength and might.
 The worthy Scots retired far aback,
 Seven akir broad, unto their own great make,
 Yet were these two belivered there full well,
 By his own hand, and a good sword of steel.
 The awful Space amongst them with great mark,
 At the Rescue thre Scots men hath he slain:
 Whom he hit right as at one straik was dead:
 Wallace pleased in therefore to see venged,

With a good spear Bruce was served but bad,
 With great envy to Wallace fast he rade,
 And he to him assented not for thy,
 The Bruce him met, as Wallace passed by,
 Acquaint he was with his spear grounded glade,
 Spear and horse if he aid in kinder prave.
 Bruce was at ground, as Wallace turned about.
 The great battle of Sutheron fier and hent,
 They honen Bruce with men of great valour;
 Wallace alone was in that flatter flow.
 Graham praised in and thrice an English Knight,
 Before the Bruce upon the banner right,
 That frivole thing, and all his other men,
 Both bone & brain the noble flow through yren.
 The Knight was dead, good Graham remains right,
 A subtil Knight for ent had great beplight,
 Followed at pace, and hath perceived well,
 Grahams being so narrow was some dial
 Beneath the water, that close it might not be,
 On the fillet full fiercely then frake he
 Pierced the back, in the bowels him bare
 With a tharp spear that he might live no more.
 Graham turned there, and smote the Knight in feet
 Through the visart, a little beneath the ren:
 Dead of that dint, to ground he rushes down.
 Sir John the Graham swooned on his arion,
 Ere he overcame to pass to his party,
 Fell Sutheron men that were on foot him by,
 Stricken his horse that he no farther yea.
 Graham yields to God his good spurs and his dead.
 When Wallace saw this good knight to reach breghe
 The piteous pain so sore cherted his thought,
 All out of kind altered his courage,
 His wit in war was then but a wood rage.
 The horse him bare in field where to him list,
 For of himself as then he little wist.
 Like a wood beass that was from reason rent,
 As witless might into the wood he went.

Dingung

Dinging on hard, what Sutheron right he hit,
 Straight upon horse again might never sit.
 Into that rage all fell folk he dung down,
 All him about was red a full great rowm.
 When Bruce saw with Wallace it was sa.
 He then charged men long spears for to ta,
 And slay his horse, so he could not escape.
 Fell Sutheron then to Wallace can them shape,
 Pierced his horse with spears on either side,
 Wounds they made that were both deep and wide.
 Of shafts, per Wallace in sunder share,
 But fell heads into his horse left there.
 Some wit to Wallace can redoun,
 In his own mind, so ruled him reason:
 So for to die, he thought no vassalage,
 Then for to flee he took into a rage,
 Spurred the horse, and ran in a randoun
 To his own folk were bying on Carroun.
 The sea was in, they stopped and till stood:
 On land he cryd, and bade them take the flood:
 Together byde, ye may not loose a man.
 At his command they took the water than.
 He returned the entry for to keep.
 While all the host were passed over the deep:
 Then followed fast, and dread his horse should fail.
 Himself was clad in a heavy plate of mail.
 Though he could swim, yet trowed he might not wel,
 The clear water cooled the horse some deal.
 But over the flood he bare him to the land,
 Then fell down dead, and might no longer stand.
 Keirly full soon a courser to him brought,
 Then up he lap, amongst the host he sought:
 Graham was away, and other fifteen wight,
 On Pagdalen day these folk to death were right.
 Thirty thousand of Englishmen for true,
 The worthy Scots upon that day they flew:
 What by Stewart, and then by wight Wallace,
 For all his price King Edward rewed that case.
 To the Corwood he bade the host to ride, Keirly

Keirly and he passed on Carroan side,
 Beholding over upon the south party.
 Bruce formost came, and could on Wallace cry :
 What ? art thou there ? a man, Wallace can say.
 The Bruce answered that hast thou proved this day.
 Abide, he said, thou needest not now to flee.
 Wallace answered : I cleaved not for thee :
 But that thy power hath near thine own undone,
 Amenos herof, will God; we shall have soon.
 Language of thee, the Bruce said, I desire.
 Say forth, quoth he, thou mayst for little here :
 Ryde from thine host & gat them bide with me :
 I would fain hear what thou likest to speak.
 The host bode ill, the Bruce passed them fra,
 No man with him, but one Scot that heicht Ral.
 When that the Bruce saw of their hearing were,
 He turned in he, and this question can hear :
 Why worketh thou thus & singest in good peace be :
 Then Wallace said, but in default of thee :
 Through thy falsyng, thou hast me in mischance :
 I claim no right, but in this I am certain,
 That thou ~~hast~~ ~~me~~ ~~in~~ ~~mis~~ ~~chance~~ ;
 Thou hast tyme two that were with far more need
 Upon this day, with a good king to found.
 Nor five millions of unclad gold to round,
 That ever were wrought in work or sayn so bright :
 I trow in world be not a better knight,
 Then was good Graham, of trach and hardiment.
 Tears therewith from Wallace eyes down went.
 Bruce said : far more on this day we have lost.
 Wallace answered : alace, they were ill cost,
 Throught thy treason shouldst be our righteous king,
 That wilfully destroyest thine own off-spring.
 The Bruce answered : wilt thou do my devise ?
 Wallace said : No, thou livest in such wise,
 Thou wouldst me make at King Edwards will be,
 Yet I had rather to morn be hanged he.
 But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,
 Then as a Lord thou might at liking live,

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 Say forth, quoth he, thou mayst for little hyre :
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 I woult fain hear what thou likest to speak.
 The host bode still, the Bruce pulled them fra,
 No man with him, but one Scot that hecht Rat.
 When that the Bruce saw of their hearing were,
 He turned in he, and this question can speare :
 Why workst thou this & might in good peace be :
 Then Wallace said, that is default of thee :
 Through thy falshe, that now me is mishand :
 I claim no right, but would this I angd be,
 That thou ~~shouldst be king, & I should be thy man~~ ;
 Thou hast tyme two that were with far more need
 Upon this day, with a good King to found.
 For five millions of such gold so round,
 That ever were wrought in work or coyn so bright :
 I trow in world be not a better Knight,
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 Yet I had rather to morn be hanged he.
 But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,
 Then as a Lord thou might at liking live,

At

At thine own bull in Scotland for to reign,
 To be in peace, and hold of Edward King.
 Of that false King I think never to take,
 But contrare him with all my power to make:
 I claime nothing as by title or right,
 Though I might reane since Conchary sent me might
 From thy thy Exile of this Region to beare;
 But I shall not such charge upon me beare,
 Great God knows best what I can on hand
 For to stay for that which thou dost gain stand
 It might be said of thee long time ago,
 In euerie time thou wast of Honor and bold,
 Seemest thou not, that some one of you:
 Thou Rannagare, breueth of thy word.
 I vow to God, may I thy Word be
 In any field, thou shalt see rather die
 Then shall a Turk, for thy false cruel tear:
 Pagans to us so not to mekel beare.
 Then leugh the Prince as Wallace earnestly,
 And said: thou seest that thus stands the case:
 This day thou art both power ouer,
~~Latine you King overhand if may not get.~~
 Then Wallace said: we are by mekel thing,
 Stronger this day in contrary you King.
 Then at Wigger, where he lost many of his,
 And als the field, so shall he be with this:
 Into the fie we haue lost many a Knight,
 Or die therefore, for all his mekel might.
 And Scotland now into such peril stand,
 To leaue it thus, I might be called man.
 Wallace, he said, it approacheth near night,
 Would thou to morn when that the day is light,
 Ere nine of clock, meet me at the Chappel,
 By Dunipace, I would heare thy counsel.
 Wallace said: May ere that each time be spent,
 Were all the men hence in the Duent,
 ... one will with Edward who had sworn,
 We shall bargan ere nine hours of the morn:

Of this wrong case, either he shall think shame;
 Or die therefore, or flee in England home.
 But and thou wilt, soon by the hour of three,
 At that each cyst, wilt thou I shall thee see.
 While I may last, this Realm shall not forsake.
 Bruce promis'd him with twelve Scots to be there.
 Then Wallace said: Stood thou right-ous to me,
 A contrarie part I should not be to thee.
 I shall bring ten, and for thy power me,
 I give no force, though thou be friend or foe.
 Thus they departed. Bruce pass'd thus away.
 To Lichyow rose where that King Edward lay:
 The new had left, and lodged by touch the town,
 At supper let as Bruce at the pavilion,
 He enter'd in, and saw his host his seat,
 No water took, but made him to the meat,
 Fasting he was, and was in meikel dread.
 Bloody was all his weapons and his hood.
 The Sutheron horse wound on terms rude,
 And said: behold you Scot eats his own blood.
 The King thought: will they make such decision,
 Bade have water to Bruce of Huntingtown.
 They bade him wash he said, that he would nought.
 This blood is mine that hurts most my thought.
 Sawly the Bruce then in his mind remembred,
 The words which Wallace had him remembred:
 Then knew he sore, for reason he had known,
 That blood and land should both have been his own.
 With them he was long ere he got a day.
 But contrarie Scots he saw, he not knew that day.
 Lave I the Bruce sore mourning in his intent:
 Good Wallace soon again to his host went.
 In the Toward which had there lodging made,
 First they felt that was both bright and shade.
 Of host and they took at instance.
 Thenceof full soon to get them instance.
 Wallace sleep'd but short while and soon rose,
 To rule the host on a good pace he goes.

Th,

The Earl Malcome, Kamlay, and Kundie wi
 And five thousand in battel then he dight.
 Wallace, Lawder, and Chinnel of Setoun,
 Five thousand led, and Wallace of Richartoun
 Full well arrayed into their armour clean,
 Past to the field where that the chace had been,
 Seeking dead men, amongst the worthiest
 The corps of Graham, for whom they mourned mo
 When they him fand, and good Wallace him sa
 He lighted down, hilt him before them a
 In arms up, beholding his pale face,
 He kissed him, and cryed full oft : Alace.
 My best brother in all world that ever I had :
 Mine eld friend when I was hardestt stad :
 Mine hope, mine health, thou wast of most honour
 My faith, mine help, my strengthner into flour.
 In thee was wit, freedom, and hardiness :
 In thee was truth, manhood, and nobleness :
 In thee was rule, in thee was governance :
 In thee virtue withouten variance :
 In thee lator, in thee was great largeness :
 In thee gentries, in thee was mediocrity :
 Thou was great cause of winning of Scotland,
 Though I began and took the war on hand,
 I vow to God that hath the world to wald,
 Thy death shall be to Sutherland full dear sold.
 Martyr thou art for Scotlands right and me :
 I shall be venged, or else therefore shall die.
 Alas no man there from weeping might refrain
 For loss of him, when they heard Wallace plain
 They carried him with worship and honour,
 In the Faw Kirk made him a sepulchre.
 Wallace commanded his men therefore to hyde,
 His ten he took, for to meet Bruce they ryde :
 South-west he past where that the rest was sit.
 The Bruce full soon and good Wallace have met.
 For loss of Graham, and als for proper teen,
 He greis in pre when he the Bruce hath seen.

Their saluting was but busteous and thriston :
 Knew thou, he said, thou art contrare thine own.
 Bruce said : Wallace, rebute me now no more,
 Mine own deeds have bet me wonder sore.
 When Wallace heard with Bruce that it stood sa.
 On knees he fell, fair countenance can him ma.
 In arms soon the Bruce hath Wallace tane,
 Out from their men in couniel are they gant :
 I cannot tell perfectly their language,
 But this was it their men had o. knowledge :
 Wallace him prayd, come from the Sutheron king
 The Bruce said : nay, there lets me yet one thing :
 I am so bound with soitness to be seal,
 For all England, I would not faise my seal.
 But one thing here I beght to God and thet,
 That contrare Scots again I shall not be :
 Into a field with weapons that I bear,
 In my purpose, I shall thee never dear :
 If God thee grants over-hand of us to have,
 I will not flee mine own self for to save.
 And Edward scape, I pass with him again,
 But I through force be either tane or slain :
 Speak he on me when that my term is out,
 I come to thes, may I scape from that doubt.
 Of their couniel I cannot tell you mair,
 The Bruce took leave, and can to Edward fare.
 Wallace in haste provided soon his hoast,
 Right sad in mind for Scots men that he lost.
 He made Craufurd the Earl Dalcome to guide,
 In the tolu way to Jinneravin to ride,
 That their watches then should not them espy :
 The other hoast himself led hastily,
 By south Hanwel, while that they were between :
 Of the one watches thus scaped they unseen.
 The Earl Dalcome on Lichgow entred in,
 There hastily a great strife eaa begin.
 Wallace was nought all to the battel bowen,
 When they heard the cry rise into that town.
 On Edwards hoast they set full suddenly :

Mallice and his made little noise and cry,
 But occupied with weapons in that hour,
 Fell felled to death that was without armour.
 All disarrayed the English hoan so than,
 Amongst y pavillions, where Scots full many
 Cutted down corps, gart many tents fall :
 None sought them, at once every fighting all :
 But Mallice hoast and Earl Walcome with might
 King Edward then with above ten on height,
 Cried to array on Buz to fern and stout.
 Twenty thousand in arms him about.
 Into hauels had bidden all that night,
 But prayed look to solely with sight,
 On each side them for treasons of their dead :
 Mallice and his so roughly through them yed,
 Toward the King, and called all to groans,
 Who bore them there right fel fighting they found
 The cruel King right awfully abate.
 To all his tock a great comfort he made :
 The more the Scots amongst them in that hour,
 Fel wither fell into their fine armour :
 Before the King made stops them among,
 So forward y they ystalled in that throng.
 English commons they fled on either side,
 But noble men, there lack none other hyde.
 The King as then to Scots made no grievance,
 But Judge he was with feynest countenance :
 So did he never into no barrel air,
 Nor yet after such need as he showed there,
 The Earl Warfurd to flee he made him bowen,
 The Earl Walcome by that came in the town :
 The tenor men set their lodges on fire,
 Then fearfully fled many Dutheron Spere.
 The King Toward that yet was fighting still,
 Hark how them flee, and liked them full ill.
 The worthy Scots fall toward him they preals,
 His bridle near assayed eech they would seals :
 His banner-man in that place Mallice flew,
 And then to ground the banner soon it flew.

The Earle of York counselled the King to flee,
And so returned, since no succour they see.
The Englishmen hath seen the banner fall,
Without comfort to flee they purpose all.
Ten thousand men in field and town was dead,
Of Edwards folk, ere himself left that dead.
Twenty thousand away together rade,
King and Chistains no longer carry made:
The Scots in haste then to their horse they yeed,
To stuff the chase with worthy men indeed.
The Lennox folk that wanted horse and gear,
Took them at will to help them in their wear,
At Stragil rode, what Scots might formost pass,
On Sutheron men full great slaughter there was,
Wallace hath seen the Scots unorderly,
Follow the chase he made matters in hy,
Them for to rule, and altogether ryse,
Commanding them, each one should other hyde.
Intoflying the Sutheron subtil are,
See they a time, they will set on full fair.
Feil scaled folk to them will soon renew,
For ye see well that they are men anew,
The followers was ruled well with skil,
In good array they rode all at his will,
And slew down fast, what Sutheron they overtook,
Contrare the Scots came not mastery to make.
Into that chale they halted all to near,
No Englishmen burnt from the host out fear.
The frayed folk at Stragil were fereand,
Drew to the King well more than ten thousand,
Thirty thousand in number then were they,
Into array together they past away.
Feil Scots horse to driven was in travel,
Fore-run that day, and itken began to fail:
The Sutheron was with horse leaves so well,
Of Wallace chait the Sutheron had some feel,
Of horse they were purveyed in great want.
The King changes on sundry horse of Spain.

Then Wallace said : Lords, ye may well see,
 Your folk are now all that your King may be,
 For fault of stuff we lose ever meikel thing ;
 Had we good horse to pass before your King,
 We should make end of all this long debate,
 Yet some of them shall be handled so heat :
 Part of our horse are holden fresh and weight,
 Set on them fast while that we are in might :
 With that the Scots so hard amongst them drew
 Of the outmost three thousand men they flew.
 In Crawford mure many a man was slain.
 Edward gart call the Bruce of meikel main :
 Then said he thus : good Earl of Huntingdown,
 Ye see the Scots put many to confusion,
 Would ye with men again on them relieve,
 And mar them once, I shall while that I live,
 Love you far more then any other Knight,
 And for all this, shall put you in your right.
 Then said the Bruce : Sir, loose me of my band
 And I shall turn, I heght you by my hand.
 The King soon considered in his mind,
 When he heard Bruce answer him in this kind,
 From Englishmen the Bruce heart set it is :
 Then said he this, how he should mend this miss
 And so he did in England at his will,
 No Scots man he let with Bruce bide still,
 But where he past, held him in subiection,
 Of Englishmen under a great bandon.
 He turned not, nor no more language made,
 In raged battel the King to Sulway rade,
 With meikel pain past upon Englands coast.
 Fifty thousand in that travel they lost.
 When Wallace saw he escaped was away,
 Upon command again returned they,
 To Edinburgh, withouten words more,
 Put in Crawford that Captain was before,
 Of heritage he had in Banwel land.
 Wallace commanded each man should hold in hand
 Their own office, as they before time had.
 But in good peace, Scotland in right he had.

On the tenth day to Saint Johnston he went,
 Assembled Lords, then showed them his intent.
 Scrimgeour came that then had won Dundie,
 Wallace command that time well keeped he.
 He failed so while strong hunger them drove,
 Feebled them so, the house to him they gave.
 These wageours soon they put to confusion,
 Then brought Morton, to make a conclusion,
 Before Wallace, and soon from he him saw,
 He gart hang him for ail King Edwards aw.
 Raions and minds to Scrimgeour forth he send,
 Cast down Dundie, and thereof made an end.
 Wallace sadly when these deeds were done,
 The Lords he called, and his will shew'd them soon :
 Good men, he said, I was your governour,
 My mind was set to do you ay honour,
 And for to bring this Realm to righteousness :
 For it I paid in many painful place.
 To win our own, my life I never spar'd,
 At the fashark then ordained me reward :
 Of their reward ye hear no more through me,
 Unto such gifts, I can tell full well have ye.
 Now ye are free, through the power of might,
 I grant you grace for to defend your right.
 As I presume, if harm be done to me,
 There are Scots-men which should the workers be.
 I have enough of our old enemies strife :
 We think our own should not envy my life :
 Whome office here over plainly I reigne :
 I think no more to take on me such thing.
 In France I will, and win me living there,
 As now advised, and home to come no more.
 Lords gatasthood, but all that helps aught,
 For any there, he did as himself thought.
 Bishop Sinkler was visited with sickness
 Unto Dunkeld, and then through Gods grace,
 He recovered when Wallace past away :
 After the Bruce he lived many a day,

Good Wallace thus took leade in Saint Johnstone
 Eighteen with him to Dundie made them boun.
 Longovell past that doughty was indeed,
 The Barrons son of Barchin with him yeed.
 Two brethren old with their uncle them dight,
 Symon Wallace, and Richard that were might.
 Sir Thomas Gray, this Priest can with him fae
 Edward Little, and Jop, and Master Blair.
 Good Keirly past had been with Wallace long,
 And done full well in many felloe thong.
 This Keirly then that could with Wallace fare,
 Till Ker he hight, mine Author will declare:
 Keirly in Irish, is but Ker Little call'd,
 In Carrick he has heritage of ald:
 His forebear which worthy was of hand,
 Saint David King him brought out of Ireland:
 Then at Dummor where first Norways came in
 This Ker made great discomfice of their kin.
 With seven hundred vainquish't nine thousand,
 Some drowned in Donn, some slain upon the land
 Thole whole lands the good King gave him till.
 Now Wallace past now further speak I will.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace met with John of Lyn upon the sea
 Amongst Merchants thus Wallace took the ste
 A Prayer we to God, that he their helper be:
 They sailed forth by part of England shore,
 To Humber-mouth when that they came befoe,
 Out of the south a great red sail they see,
 Into the top three Leopards standing he:
 The Merchants then the sign when that they saw
 Coming so near, they were discomfite aw:
 For well they wist that it was John of Lyn,
 Scots to slay, he said it was no sin.
 These feyred folk they yeed to confession.
 Then Wallace said: Such a devotion
 Yet saw I never, in no place where I past,
 That for one ship ye should be all agast:

Pon wood cats shal do but little deare;
 We saw them sail thow mo when they were,
 On a fair field, so shall they on the sea.
 Despite it is to see them stand so hie.
 The stiers-man said: Sir, will ye understand,
 He saveth none that is born of Scotland:
 We may not flee from yon barge, wot I well,
 Well trusted they are with gun and gainzie of steel,
 Upon the sea yon Reaver long hath been,
 To righteous men he doth full meikel teen:
 Might we be saved, we rek not for our good.
 This life he hath, shortly for to conclude,
 A flood he bears upon his coat armour,
 By drowning folk, so painted in his figure.
 Suppose we moun, ye shoul have no marvel,
 Then Wallace said: Here is men of more vail
 To sail the ship, therfore in how thou ga,
 And thy lres, no more cummer us ma.
 Wallace and his then soon to harness yerd:
 When they were graithed into their worthy weed,
 Himself and Blair, and the Knight Longoveil,
 These three hath tane to keep the mid-ship well:
 Before were eight, and six be eft he kend:
 Then two he chose the top for to defend.
 And Gray he made their stiers-man for to be.
 The Merchants then saw them so manfullie
 Defend themselves because they had no weed,
 Out of the how they took then skins good speed
 By betwixt two stuffed wool as they might best,
 Against the stroak, that they might some part lest.
 Then Wallace leugh, and commended thim aw,
 Of such harness before he never saw.
 By that the barge came on them wonder fast,
 Seven score in her that were nothing agast,
 When John of Lyn saw them in armour bright,
 He leugh, and said these naughty words on hight:
 Pon glaiked Scots can us not understand:
 They are but fools, and new come from the land.

He cried, strike, but none answer them made.
 Blair with a bold shot fast withouten bade :
 Ere they clipped he shot but arrows three,
 And at each shot he gart a Reaver die.
 The briggans then they bickered wonder fast,
 Amongst the Scots with shot of guns cast,
 And they again with spears headed well,
 Fell wounds they made through plates of finest steel.
 Either other fasten with clippes so keen,
 A cruel counter was at that ship-head seen :
 The deck yet grave as thick as hail shower;
 Lasted and well near the space of an hour.
 When shot was gone, the Scots great comfort had,
 At hand strokes they were sicker and sad.
 The merchants als with such things as they might,
 Proved full well in defence of their right.
 Wallace and his at near streaks when they see,
 With sharp swords they gart fell briggans die.
 They in the top so wightly wrought on hand,
 In the south top there might no reaver stand.
 All the mid-ship of reavers was made waste,
 That to give over at point they were almost :
 Then John of Lyn was right greatly again,
 He said his folk about him failit fast,
 With eager will he would have been away.
 Bade wind the sail in all the hails they may :
 But from the Scots then might they not eskey,
 The ship so sore on either side they wey,
 They saw nothing that might be to them ease.
 Craibfurd on lost their sail buent in a breeze.
 Ere John of Lyn ship for to leave that head,
 Of his best men five were brought to dead.
 Their ship by ours a bowd was more in hight,
 Wallace lay in amongst the reavers wight,
 A man he strake over ship board in the sea :
 On the over-late he slew soon other three.
 Longown entered, and als good Walter Blair,
 They gave no grace to tricks that they found there,
 Wallace himself with John of Lyn hath met, At

At his collar a fellon straik him set,
Both helm and head from the shoulder he drave,
Blair over the board in the sea cast the lave
Of his body, then all the remanand
Entred and slew the briggauns that they fand:
The ship they took, both gold and other gear,
That these Reavers had gathered long in wear.
But Walter Blair spake nothing of himsel,
In deed of arms what eventure that betel.
Sir Thomas Gray was Priest then to Wallace,
Put in this book how them hapned this case
That Blair was in, and many worthy deed,
Of which himself had no pleasance to read.
Wallace gart rule the Ship with his own men,
And sailed forth the right course for to ken:
Into the Sluce haven while they entred be,
The merchants well he helped in safety:
Of gold and gear they took part that they fand,
Gave them the ship, then passed to the land,
Through Flanders rode upon a goodly wise,
Entred France, and then past to Paris:
The glad things that to the King was brought
Of Wallace coming, it comfort all their thought:
They crowed by him to get redreels of wrong,
The Suthen had in Eugen brought so long.
The Peers of France were at their Parliament:
The King commanded with true and whole intent,
They should forsee a Lordship for Wallace.
The Peers then all agreed of this case,
For Eugen was all whole out of their hand,
They thought it best to give him that land:
For well they trowed he had wrought to best,
He should it win, or else to die therefore:
As of it they might no profit have,
That was the cause that Wallace should it have.
This decret soon they shewed unto the King,
Dupleated he was they made him such a thing.
Of Eugen thus, when Wallace had a feel,
No land, he said, liked him half so well; My

My chance is thus for to be ay in wear,
 And Englishmen have done our Realm most dear.
 It is well known my defence righteous there;
 Right have I here, my comfort is the mair.
 I thank you Lordis, made such reward to me,
 Your purpose is I shoud not talle be.
 The King bade him be Duke of Guyen land.
 To that command, Wallace was gain standand,
 Because that land was hastily to conquer:
 His thought was ay to win it through Gods grace.
 But nevertheless the King had made him Knight,
 And gave him gold for to maintain his right:
 And then gave charge to all war-men in France,
 They shoud be whole at Wallace ordinance.
 And also of him he bade him arms to take:
 Wallace forlook such changing for to make.
 Since I began, I bore the red Lyon,
 And thinks to be ay true man to the Crown.
 I thank you, Sir, of this mighty reward,
 For men herefore shal not right long be spar'd:
 I think to quite some part ye kethed on me,
 In your service, or else therefore to die.
 Good Wallace thought his time he would not waste,
 Unto the wars he gathered him in haste:
 All Scottish men that were into that Land,
 To him they fought with their felow and band.
 Longobell als a great power can raise,
 In Wallace help this good Knight gladly goes:
 Ten thousand whole of noble men they were,
 The broad banner display'd of Scotland there.
 The war-men soon upon the Guyen they fure,
 Broke buildings down which had been stark & stur.
 Sutheron they flew against them made debate,
 Brightly on broad they raised fires full hate.
 Shemon they took that Wallace first had wonnen.
 And flew all men of Sutheron there was founden.
 Into that town Wallace his dwelling made,
 All there about he loan the Country brade.
 The worthy Duke of Orleans was Lord, Sem-

sembled his folk into a good accord,
Twelve thousand then he had in armour bright,
And thought to help good Wallace in his right.
Leave I them thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speak some part how Scotland took great skaith.

CHAP. III.

How Edward King of England came into Scotland,
and made whole conquest thereof.

The false endy, and the wicked treason
Amongst themielves, brought fell to confusion.
The Knight Wallace in Scotland made repara:
The false Benteith sir John withoutten mair,
Betwixt them two was made a private band,
So on a day they met into Annand.
Of the Lennor sir John had great desire,
Sir Aymar heght he should have it in hyre,
To hold in fee, and other Lands mo,
Of King Edward, so he would pass him to.
Thus couded they, and then to London went:
Edward was glad to hold that appointment.
Benteith anone was bound to that fierce King,
To further him in Scotland in all thing.
Then passed home, and Wallace with him sure,
While he was brought again over Carlisle mure.
King Edward then in yre and fierce outrage,
By thirty dayes he raised his barnage,
In Scotland past, and there no stopping fand:
No Chistair was that durst against him stand:
For Benteith told chey thocht to make Bruce King,
All true Scots would be pleased of that thing:
Yet many fled, and durst not hyde Edward,
Some into Ross, and in the Isles past part.
Bishop Sinkler again fled into Bute,
With that fierce King he had no will to mutt.
Thus without straik the Castles of Scotland,
King Edward hach cane into his owne hand:
Divided then to men y he would like,

Strengths & tokens to Ross through the Kingrick;
 Both heght and vail obeyed whole his will:
 That he commanded they purpos'd to fulfil.
 The Bishop all inclined to his Crown.
 Both temporal, and the Religion.
 The Romane books that then were in Scotland,
 He gart them bear to Scow, where they them fand,
 And but reeem they burnt them all each ane.
 Salisberygus our Clerks then hath tane:
 The Lords he took that would not of him hold,
 In England sent the noble blood of old.
 Sir William long Douglas to London send
 In strong prison and there he made an end.
 Earl Thomas als that Lord was of Murray,
 And Lord Frazer, with him to pass away:
 Als John the Bay, and other heirs mo.
 He gart Calence with him in England go.
 No man was left all this main Land within,
 From Edwards place, known of any kin.
 Seton and Lauder dwelt still into the Wals,
 With them Lundie, and men that worthy was.
 The Earl Dalcome and Campbel part but let
 In Base, succore with Sinker for to get.
 Sir John Ramay and Ruthven they fled North
 To their countie that Lord was of Fifeorth:
 He part with them through Murraylands right,
 So found they there a gentle worthy Knight.
 That Clement heght, full cruel ay had been,
 Now ended well amongst their enemies keen.
 He thought never at Edwards will to be,
 Into his hand he gart sell Sutherlandie.
 He led these Lords in Ross withouten maie,
 At the Stock and a strong strength bigg'd there:
 Keeped it long at night worthily by war,
 To their enemies they did sell markel dear.
 Adam Mallace, and Lindelay of Craigie,
 Away they fled by night unto the sea.
 And Robert Boyd that was both wise and might,

Grant they took to fend them at their might :
 And Coripatrick into Dumbartoun sett still,
 Feinty till soon he made King Edward till,
 Abernethy, Lord Soules, and Cumine als,
 And John o' Lorn that long time had been false :
 Lord of Brechin, and many other ma,
 At Edwards place, for gifts that he them ga.
 Judging of peace for twenty dayes let he,
 Of Englishmen in Lorn, that men might see,
 Plain to declare : but of this cause, I wis,
 That all Scotland by conquest then was his.
 The Lords then, and good Bishop Sinkler,
 Out of Bute then they made a Ballingair,
 To good Wallace told him the torment hail :
 They wrote th. thus to get help of their bail.

O We hope our health, and our whole Governour.
 Our goodly guide, our best Chieftain in flour,
 Our Lord, our Love our strength in righteous place,
 For Gods sake relieve us of this caile,
 And take the Crown, to us it were kinder,
 To brook for ay, ere fierce Edward it bear.
 The wit he got, but yet suffer he wou'd,
 For great fallethood that part him did of old.
 Darkel dolour it did him in his minde,
 Of their misfate, for true he was and kinde :
 He thought to take a mends of their great wrang,
 He answered not, but into war forth rang.
 Of King Edward yet more forth will I mell,
 In what wise that he cou'd Scotland deal :
 In saint Johnstoun the Earl of York he made
 Captain to be of all these Lands brade,
 From Tay to Dee, and under him Buttellar :
 His good-lye had at Kinclavin ended there,
 His father als, Wallace had them both slain,
 Edward therefore made him a man of main.
 The Lord Berwmount into the North he send,
 These Lordships whole he gave them in commend.

To Striviling then from saint Johnstoun he went,
There to fulfil the lave of his intent.

The Lord Clifford he had then Dotoglas-dail,
Ruler to be of the south marches hail :

All Gallowsay he gave Cumine in hand ;
With none but God how long that state should stand.

Which the gentle Lord Bishop Lambertoun,
Of saint Andrews was dotoglas of renown :

Before that time young James wight and wise,
To him was come from the schools of Paris.

A private favour the Bishop to him bare ;

But Englishmen were so great masters there,
He durst not well in plain show him kindness,

Which on a day he took some hardiness.

Dotoglas he called, and can to Striviling fare,

Where King Edward was dealing lands there,

He profered him unto the Kings service,

To brook his own, fra he wist in this wise

Dotoglas he was, then he forsook plainlie,

Swears by saint George, he brooks no land of me :

His father was in contrare of my Crown,

Therefore as now he lyes in our prison.

To the Bishop none other answer he made,

But as he pleased dealt on their lands brade.

As the Lord Soules all whole the Meers gave he,

And Captain als of Warwick for to be.

Olivant then that he in Striviling fand,

When he him had, he would not keep his band,

The which he made ere he him Striviling gave :

Decentfully the King could him deceive,

Into England sent him in prison strong,

In great distress he lived there full long.

When King Edward had dealt this Region,

His lave he took, to England made him boton,

Out of Striviling southward as they can ryde,

Cumine hapned near hand the Bruce to hyde.

Thus said he : sir, and ye can keep counsel,

I can you learn vvhich may you best avail.

The Bruce answered : what ever ye shold to me,
 As for my part, shall well concealed be.
 Lord Cumine said : sir, ye know not this thing,
 Of all this Realm ye shold be righteous King.
 Then said the Bruce : suppose I righteous be,
 I see no time to take such thing on me.
 I am holden into mine enemies hand,
 Under great oath when I came in Scotland,
 To part from him, for profit nor request,
 Nor for no strength, but if death me arrest :
 He heght again to give this land to me :
 Now find I well it is but subtilty :
 For this thou sees he deals mine heritage
 To Sutheron part, and some to traitours wage.
 Then Cumine said : will ye therefore concord,
 Of my lands and ye like to be Lord,
 Ye shall them have for your right and the crown,
 Or and ye like, Sir, for my barison,
 I shall you help with power at my might.
 The Bruce answered : I will not sell my right,
 But on this wile, what Lordship thou wouldest crave
 For thy supply, I heght thou shalt it have.
 Come from you King, Sir, with some jeopardie.
 Now Edward hath all Galloway given to me,
 My neyve Soules that keeps Warwick town,
 At your command his power shall be bowen :
 My Nevyve als a man of meikel might,
 The Lord of Loyn, hath great rowm in the hight :
 My third Nevyve a Knight of great renown,
 Will rise with us, of Brechin the Barron.
 Then said the Bruce : sell there tolose a chance,
 That we might get again Wallace from France,
 By wit and force he could this Rinkrike win :
 Alace, we have been over lang in toun.
 To that language Cumine made no record,
 For old done deids did in his mind remord.
 The Bruce and he compleated forch their band,
 Then that same night sealed it with their hand :

This

This ragement left the Bruce with Cumine there,
 With Edward King in Englane home could fare,
 And there remained while his ragment was known
 Three years and more ere Bruce claimed his own,
 Some men deems Cumine the ragement lend,
 Some men again the contrare both defend.
 None may say well that Cumine was takeles,
 Because his wife was Edwards concuence;
 He served deach by right law of the King,
 He recketh in sleepes with a thing.
 Had Bruce past by but bode to Saint Johnstoun,
 By whole aiant, and had received the Crown,
 On Cumine then he might have done the law:
 He could not thow from time that he him saw.
 Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
 F. Wallace more in some part speak will we.
 The end of the Eleventh Book.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace conquest the land of Guyen, and
 how he was made Lord thereof.

The sore travel, the earnest business,
 The fell labour he had in many place:
 To win the land that the good King him gave,
 Into his reign he would no Sutheron save.
 In Guyen land Wallace was still at wear,
 Of Scotlands loie it did his heart great dear:
 Of trent Scots in mind he had great pitie,
 He thought to help, his time when he might see,
 Of set battels five he discomfitt hail,
 With jeopardie and many strong assail:
 Then they forsook, and darit not him abyde,
 The Sutheron fled from thence on either side,
 To Burdeous into great multiply:
 The town they stuff with vittails by the sea.

here,
tate,
is on
own,

All Guyen land Wallace took to his peace,
To Burdeous he part ere he would cease:
On out-biggings full great manery he made,
Still twenty dayes at strong assailing base:
Forts and woxes that were without the town,
They brake and buent and put to confusion,
Hedges and alleys by labour that was theirs,
Folled and spoiled, they would no fruits spare.
The Englyshmen made great offence again,
With shot and cast that markel were of main:
Of guns they were, and ganzes fluted well,
All attailze and weaponous of one steel.
With men and meat within was busked been:
The great Captain was wise, cruel and keen,
Of Gloucester the huge Lord and heir:
The Earl had been ay used into weir,
Keeped his men by wit and hardiment,
Without the town there durst none from him went.
The land without was near wasted away,
War men so long into the Countre lay:
In Wallace host such scant was of victual,
They might not bide no longer to assail.
Then this wise Lord, the Duke of Orleans,
To Wallace said: Sir, ye should know this chance:
It stands over well with this false Sutheron blood,
For on no wise can we now stop their food:
The haven they have, and ships at their will,
From England comes victual enough them till:
The land is poor of victual should us bield,
And ye see well that they forsake the field.
Ye may with peace plenty these lands wyde,
They will not fight though ye all year should bide.
My counsel is in plain aient this thing,
That ye would pass with worship to the King,
By his assent ye may at leisure wail,
With provision against them to assail.
Wallace inclined, and thanked this wise Lord,
Then they returned all with one good accord,

Past up in France with honor to the King,
 And shew'd him whole the verity of this thing,
 And he thereof in heart was wonder glad.
 French men before a hundred years not had
 Of Guyen half so meikel in their hand.
 Whyting by then was new coming of Scotland,
 From part of Lords, and good Bishop Sinkler,
 Besought this King into these terms fair,
 Of his gentrice, and of his goodly Grace,
 For their supply, to counieil good Wallace
 To come again, and bring them from bandon,
 And take to wear the Crown of that Region,
 This wot as then he would not to him shaw,
 Right loath he was for friendship, feed, or aw.
 Wallace should pass so soon from his presence :
 A dwelling place he took for his residence,
 In Shemon still Wallace his dwelling made,
 And held about right liking land and brade.
 A keen Captain then claimed in heritage
 Office of it, and great lands into wage ;
 Therefore he sought good Wallace for to ha,
 Under coloure such mastery for to ma :
 Long time he thought to get a day and place,
 Saw, he desired then service of Wallace.

A tress they set with fifteen on the side,
 Fourty thereby he gart in bushment hyde,
 Of men in arms. When he with Wallace met,
 Right awfully he bade them on him set.
 No armour had Wallace men in that place,
 But sword and knife they bore on them through cast.
 Part of his men lest near a forest side :
 Right baulseously the Captain said that tide,
 That Wallace held of his lands with unright.
 Right soberly he said to that French Knight,
 I have no lands but what the King gave me,
 My self therefore have been in jeopardy.
 The Knight then said : thy life shall be forlorn,
 Or else that land, the contrare who had sworn.
 Aback he sap, and put a sword he drew,

The

The bushment broke when he that token shew :
 Good Wallace thought that matters stood not well.
 He gripped soon a wearing sword of steel,
 And at one stroke the knight to death he drave,
 About sixteen then lapped all the lave.
 Wallace and his, so worthily have wrought,
 Full fell they slew that forest on them sought.
 The knights brother that stalwart was and strong,
 And thought they shoud be venged ere they gang,
 Of Wallace men some part he wounded fair.
 Going there was into a meadow there,
 Ane stout Charles, all servants to that Knight,
 Sythes then they took, and ran in all their might
 To the fighters : ere they came near that place,
 But them perceived right well hath good Wallace.
 So awful thing of such we never saw :
 Them to resist, himself can to them drave.
 Into that flour left his men fighting still,
 To meet these Charles that came with eager ill.
 The first let drave at Wallace with his syth,
 Deliver he was, and high overlap the syth,
 An awkward stroke hit the Churl on the head,
 Dearly on ground he hath him left for dead :
 The other he met, overlap th syth so keen,
 On the shoulder als stroke him in that teen,
 Through all the coast the noble sword it thare.
 The third he met with a full awful fare,
 The grounden syth at Wallace he let drave.
 This good Chiscam cleanly over lap them aw :
 With his good sword he made an hideous wound,
 Left him for dead, then on the fourth can found :
 On the right bone in great yre can him ta,
 Cleaved the coast right cruelly in twa :
 Three foremost sythes this good Wallace over-lap,
 And four he slew, they saw such was his hap :
 For ay a man he slew at every each stroke :
 The last fled first, thus can their power stak.
 Wallace fast followed, and soon the fifth over-tack,
 Stroke him to death that no further he gack : then

Then sped him soon unto his men again.
 By then they had the Knights brother slain :
 Fifty and six verily to death were dight.
 Except seven men that fled out of their sight.
 Five Barons als that Wallace self with met,
 To French men since no such tryt was set :
 Because that they him brought to such a case,
 The King heard tell well scaped was Wallace,
 Sent for him soon, and prayed him to be
 Of his household, and live in good safetie :
 For well he saw they had him at enye.
 Still with himself he gart him bode for thy.
 Two years thir Wallace with mirth abode,
 Still in France many good wordes made.
 The King him pleased in all his goodly main,
 From him he thought he shoul not part again.
 Lords and Ladies honoured him reverent y :
 Wolcherches and gyres ag h. to h m at enye,

C H A P. I I.

How Wallace slew the two Champions.

The Champions that time dwelt with the King,
 Had great despite at Wallace in all thing :
 Together yerd ay the two Champions,
 Of felon force, and toward o. conditions :
 Right great despite they spake ay of Scotland,
 Whil on a day it houned upon hand,
 Wallace and they to re leaved them alone,
 Bo adventure into an house of stone :
 They used to breac no weapons in that hall,
 They trowed therefore amys they might not fall,
 There commaned they of Scotland corn ally.
 Then Wallace laid : Be wrong us not rily :
 Since we are bound in friendship to your King,
 And he of us is pleased of all thing
 Als Scots men ha h help d this Rea m from dread,
 We think ye shoul give good wordes for good deed:
 What may ye speak of our enemies but ill ?
 In lightlineis they made answer th. retill, And

And him despited in their language als.
 Pe Scots, they said, have ever yet been false.
 Wallace took out on the face in his teen,
 With his good hand, whille mouth, nose and een,
 Through the blairy blow, all guished out of blood :
 Grossing to ground he smote him where he stood.
 The other hie to Wallace in that stead.
 For well he wist his fellows had been dead :
 And he again in gird him grippis sore,
 Whille his speir te fauld that he might do no more.
 The first French role, and smote on Wallace fast,
 Both to the death he brought them at the last,
 Upon a pillar thir beanis out he bang.
 And with his hands out at the door them slang.
 And said : What dein moved you Cailles at me :
 Long time in France I would have let them be.
 Trut tell in truth, this were they done to dead,
 Though French-men now likes not thereof to read,
 Als I will cease, and put it out of tyme,
 Better it is, who richt can look in tyme.
 Many great Lords was displeased in France,
 But the good King who knew o all the who chance,
 Right great despite of Wallace spoken had they.
 This passed over whille that upon a day :
 Als none of them that durst it undertake,
 He had done wrong, or therefore battel make.

C H A P. III

How Wallace slew the Lyon in the Barrace.

This Royal Roy in high schip him gave,
 Als Conquerour him honoured over the lave :
 All Lyon this King gart be brought
 Within barrace, for great harm that he wrought,
 Enriched with yron and no more power him gave :
 Of woodnells he exceeded all the lave :
 But he was fair, and right fellon indeed,
 In that strong strength he gart men him feed,
 Keeped him close from men and bestial :

In

In Court there dwelt two Squyers of great hall,
 That Cousins were to the Champions tway,
 The which before Wallace hapned to slay,
 A band they made in privy conclusion,
 At their power to work his confusion,
 By any means through fraud and subtilty,
 After therefore they car'd not for to die,
 To death or shame, so that they might him bring.
 Upon a time they went unto the King:
 This Scot, they said, that ye so well fare make,
 He sees nought here but he would undertake,
 By his great force to put to confusion,
 Now he desires to fight with your Lyon,
 And bade us ask of you the battel strang,
 Ye grant him leave in the barrace to gang.
 Sadly again to them answered the King:
 Soe me forethinks he desires such a thing:
 But I will neither for right, nor yet plealance,
 Deny Wallace what he desires in France.
 Then went they forth, and soon met with Wallace,
 A figured tale they told him in that case:
 Wallace, they said, the King desires that ye,
 Direnze battel so cruel for to see,
 And charged you to fight with this Lyon.
 Wallace answered in hasty conclusion:
 And I shall do what be the Kings will,
 At my power, right gladly to fulfill:
 Then passed he unto the King but mair,
 A Lord in Court when he approached there,
 Unwisely asked without provision:
 Wallace, dare ye go fight with our Lyon.
 And he said: Yea, so the King suffer me,
 Or with your self, if ye ought better be.
 What will ye more? this thing admitted was,
 That Wallace should unto the Lyon pass.
 The King charged to bring him good harness:
 And he said: Nay, God sh'eld me from such case:
 I should it take if I fought with a man:
 But for a dog that nought of arms can,

I will have none, but single as I ga :
A great mantle about his hand can ta,
A good sword, with him he took no maie,
Abundantly in barrace interd there.
Great chains were brought in the gate with a gin,
And pulled too when Wallace was therein.
The wood Lyon on Wallace where he stood,
Lambling he brayed, for he desired blood :
With his round poles in the mantle wrought sa,
Where the back good Wallace can him ta,
With his good sword that was of brennyht steel,
His body in two it cuted ever each deal.
Then to the King he raked in great pre,
And laid on to him : was this all your desire,
To ware a Scot this lightly into vain ?
Is there more dogs that ye would yet have slain ?
So bring them forth, since I must dogs quell,
To do bidding while that I with you dwell :
It gains me well to graith me in Scotland,
For greater deeds there men hath tane in hand,
Then with a dog in battel to enchieve :
At you and France for ever I take leave.
The King perceived that Wallace grieved was,
So earnestly he asked leave to pass :
Rem'd in his mind that it was hagned so,
So leted a deed to let him undergo.
Knowing the worship and the great nobleness
Of him which sprang that time in many place.
Homesy he said : it should displease you nought,
Ye it desired, it bred never in my thought :
And by the faith I owe the Crown of France,
I thought never to charge you to such chance :
But men of bail that asked it for you,
Wallace answered : to God I make a vow,
I liked never in such battel to be in,
Upon a dog no worship is to win.
The King conceived how this falshood was wrought,
The Squyers both were to his presence brought,
Could not deny, when they came him before, All

All their trespass they told withouten more.
 The King commanded they should be done to death
 Smote of their heads without any remead.
 The Champions, lo, for envy causeleis,
 To sudden death, Mallice them brought through care.
 The Squyers als from their fallneis was kend,
 Envy them brought both to a sudden end.
 Forse, behold, envy the evil Dragon,
 In cruel fire he burneth this Region :
 For whosoever abounds in envy,
 To some mischief it brings him hastily.
 Forlake envy, thou shalt the better speed,
 Heretof as now I will no further read.
 But in my matter, as I before began,
 I shal declare as plainly as I can.

When Mallice saw they had him at envy,
 Longer to byde he thought not then plainly.
 Betwixt him thought in Scotland for to be,
 Any adventure take, either to live or die,
 To help his own he had far more pleasure,
 Then here to byde with all the wealth in France.
 When his whole mind manhood and courage,
 Was plainly set to run out of bondage.
 Scotland again from yin and mekel shore,
 He vowed he should, or else to his life fore.
 The King hath seen how good Mallice is set,
 The better then him gave withouten let,
 The which of late from Scotland was him send.
 Mallice it saw, and wel that harms kend :
 By the best wite thereto accordial,
 Them to supply he thought he would not fail.
 Therefore should I heretof long process make ?
 Mallice of France a goodly leave can take,
 The King hath seen that it wou'd no ill be,
 To chamber went, behold him might not be,
 For great langour, when Mallice can remove :
 The King to him keeps ay kindness and love :
 Jewels and gold his worship for to save,

he had them give as much as they would have.
 Lords and Ladies looped wonder fast,
 When Wallace there to took his leave and pass.
 No man he took but whom he thither brought :
 Again with him on goodly forth brought.
 For pain nor bulke that good knight left him never,
 For ease betwixt some wrath made him suffer.
 Towards the silver is goodly car path he,
 Quenit g. and maid is in to the sea :
 Eight hundred and eighty days they gave :
 To Scotland land, the arch of E. they have.

C H A P. IV.

How Wallace came into Scotland again at the
 Battel of Elcho Park.

Upon the night Wallace the land hath tane,
 At Elcho much, and is to Elcho gane :
 He gave the thyng in covert all along,
 So out of sight they were ere it was day.
 At Elcho dwelt then Wallace couldn dear,
 That Crauford heght : the house when they come
 On the back side Wallace a loundow land, (near,
 And in he called, then Crauford came at hand.
 From time he wist that it was good Wallace,
 Into his barn he ordaind them a place :
 A mole of corn he bulled them about,
 And clost it well : none might perceive thereout :
 But at one place where meat was to them brought,
 And beeding too : as goodly as he might.
 Unto the water, wherof Wallace was glad,
 A dern hole forth on the south side they had.
 Four dayes or five in rest sojourned there,
 While meat was gone, Crauford botoned for mair
 To Saint Johnston their purveyance to buy :
 Englishmen thought he took more abundant.
 Then he was wont in any time before,
 They have him tane, and put in prison sore :
 What guests he had, to tell made him request.
 He said : it was but to a kicking feast.

Pet

Yet they presumed the coming of Mollace,
 Knowledge to get they set a subtil case :
 They let him pass with thing that he had bought
 Then after noon in all the hame they mought,
 To harness yeed the power of the town,
 Eight hundred men with Butler made them bold
 Follow'd on dreigh while that this man came hame
 Mollace him saw, and said : We served blame :
 In my sleeping a fell vision me told,
 Til Englishmen that thou shoud have me sold.
 Crawford said : He had been tormented sair
 With Englishmen that put him to despair :
 Therefore rise up, and soon some succour see,
 I dread full sore they set watches on me.
 The worthy Scots graithed them in good speed,
 Their weapons took, then from that house they fled
 Thus suddenly fell Sutherland they saw :
 Too feto they were to fight against them awo,
 That keenly came with young Butler the Knight.
 Then Mollace said : in plain lands is not right,
 But Cichok Park that is near here beside,
 The first sailie we think there to abide,
 Fiftene they were, and Crawford with good will
 The twentieth man, the number to fulfil,
 The park they took where Mollace a place hath seen
 Of great holm, that grew both high and green,
 With thottor trees a manner of strength made be,
 Ere they were won, they thought to gar fell die.
 The wood was thuk, but little of breadth & length,
 And they had meat they thought to hold the strength.
 The Englishmen then past to Crawford's place,
 Found in the barn the lodging of Mollace :
 Then Crawford's wife in hands soon have they tane
 And asked at her, what way the Scots were gane :
 Right wel they trowed y Mollace shoud ther be,
 From France to Cay he was come through the sea,
 She woud not tell for boait, nor yet reward.
 Then Butler said : over long thou had been spar'd,
 And

And gart them big a full broad burning fire,
 Therewith he grew in matalent and yre :
 The Sutheron swope, therein he should burnt be.
 Then Wallace said : He shal not end for me :
 Great sin it were you sakeless twicht to sta,
 Ere he should end, in faith there shal die ma.
 Ye left the strength, and the plain field can ta,
 On loud he cryed, and said : Lo, here thy fa :
 Thinks thou not shame for to torment a wyfe,
 Come forth to me, and make end of our streffe.
 Fra Butler had on field good Wallace seen,
 For old malice he toox near wood for teen :
 Upon the Scots they shuip all with great main.
 Good Wallace soon the strength he took again.
 A feil bicker the Englishmen began,
 Assailied sore with many cruel man :
 But they within were noble of defence,
 Hade great debate with force and violence.
 At their entry fifteen they put to dead,
 Then all the rest removed from that stead :
 Rode to array again to sailie new.
 Wallace beheld, which well in war him knew,
 Fellows. he said, again all at this place,
 They will not fail : but this stands the case,
 You Knight thinks for to divide his men
 In fere places, the sooth ye shal well ken,
 Again on us to prove how it may be,
 As now behoves some other way to see,
 Contrare their might a good defence to make,
 Solo Longoveil thou shalt fir with thee take,
 William mine Time as many with you go,
 And five with me, as now we have no mo.
 Knight Butler then parted his men in three ;
 Wallace wisew toh re Butler shuip to be,
 Thirer then past that entry for to wear,
 Which side they did assaillie with great fear.
 Wallace let part on the entry begin,
 But none went out that on the Scots came in.

Seven foremost was that in the front first yed,
 Wallace five men that doughty were indeed,
 Each one slew one, and Wallace gart two die:
 Butler was next, and said: this will not be,
 A back he drew, and let his courage flake.
 The worthy Scots proved well for Scotland's sake.
 Good Longevell his counter made so sore,
 And Crawford als, they sailied them no more.
 Right near by then approached the dark night,
 And stars to appear began into their sight.
 Sutherland set watches, and to their supper went.
 The Butler was sore grieved in his intent,
 Per fire they well of good stuff, aile and bread.
 Wallace and his, they wist of no remead,
 But cold water that ran out through a strand,
 In that lodging none other food they fand.
 Then Wallace said: good fellows, think not long,
 All God, we shall be soon out of this throng,
 Suppose we fast a day or yet a night,
 Take all in thanks this pain for Scotland's right.
 The Earl of York was in Saint Johnstoun still,
 To Butler sent, and bade him bide at will,
 To him full soon there should come new power,
 And als himself, this told the Messenger.
 Butler would fain that Wallace had peelden been
 Ere the Earl came, and for this cause was seen,
 His goodlyre and his father both he slew,
 The knight therewith toward the park him drew.
 What cheer they made, upon the Scots he call'd.
 Then Wallace said: Far better then thou wald.
 The Butler said: I would fain speak with thee.
 Then Wallace said: Thou mayest for little fee.
 Wallace, he said, thou hast done me great skaith.
 My father and my goodlyre thou slew baith.
 Then Wallace said: For that state thou art in,
 It were my debt for to undo thy kin:
 And I think als, as God of Heaven me save,
 That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave.

Then Butler said : that is not likely now,
But we thee have, we shall gar sydes now.
Of this I ask, and thou would make me grant,
What I thee heght, that thing thou shalt not want,
Say forth, quoth he, be thy desire reasonable,
I shall it grant without any tangle.

The Butler said : Wallace, thou knowes right,
Thou may not scape by power nor by right :
And since thou sees it may no better be,
For thy gentrice thou would thee yeeld to me.
Then Wallace said : thy will unskillful is,
Thou would me do which is over hie a miss :
Perden I am to better, I can prove.

To whom ? he asked. To the great God above,
For ever each day, since I had wit of man :
Before my work, to yeeld me I began,
And als at night when that I failed light,
I me betraught to the Maker of might.

The Butler said : me thiaks thou halts done wel :
Pet of one thing, I pray thee, let me feel :
For thy manhood this to me manifest,
When thou sees thou mayst no longer last,
Or this each place which I have tane to wear,
That thou come forth, and all other forbear.

Then Wallace leugh at his cruel desire,
And said : I shall, though thou were wood as fire,
And all England the contrary had sworn,
I shall come out thereat each place the morn,
Or else this night, trust wel that I thee say :
I bode not here til nine hours of the day.

Butler sent forth the chake watch on the side,
In that each place boldly he borden to bide :
Thus sit they bode while day began to pear,
I thich mist fel, the Planet was not clear.

Wallace assayled all that place about,
Like as he would at an some place brake out.
While Butlers men away from him could go,
To help the lave : when they saw it was so.

Wallace and his fast sped them to that stead,
 Where Butler bode feil men they brought to dead.
 The worthy Scots soon passed through that melie
 Crawford therewith was sore hurt on the knee:
 At earth he was, good Wallace turned again,
 And at one straik the Butler hath he slain.
 Hilt up that man under his arms to strong,
 Defending him out of that fellon throng,
 Good rowin he made amongst them where he goes
 With his right hand he slew five of his foes:
 Bore out Crawford by force of his person,
 Nine aker broad ere ever he set him down.
 The Sutheron found that their Chieftain was dead,
 Sembled him about, but then was no remead:
 Thirty with him of the wightest he brought,
 Dead on that place, wherewith the Scots out fought.
 Wallace and his by then was from their sight,
 Sutheron bode still for great los of that knight.
 The mist was mirk, that Wallace lyked wel,
 Himself was glad, and said to Longoel:
 At Berthwen wood is my desire to be,
 For there is bestial to get in great plentie.
 By then they were wel come unto the hight,
 The mist flaked, the sun shyn'd fair and bright:
 Soon were they ware, a little space them by,
 Of four and thirty in a company.
 Then Wallace said: Be you men friends or fo,
 We will them see, since that they are no mo.
 When they came near, a noble Knight it was,
 The which to name heght sir Hew of Dundals,
 And sir John Scot, a wise and worthy Knight.
 Into Strathern a man of meikel might:
 For there he had great part of heritage:
 Dundals suster he had in marriage.
 Passing they were, and might no longer lest,
 To Englishmen their rewtie for to test.
 The Lord of Brechin such command had them made,
 Of King Edward to hold their lands brade.

But fra they saw that it was twicht Wallace,
 Held up their hands, and thanked God of grace,
 Of his great help which he had lent them there :
 To Methwen wood with one assent they fare,
 Soon got them meat of bestial that they fand,
 Rested that day : when night was come on hand,
 To Birnane wood but resting are they gane,
 Where they have found the Squyer good Ruthwen :
 In out-law use he had long lived there,
 Of bestial while he might get no mair,
 They carried not, but into Achole yeed,
 Where meat was scant, there Wallace had great
 Passed to Lorn, right little found they there, (dread
 Of wild and tame that Country was made bare :
 But in the strengths, there food was leaved none.
 These worthy Scots then made a piteous moan.
 Sir John Scot said : he had far rather die
 Into good name, and leave his heirs free,
 Then for to hyde as bound in subiection.
 When Wallace saw these good men of renown,
 With hunger starv, almost might live no more,
 What ye for them he sighd wonder sore.
 Good men, he said, I am the cause of this,
 At your desire, I shal amend this miss,
 Or leave you free some chevillance for to ma.
 All him alone he borrowed for to ga :
 Prayed them hyde while he might come again,
 Out over an hill he passed into plain.
 Out of their sight into a Forrest side,
 He set him down under an oak to hyde,
 His bow and sword he leaved to a tree,
 In anguish great on groun then turned he :
 This piteous moan was for his men so wrought,
 That of himself little thing he then thought.
 O wretch ! he said, that never could be content,
 Of over great might that the great God thee lent :
 But thy fierce minde, wilful and variable,
 With great Loyship, thou couldst not so hyde stable,

And wilful wolt, for to make Scotland free :
 God lyketh not that which I have tane on me :
 For tootherier then I of birth was born,
 Through my desire for hunger are forlorn :
 I ask at God them to restore again :
 I am the cause, I should have all the pain.
 While studying thus, while flyting with himself,
 While at the last upon a sleep he fel :
 Thre days before there had him colloved five,
 The which was bound, or else to lose their live :
 The Earl of York hade them to great guardoun,
 That they by thist thought to put Wallace down.
 Thre of them was born men of England,
 And two was Scots that took the deed on hand :
 And some men say, the third brother betrayed,
 Kildromy east, where great sorow was raised.
 A chyl'd they had which used to bear meat
 In wilderness amongst the mountains great :
 They had all seen the disceverance of Wallace
 From his good men, and where he bode on chace
 Amongst thik wood, in covert held them law,
 While they perceived he could on sleeping saw,
 And thise five approached Wallace near :
 What's best to do ? at othe fast they spier.
 One man said thus : it were an high renown,
 And we might lead him quick to Saint Johnstoun.
 Fo. how he lyis, we may our gripes wal,
 Of his weapons he shal have none avail :
 We shal him bind in contrare of his wil,
 And lead him thus on back-side of yon hil,
 So that his men shal nothing of him knaw.
 The other four assented to that law :
 And then theise five made them unto Wallace,
 And thought through force to bind him in that place.
 What? trow'd these men for to hold Wallace down?
 The manliest man, the starkell of perion
 Living he was, als stood into such right.
 We trust great God his deeds hath in sight.

They

They gripped him, and out of sleep he braid :
 What meanest this ? then sadly Wallace said.
 About he turned, and up his arms thrang,
 On these traitors with knightly force he dang :
 The starkest man into his hands hint he,
 And all his brains he dang out on a tree,
 His sword he got soon after that he rose,
 Champion-like amongst the four he goes :
 Ever a man he gart die at a dint :
 When two were dead, the other three would not stint,
 Made them to flee, but then it was no boot :
 Was none living might pass from him on foot.
 He followed fast, and soon to death them brought,
 Then to the child sadly again he sought.
 What bidst thou here ? the child with a pale face,
 On knees did fal, and asked Wallace grace :
 With them I was, and knew nothing their thought,
 Into service, as they me bade, I wrought.
 What bearest thou there ? but meat the child can
 So take it up, and pass with me away. (lay,
 Meat in this time is far better then gold.
 Wallace and he forth founded on the fold.
 Who brought Wallace from his enemies hold :
 Who but great God that hath this world to hold :
 He was his help in many felloe thrang.
 With glas chear thus unto Ben can he gang,
 Both roasted flesh there was, als bread and cheese,
 To succour them that were in point to lise :
 And he it deals to four men and fiftie,
 Which had before fasted over days three :
 Then took his part, he had fasted as long.
 Where heard ye ever any in such a throng,
 In hunger so sleping, and weaponless,
 So wel recovered as Wallace did in case :
 Plainly by force vanquishd his enemies lise :
 Pen or wit this queilion-wil describe,
 Withoutheen gloze, I wil tel forth my tale.
 How came this meat, this fellootship asked hail :

To their desire Wallace no answer yold,
 Where five were draw, he led them forth and told
 Greatly displeased was all the Chevalrie,
 To a Chiftain, they held it fantasie
 To walk alone. Wallace with sober mood,
 Said: Hereof hath come nothing wole but good.
 To the low-land again full fast they sought,
 Askt at the child, if he could with them ought,
 Where they might best of purveyance for to win.
 Of none, he said, was this Countrey within,
 Nor all about, in as far as I know,
 While that he came down to the Rannach hain.
 That Lord hath stuff, both aile, bread and vernage,
 King Edward he takes full meikel toage.
 Then Wallace said: My self shall be your guide,
 I know that stead about on either side:
 Through the wild land he guided them full right,
 To Rannach hain he brought them that same night.
 A watch was set, and that full soon they ta,
 He was a Scot, yet would he not him fla,
 But gart him tell the manner of that place:
 Thus entred they within a litle space:
 The gate they wan, for Castle there was none,
 But mood-wall might, withoutten lime or ston.
 Wallace in haste strake up the chamber door
 With his right foot, that halwart was and flour:
 Then they within awaked suddenly.
 The Lord got up, and mercy can he cry.
 Fra time he wit that good Wallace was there,
 He thanked God, then said these words mair:
 True man I was, and win against my will
 With Englishmen, suppose I like it ill:
 All Scots we are that in this house are now,
 At your command all boldly shall we bow.
 Of our Nation good Wallace had great pitie,
 Took oaths of them, and then meat asked he.
 God chear they made while day-light on the morn,
 This true man soon assembled him befor:
 Three sons he had & halwart were & bold, And

And twenty men of kin in his household.
 Wallace was blyth they made him some supply:
 Said, I thank God, that we thus multiply.
 All that day over in good liking they rest,
 Watches they choole to keep them that could best.
 Upon the morn, the light day tohen he saw,
 Then Wallace said: Our power for to know
 We will take field, and up our banner raise,
 In right of Scotland, and contrare of our faes.
 We will no more now us in covert hide,
 Power to us will semble on each side.
 Then horse they got, the best that could be there:
 Towards Dunkeld the gainest way they fare,
 The Bishop then got him to Saint Johnstoun,
 The Scots slew that were of that Nation,
 Both poor and rich, and servants that they fand,
 Left none alive that was born of England.
 The place they took, and made them well to fare,
 Of purveyance that Bishop had brought there.
 Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,
 With good chear there five dayes sojourned right:
 On the sixth day Wallace to counsel went,
 Gart call the best, and shold them his intent:
 No men we have to assault Saint Johnstoun,
 Into the North therefore let us make bowen:
 In Ross, ye know, good men a strength hath made,
 Hear they of us, they come withoutten bade:
 Als into Bute is good Bishop Sinkler,
 Fra he got wit, he comes withoutten mare.
 Good West-land men of Arrane and Renchlie,
 Fra they be warned, they will all come to me.
 This purpose took, and in the North they ride,
 No Englishmen durst in their gate abide.
 Withom Wallace took, they knew the old ransom,
 Fra he came home, to flee they made them bowen:
 And Scots men sembled to Wallace fast,
 In awful fear out through the land they past.
 Strengths were left, wot ye, all desolate,

Against these Folk no man durit make debate;
 In arrayed bachel they rose to Aberdeen,
 In whose number seven thousand then were seen:
 But Englishmen had left the town all waste,
 On ever each side away then can they haile,
 In all the Land left neither more nor leis,
 Lord Beaumont took the sea at Buchan-ness.
 Through Scotland then was manieit in plain,
 The Lords that fled, in heart was wonder tain.
 The Knight Clement of Rois came suddenly
 In Burray Land with their good Chevalry.
 The house of Marn that good knight wel hath tane,
 Slew the Captain, and good men many ane.
 Out of Burray and Buchan land came they,
 To seek Beaumont, but he was past away.
 Then those good men to Wallace passed right.
 When Wallace saw sir John Ramsay the Knight
 And other good that had been from him long,
 Great courage then was raised th. m. among.
 The Land he ruled as thas him liked best,
 To Saint Johnstoun then rode ere they wou'd rest.

The siege of Saint Johnstoun.

At every port a stalwart watch he made,
 Conarned a siege, and treuously abaid.
 Bishop Sunkler in all good haste him dight,
 Came out of Bute with seemly men in ight:
 Out of the Isles of Rauchly and Arrane,
 Linday and Boyd, with good men many ane:
 Adam Wallace, Warren of Richartoun,
 Full ready fought to Wallace of renown.
 At Saint Johnstoun vane at the tailie kil,
 For Suthron men they might wel pass at wil:
 For in that way there durit no enemy be,
 But fled away by Land, and eke by sea.
 About the tolon thussembled they but more,
 For they had been with good Wallace before.
 Goun, Lawder, good Richard of Lundie,
 In a good barge they past about the sea:

In S. Johnstoun haven their ankers have they set,
 Two English ships they took withoutten let :
 The one they burnt, and stufed the other well
 With artailzie, and stalwart men in steel,
 To keep the port, there should come no victual
 Into the town, nor men that might avail.
 From South and North many from Scotland fled,
 Left Castles waste, feil left their lives in wed.
 The Sutheron Bishop that before left Dunkel,
 To London past, and told Edward himself,
 In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance :
 Then sent he soon for Aymer the Gallance,
 And asked him, what then was best to do ?
 He heght to pass, and take great gold thereto,
 Into Scotland, some means there to make
 Against Wallace, on hand thus can he take.
 He said, he would undo King Edwards Crown,
 Except he might through treason put him down.
 King Edward heght what thing y Gallance band,
 He should it keep, thereto he gave his hand.
 Gallance took leave, and into Scotland went,
 To Borthwel came, then cast in his intent,
 What man there was might Wallace best beguile,
 And soon he found within a little while,
 Sir John Denteith that Wallace Gosspow was,
 A Beslenger Sir Aymer hath gart pass :
 At Ruglin Kirk these two together met,
 Him to betray the bargnage there was set.
 Then Gallance said, sir John thou knowst this thing.
 Wallace again riseth contrare the King,
 And thou mayst have what Lordship thou wilt wail,
 And thou wouldest work as I would thee counsel :
 Pon tyrane holds the Realms at trouble baith,
 To thrifty men it doth ful meikel skaith :
 He trusteth thee, thou mayst ful wel him take,
 Of this matter, I rede an end thou make.
 Were he alway, we might at liking reign.
 All as Lords, and live under a King.

Then :

Then Menteith said : He is our Governour,
 For us he bode in many felloſſon ſtoure,
 Not for himſelf, but for our heritage,
 To ſell him thus, it were a great outrage.
 Then Wallace ſaid : And thou wel underſtood,
 Great merit it were, he ſpils ſo meikel blood
 Of Chriſten men, putteth ſouls in peril,
 I bind me als he ſhall be holden hail,
 As for his life, and kept into priſon,
 King Edward would have him in ſubjection :
 Then Menteith thought, ſo they would keep cunnand,
 He would full ſain have had him off Scotland,
 Wallace ſaw him in a ſtudy be,
 Three thouſand pound of fine gold let him ſee,
 And heght he ſhould the Lennox have at will,
 Thus reaſonably Menteith granted theretill.
 An obligation with his own hand he made,
 Then took the gold, and Edwards ſeal ſo brade,
 And gave them his, when he his time might ſee,
 To take Wallace, over Sulway give him free
 To Engliſhmen : by this reaſonable concord,
 Sir John ſhould be of all the Lennox Lord.
 Thus Wallace ſhould in England keep'd be.
 So Edward might make Scotland to him free.
 Their covetiſe was over great maſter ſeen,
 None example takes how another hath been.
 For covetiſe puts in pains ſtrong and fell :
 For covetiſe the ſerpent is in hell :
 For covetiſe good Hector took the dead :
 For covetiſe there can be no remedy :
 Through covetiſe good Alexander was loſt,
 And Julius als for all his rief and boalt.
 Through covetiſe died Arthur of Britaine :
 For covetiſe there hath died many aue.
 For covetiſe the traitor Gaſſilion,
 The flower of France he put to confuſion.
 For covetiſe they poſſoned Godfrey
 In Antioch, as the Authour will ſay.
 For covetiſe Menteith upon falle wiſe,

Betrayed Wallace who was his Gossop thrise.
 Wallace in haste with vlyth will and good heart,
 To London past, and shewed it to Edward:
 Of their contract he had far more pleasance,
 Then of tyme gold given in the ballance,
 Of greater weight then his ransome might be.
 Of Wallace forth yet speak some part will we.

At Saint Johnstoun yet was the fledging still,
 In a morning the Sutheron with good will,
 Five hundred men in arms right egerly,
 They issued forth to make a jeopardy,
 At the south port upon Scot and Dundals,
 Who in their time right wise and worthy was:
 Against their foes right warply fought and lore,
 In that counter seven score to death they bore:
 Per Englishmen that cruel were and keen,
 Full dervly fought, where doughty deeds were seen:
 From the West side drave all the Scots hail
 To the fighters. When they saw nought avail,
 But in again full fast they can them speed:
 The Knight Dundals ful doughty proved indeed.
 Over near the gate full bandonly he bade,
 With a good sword ful great mastery he made,
 Fought knowing wel his fellows were him tra,
 In at the gate the Sutheron can him ta:
 Unto the Earl they led him hastily:
 When he him saw, he saw he should not die,
 To say this one it may us little remead.
 He sent him forth to Wallace in that head.
 Unto the North his battels hath he brought,
 While he him saw, of this he wist right nought.
 Sent to the Earl, and thanked him largely,
 Nigh for to quite when he such cause might see:
 But yet therefore sorvance he would not grant,
 Though they were yelden, and come recryant.
 For gold nor good he would no tribute take,
 A great assault then they began to make.
 The Earl of Fyfe dwelt under trews long

A King Edward, and then he thought it wrong
 That Wallace so was negging Saint Johnstoun.
 But if he come in right help of the Crown.
 To Englishmen he would not keep that band,
 Then came he soon with good men of the land,
 And John Wallace was then Sheriff of Fife,
 To Wallace past, and merked him in that tryfe.
 The Earl was come of good true noble blood,
 Of the old Chanz, which in his tyme was good.
 Then all about to Saint Johnstoun they gang.
 The felon fault was hideous and strang.
 Full feil faggots into the dyke they fast,
 Hather and hay about the stakes they cast:
 With trees and earth a great passage they made,
 Out over the wals they yeed in battel braid:
 The Sutheron then made great defence again,
 While at the wals there was a thousand slain.
 Wallace and his yeed rayed in battel right,
 All Sutheron men dertly to death they dight:
 To save the Earl, Wallace the Herauld send,
 Good Joy himself, the which before him kend:
 For Dundals sake, he said, he should not die,
 Wallace himself thus ordained for to be,
 A smal hackney to him he gart betake,
 Silver and gold his charges for to make,
 Set on his cloak a token for to see,
 A Lyon in war that should his conduct be:
 Conveyed him forth, and no man him withall,
 Women and bairns, Wallace gart free them all.
 And then he cryed: True Scots to their own.
 Plenyht the land which long had been overthrowen.
 Then Wallace past the Southland for to see,
 Edward the Brice in his tyme right worthie,
 That year before he had in Ireland been.
 And there with him were cruel men and keen,
 Fifty in feir werz of his mothers kin:
 At Kircubright in Galloway entred in,
 With these fifty he had vanquyht nine score,
 And then past withoutten tarry more,

To Wigton soon, and that Castle hath tane,
 Guthron were fled, and left it all alane :
 Wallace him met with true men reverently,
 To Lochmabane went all that Chevalry :
 They made Edward both Lord and leader there,
 This condition Wallace made him but mair.
 But a short time to hyde Robert the King,
 If he came not in this Regioun to reign,
 That Edward should receive the Crown but fall;
 This heght Wallace, and all the barnage hail :
 In Lochmabane Prince Edward leined still,
 And Wallace past to Cumnok with good will :
 At the Black-bog where he had wont to be,
 Upon that stead a Royal house held he.
 English Wardens to London past but mair,
 And told the King of all their great misaire :
 How Wallace can Scotland from him reduce,
 And how he had received Edward Bruce.
 The Commons swore they should come never mair
 Upon Scotland, and Wallace living were.
 Then Edward wrote to Menteith privily,
 Prayed in haste the time was passed by,
 Of the promises to which he was bounden,
 Sir John Menteith into his wit hath founden,
 How he should best his purpose to fulfil,
 His siliers son in haste he called him till,
 And ordained him in dwelling with Wallace :
 An oath again he gart him make on caise,
 What time he will Wallace in quyet drake,
 He should him warn, what aventure might fall.
 This man granted that such thing should be done :
 With Wallace thus he was in service soon :
 But of treason, Wallace had little thought :
 His laborous mind on other matters wrought.
 Thus Wallace thise hath made all Scotland free,
 Then he desired in lasting peace to be :
 For as of weat he was in some part ilk,
 He purposed to serve God and the Kirk,

And

And for to live under his righteous King,
That he deured above all earthly thing.

C H A P. V.

How Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Menteith
and had in England, and was martyred there.

The Heralds Jop in England soon he send,
And wrote to Bruce right heartly his commend,
Beseeching him to come and take his Crown,
None should gainstand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barron,
The Heralds past, when Bruce saw his credence,
Thereof he took a perfect great pleasure.
Which his own hand again wrote to Wallace,
And thanked him of labory and kinduels,
Beseeching him this matter to conceal,
For him behoved out of England to steal.
For long before was kepted the ragment.
Which Cumine had to hyde the Parliament
Into London, and if they him accuse,
To come from them he would have some excuse.
He prayed Wallace on Glasgows mure to wake,
The next first night of July for his sake,
And bade he should but into quyet be,
For he with him might bring few Chevalrie.
Wallace was blyth when he this writing saw,
His household soon he gart to Glasgows draw.
That moneth there he ordained them to hyde :
Keirly he took each night with him to ride,
And this young man that Menteith to him send :
Wist none but they what way that Wallace wend,
The which gart warn his Cume the eighteen night.
Sixty full soon sir John Menteith gart dight,
Of his own kin and allaya was born,
To his treason he gart them all be sworn :
From Dumbarran they sped them hastily,
Near Glasgows kirk they busked them privily.
Wallace past forth where that the tryll was set,
A spy they made, and followed him but let.

Robeston

Robertson was near the way beside,
And but one house where Wallace used to hyde.
He took on foot while passed was midnight,
Early and he then for a sleep them night :
They bade this man that he should wake his part,
And waken Wallace, came men from any airt.
When they slept the traytor took good heed,
He met his Gnie, and bade him have no dread,
On sleep he was, and tocht him but one man,
Ye may him have for any craft he can :
Withouth the house their weapons laid them fra,
For well they will got Wallace out of tha,
And on his foot his cantons should be sold :
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold.
This traytor watch from Wallace then he stall,
Both knife and sword, his bow and arrows all.
After midnight in hands they have him tane,
Slumbered on sleep, no man tocht him but ane.
Early they took and led him from that place,
Dro him to death withouthen longer space,
They thocht to bind Wallace with strings strong:
On foot he got these fell traytors among :
He gripped about, but no weapons he fand,
Yet with a stool that did beside him stand,
The back of one he bursted in the thrang,
And of another the backis out he dang,
And als many as hands could on him lay,
By force him hint, for to have him away :
But that power on foot might not him lead
Out of that house while they or he were dead.
Sir John saw well by force it might not be,
Ere he were tane, rather he thocht to die :
Wentith bade cease, and then spake to Wallace,
And show'd him forth a full right subtil case :
Ye have so long here us'd you alone,
While wit thereof is into England gone,
Therefore hear me, and sober your courage,
The Englishmen with a ful great barnage,
Are sembled here, and set this house about, That

That ye by force on no wise can win out,
 Suppose ye had the strength of good Hector,
 Amongst the host ye may not long endure :
 And they you take, in haste your death is dight,
 I have spoken with Lord Clifford that Knight,
 Their Chiffain is, and well meaned for your life,
 They ask no more but be quite of your strife :
 To Dumbartane ye shall pass forth with me,
 Then in your house ye may in safety be.
 Sutherland such use with Wentworth long had they.
 That Wallace trowed some part that he would say,
 Wentworth said: Sir, lo, weapons none we have,
 We come in trust, your life if we might save.
 Wallace trowed wel, and he his Goshop chose,
 That he would nought by no manner of wise
 Him to betray, for all Scotland so wyde :
 An oath of him he asked in that tyde.
 There wanted wit, what should his oaths more :
 Forsworn to him he was long time before.
 The oath he made, Wallace came in his wil,
 Right froudly all thus he shew'd him til.
 Goshop, he said, as prisoner they must you see.
 Or else through force they will take you for me.
 A couch with sight upon his hands they laid,
 And under then with sicker coros they braid,
 Both sharp and tough, and fast together drew.
 Alace, the Bruce might sore that binding reu,
 Which made Scotland loon broken upon case,
 By Cumins death, and loss of good Wallace.
 They led him forth in fear amongst them aw :
 Keirly he mist, and then the Sutherland saw,
 Then wist he well that he betrayed was,
 Toward the South with him when they can pass :
 Yet they him said : In truth he should not die,
 King Edward would keep him in good safety,
 For the honour of war that he had wrought :
 But the sore bands so troubled all his thought,
 Credence thereto forsooth he could not give,
 That he wist well they would not let him live.

A false foul case that Benteith bath him said,
 When on this wise good Wallace he was call'd.
 Some men sayes, it was to save his Lord,
 They tied all out that made that false record:
 At the Fraithirk the good Stewart was slain,
 Our Chronicles rehearles that in plain,
 On Bagdalene day the eighteen year before,
 Cumius deach therefore it witneseth more:
 And at Restoun Wallace was treasonably,
 Thus falsly stoln from his good Chevalry,
 In Glasgow lay, and tolt not of this thing,
 Thus was he lost, in byding of his King.
 South they him led, ay holding the West land,
 Deliverd him in haste over Suthway land.
 The Lord Clifford and Wallace took him there,
 To Carlisle tolon ful fast with him they fare:
 In prison him set, that was a great dolour:
 That house after they called Wallace tower.
 Some men then said that knew not wel the case,
 In Warwick tolon to death they put Wallace:
 Contrare is knowne by this opinion,
 That Sacheron men had not then Warwick tolon,
 To Scotland free it was til Soulis it gave,
 For Lord Cumine to England with the lave.
 Another point is, the traytours durst not pass,
 That told him so, where Scots men master was.
 The third point is, the commons of England,
 That they deny they will not understand:
 That thing be done, for witness that may be,
 No nor credence give further then they may see.
 To see him die, Edward had more deare,
 Then to be Lord of all the whole Emppire:
 And for this cause they keepe him so lang,
 While the commons might unto London gang.

A Lace, Scotland to whom shalt thou complain?
 Alace, from pain who can thee now refrain?
 Alace, thine help is falsly brought to ground:
 The best Chastain in brayth bands is bound. A.

Alace, thou hast now lost thy guide of light.
 Alace, who shall defend thee in thy right ?
 Alace, thy pain approacheth wonder near,
 With sorrow soon thou must be left on fear.
 Thy gracious guide, thy greatest Governour.
 Alace, over near hath come thy fatal hour,
 Alace, who shall now beet thee of thy bail ?
 Alace, when shall of harms thou be hail ?
 Who shall defend ? who shall thee now make free ?
 Alace, in war, who shall thine helper be ?
 Who shall thee keep ? who shall thee now redeem ?
 Alace, who shall the Saxons from thee steem ?
 I can no more but beseech God of grace,
 Thee to restore in hast to wealth and peace,
 So good Wallace may succour thee no mair,
 The loss of him increaseth meikel care.
 Now of his men in Glasgowe still they lay :
 What sorrow raise when they mist him away :
 The cruel pain, the woeful compleaning,
 Therefore to tell it were an heavy thing :
 I will let be, and speak of him no mair :
 Little rehearse is over meikel care,
 And principally where redemption is none,
 It helps not to tell their piteous moan :
 The death thereof is yet in remembrance :
 I will let staik of sorrow the ballance.
 But Longovell to Lochinabane can pass,
 And there hight he where good Prince Edward was,
 Out of Scotland he should pass never more,
 Loss of Wallace sought to his heart full sore :
 The Realm of France he vowed never to see,
 But revenge Wallace, or else therefore to die.
 There he remained while coming of the King :
 With Bruce in war this good Knight forth did ring,
 Remembrance since is in the Bruces book,
 Second he was when they Saint Johnstoun took,
 Followed the King at winning of the crown,
 The Bruce therefore gave him cul great guardoun.

All Chartris land the good King to him gave,
 Chartris since then of him come are the lave.
 Thereto should I far in this story wend,
 Out of my book to make a final end.

Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
 In Scotland, after that Wallace was away,
 To Lochmabane, where he found good Edward,
 Whereof he was greatly rejoyced in heart :
 But fra he wist Wallace away was led,
 So meikel hail into his breast was bred,
 Fear off his wit he worthed for that deed :
 Edward full soon then to his brother yeed.
 A sudden chance this was in twa from twal.
 Good Edward saith : this helpeth not a deal :
 Let mourning be, it may be no remead :
 Ye have him tint, ye should revenge his dead.
 But for your cause he took the wars in hand
 In your defence, and thise hath freed Scotland,
 The which was lost from us and all our kin,
 Were not Wallace, we had never entred in.
 Mirroure he was of laloty and manhead :
 In wars the best that ever power shall lead :
 Had he liked for to have tane the Crown,
 Would none him let that is in this Region.
 Had not been he, ye should had none entress
 Into this Realm, for treason and falleness.
 That shall ye see : the traitor that him solv,
 From you he thinks Dumbartane for to hold.
 Some comfort take, and let stak of this sorrow,
 The King charged Edward on the morrow,
 Redress to take of wrong that wrought him was,
 To Dalswinton he ordained him to pass,
 And men of arms, if they found Cumine there,
 Put him to death, for no dread they would spare.
 They found him not, the King him after slew
 Into Dumfries, where witnels were aneu :
 That hapned wrong, over great halie in a King :
 To work by Law, it may skaith little thing.
 I need not here no further for to shaw

How

How that was done, is known to you alw.
 But young Douglas first to the King can pass,
 In all his war that twicht and worthy was :
 Nor how the King hath tane on him the Crown,
 Of all that here I make but short mention :
 Nor how Lord Soules gave Barwick town alway
 How after soon als tint was Galloway.
 How John of Lorn against his right King rose,
 On either side how Bruce had many foes.
 How bold Brechin contrare the King could ride,
 Right few was then in wear with him to bide.
 Nor how the North was given from the good King,
 Which made him long in painful war to reign :
 But true to him was James the good Douglas,
 For Bruces right bode well in many place :
 Under the King he was the best Chitain :
 But Wallace I set a Chitain him alane,
 Theretore to him is no comparisson,
 As of one man, save reverence of the Crown.
 But so many as of the Douglas hath been,
 Good of one thing was never in Scotland seen.
 Comparissons I cannot well declare,
 Of Bruces book, as now I speak no mair.
 Master John Barbour which was a cunning Clark
 Hath of the Bruce said makel in his work :
 In this matter I am prolix almant,
 To my purpose briefly I will me haste.
 How good Wallace was set amongst his foes,
 To London with him Clifford and Gallance goes,
 Where King Edward was right fain of that fairy :
 They have him set fast in a prison strang.
 Of Wallace end my self would lean for bread
 To say the worst, but righteousness me lead,
 We find his life was als so very true.
 His fatal hour I will not senze now :
 Wenteich him sold and that over well was known,
 Feil of that kin in Scotland then was town,
 Charged to hyde under the great judgement

That

That King Robert acted in his Parliament.
 thereof I make no longer countenance,
 but Wallace end in world was displeasance :
 thereof I cease, and put not into ryme,
 Scotland may think the blessed happy tyme
 that he was born, by principal points two,
 this is the first ere that we farther go :
 Scotland he freed, and brought it from thirslage,
 and now in heaven he hath his harberage,
 whereof we have right stedfast confidence,
 since for his Countrey he made so great defence.

An admonition to the Reader.

These things which follow, favouring of the
 superstitious credulity of the people, and deceit-
 ful counsaile of the Monks of those times, we
 have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seem
 in our own hand rashly to omitt any thing which
 we found in our cobby : to the end, that they
 may admonish us to study to be thankful to our
 blessed Lord, who hath now opened our eyes to see
 through the Mist wherewith those former Ages
 were blinded.

A Monk there was in Burie Abbay than,
 Into that tyme a right religious man :
 A young man as with him in Order stood,
 Who knew his life was clean, perfect and good :
 This rather Monk was visited with sickness,
 Out of the world as he should pass on cask.
 His brother saw his sprite likely to pass,
 A band of him right earnestly could he ask,
 To come again, and show him of the meed,
 That he should ask of God for his good deed.
 He granted him at his power to priere,
 To come again, if God will give him leaue.
 His sprite changed out of this worlds pain,
 In that same tyme came to the Monks again.

Such

Such thing hath been, as is by voice and sight,
 Where he appeared there shined meikel Light,
 Like to Lanterns they illuminate to clear,
 That worldly light thereto might be no Dear.
 A voyce thus said: God hath me granted grace,
 That I shal keep my promise in this place.
 The Monk was blyth of this cleane figure fair:
 But a firebrand in his forehead he bare,
 As that him thoughte mislyked all the lave.
 Where art thou sprite? answered: to God me save
 In Purgatory. How long shalt thou bide there?
 But half a year to come, and little more.
 Purgatory is, I let thee wel to wit,
 In any place where God wil it commit:
 An hours space I was there judged to be,
 And that passeth, suppoise I speak with thee.
 Why hast thou that, and all the rest so whole,
 For science. I thought me most avail:
 Who prizes therein, labour is in waste:
 For science comes but of the holy Ghost.
 After thine hour, where is thy passage even?
 When time comes, he said to lasting Heaven.
 What time is that, I pray you, now declare:
 Two are on Life must be before me there.
 Which two are they, the verie me ken:
 The first hath been a great slayer of men,
 How they him keep to murther in London town,
 On wednesday before the King and common:
 Is none on life that hath so many slain.
 O brothe, he said, this tale is but in vain,
 For slaughter is to God abominable.
 Then said the sprite: forsooth this is no fable
 He is Murtherer, Defender of Scotland,
 For righteous war that he took upon hand.
 Righteousness there is loved over the lave,
 Therefore in Heaven he shall that honor have:
 Syn a poor Priest is meikel to commend,
 He took in thanks what thing that God him send,
 For godliness and good devotion,

Heaven

Heaven he shal have to lasting warison.
I am the third granted through Gods grace.
No other, he said, tell I this in our place,
They will but deem I either dream or rave,
Then said the spire: This witness thou shalt have,
The bells shall ring for ought that ye do may,
When they him slay, half an hour of the day.
And so they did, the Monk told what they ailed.
Through broad Britain the word thereof was scailed.
The spire took leave at Gods will to be.
Of Wallace end to hear is great pitie.
And I would not put men in great dolour,
But lightly pass out over this fatal hour.
On wednesday fierce Sutheron forth him brought.
To martyre him as they before had thought.
Wallace was martyrd, the truth to you to tell,
As were Olweld, Edmond, Edward with pain fell:
With men of arms led him a ful great rout,
With a bold spire then Wallace went about:
Priest he asked for him that died on tree:
King Edward then commanded his Clergie.
And said: I charge in pain or loss of life,
None be so bold you tyrant for to thyrse,
He hath long rung in contrare of mint byness.
Blessed Bishop soon present in that place,
Of Canterbury he then was righteous Lord,
Gainst the King he made his right record,
And said: my self shal hear his confession,
If I have might, in contrare of thy Crown,
If thou through force shal stop me from this thing,
I vow to God which is my righteous King,
Over all England I shall thee interdite,
And make it known thou art an heretick:
The Sacrament of Kirk I shal him give,
Then take thy choice, to sterse or let me live:
It were more vail in worship of thy Crown,
To keep such one in lyfe in thy bandoun,
Then all the land and god that thou hath rest:

But covetise thee ay from honour drest:
 Thou hast thy life rung long in wrongous deed,
 That shall be seen on thee, or on thy seed.
 The King gave charge they should the Bishop take
 But wise Lords committed to let him ga:
 All wise men said, that his desire was right.
 To Wallace then he railed in their sight,
 And sadly heard his confession to the end,
 Humbly to God his spirit he did commend:
 Lately him served with hearty devotion,
 Upon his knees and laid an orison:
 His leave he took and to Westminster rode.
 The Cloughmen there they bare Wallace but bo
 Unto a place his martyrdom to take,
 For to his death he willed them furthering make
 For the next night he was came in Scotland,
 They kepted him into the same band:
 Nothing he had that would have done him good,
 But Englishmen him served of careful food.
 The worldly life desires the continuance,
 Though he had got in contrarie of pleasure.
 That thirty days his hands they durst not slack,
 While he was bound to a scamp of airk,
 With iron chains that were both stark and keen.
 A Clerk they let to hear what he would mean.
 Thou Scot, he said, that so great wrong hath done
 The fatal hour thou sees approacheth soon,
 Thou should in mind remember thy misdeed,
 That Clerks may when they the Plaines read,
 For Christen souls which o t makes them to pray
 In their number thou may be one of they,
 For now thou sees on force thou must decease,
 Then Wallace said: For all thy round rehearse,
 Thou had no charge, suppose I had done mis,
 Pon blessed Bishop hath heght I shall have bliss
 And I trow well that God shal it admit,
 Thy simulate words shal not my conscience smit:
 Comfort I have of way that I should gang,
 Most pain I feel that I byde here to tang, Then

Then said the Clerk : Our King sent oft thee till,
Thou might have had all Scotland at thy will,
To hold of him, and reas'd of thy life,
So as a Lord to reign through all thy life.
Then Wallace said. Thou speakes of mighty thinge
Had I lusted, and got my righteous King,
And worthy Bruce receiv'd had his Crown,
I thought have made England at his bandoun,
That utterly it would be at his will,
What pleas'd him to have, or else to spill.
Well said the Clerk, I see thou repeates nought,
Of wickedness thou hast a felon thought,
Is none in world that hath so many slain,
Therefore to ask me think, thou should be bairn,
Grace at our King. and then at his barnage.
Then Wallace smiled a little at his language :
I grant he said, some Englishmen I knew,
In my quarrel, me thought not half anew :
I mov'd no war but for to win our own,
Both God and man the right full well hath known :
Thy frustrate words doth nought but tyres me,
The command in Gods name, let me be.
A Sheriff gart this Clerk soon from him pass,
Right as they durst, granted what he would ask,
A Platter book Wallace on him had ever
From his chi d-hood, with it he would not sever,
The better he trowed in his voyage to speed :
But when he was dispoled of his weid,
This grace he asked at Lord Clifford that Knight,
To let him have the Platter book in light :
He gart a Priest open before him hold,
While they to him had done what that they would :
Deadfast he red for ought they did him there.
Well Sutherland said, that Wallace felt no sair.
Good devotion so was his beginning,
Continued therewith, and so was his ending,
While speech and spite at once all can sair,
So lasting bliss we trust for evermair.

I will not tell how he divided was
 In five parts, and ordained for to pass,
 For his spirit thus by likeness was well :
 Of Wallace life who hath a better feel,
 May know forth more wit and eloquence :
 For I to this have done my diligence,
 After the prose given from the Latine book,
 Which Master Blair in his time undertook,
 In fair Latine compyled to an end,
 With good witness, which more is to commend.
 Bishop Sinkler that Lord was of Dunkel,
 He got this book, and confirmed to himself :
 For very truth thereof he had no need,
 Himself had heard great part of Wallace deed.
 His purpose was to have sent it to Rome,
 Our Father of Rik therein to give his doom.
 But Master Blair, and als Sir Thomas Gray,
 After Wallace they lived many a day.
 These two knew best of Sir Williams deed,
 From sixteen year while nine and twenty yeed.
 Fourty and five Wallace of age was call'd,
 That time that he was to the Sutheron saild :
 Though this matter he nought to all pleasance,
 His soothfast deed is worthy to advance.
 All worthy men that reads this rural dyte,
 Blame not this book, though I be imperite :
 I should have thanks, since I no travel spar'd :
 For my travel no man hight me reward,
 Nor charge I had of King, nor other Lord :
 Great harm I thought this good deed should be smird.
 I have said here near as the process goes,
 And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.
 For cost hereof was no man bound to me,
 In this sentence I had no will to see ;
 But in as much as I rehearsed nought
 So worthily as noble Wallace wrought.
 But in one point, I grant I said amiss :
 These two Knights should blamed be of this,

The Knight Wallace of Craigie righteous Lord,
 And Liobail too, caus'd me make wrong record :
 On Allartoun mure, the Crown he took one day,
 To get bartel, as mine Autho: will say :
 These two caus'd me lay on another wife,
 To Master Blair we did part of supplice.

F I N I S.

Thus endeth William Wallace wight,
 Behind him left not such a Knight
 Of worthiness and deed of hand ;
 From thraldom thrife he fred this Land.

The Conclusion of this Book.

GO, Noble Book, fulfilled of sentence,
 Suppose thou be barren of Eloquence.
 Go, worthy book, fulfilled of worthy deed;
 But thee to help of Language thou hast need :
 VVhen good Makers ring well into Scotland,
 Great harm it was that none of them thee fand :
 Yet there is part that can thee well advance,
 Now byde the time, and be in remembrance.
 I you beseech, of your benevolence,
 VVho will not love, lack not mine Eloquence.
 It is well known, I am a rural man,
 And here have done as goodly as I can ;
 My tongue did never ornate terms embrace :
 I beseech God, that giver is of Grace,
 Made Hell and Earth, and set the Heaven above,
 That he to us grant his dear lasting love.

F I N I S.

James michell
William Waller
150 both craft
that ever was in Scotland
I got my ring there and
William Waller
wrote to him left
not gives a knight
of worthiness and
of hand from Waller
15150 he found this land
James michell ought
this book god bless.

James
him and
all the same that vid writ
James 825

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Wallace killeth John of Lyn upon the sea.	26
King Edward subdueth Scotland.	27
Wallace conquereth Guyen.	27
Wallace slayeth two Champions.	28
Wallace killeth a Lyon in the barrace.	28
Wallace returneth from France, is at the bat- tel of Denok park.	28
Wallace becometh Saint Johnstoun.	29
Wallace is betrayed by sir John Menteith, and martyred in England.	30
The end of the Table.	

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